Nov. 30, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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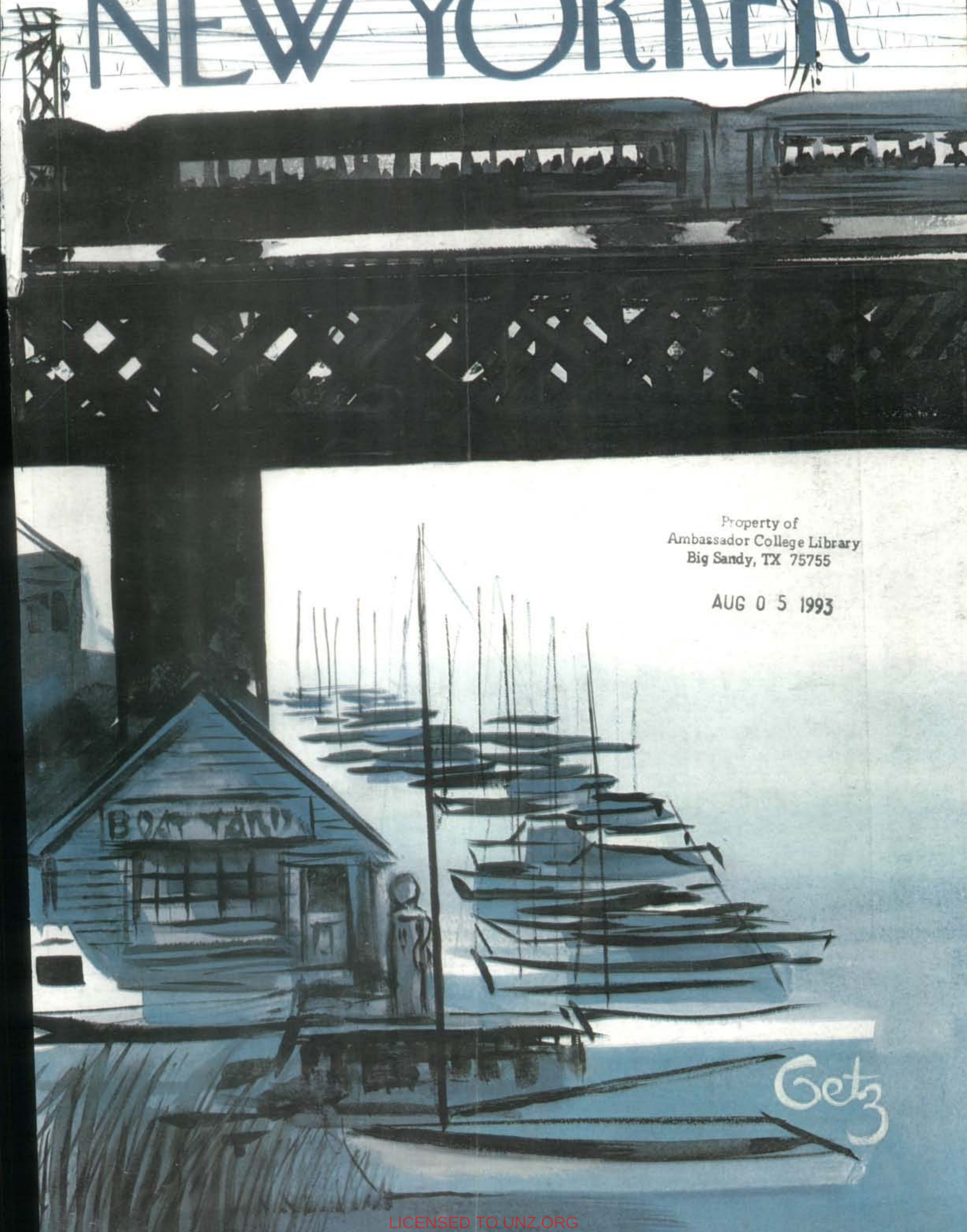

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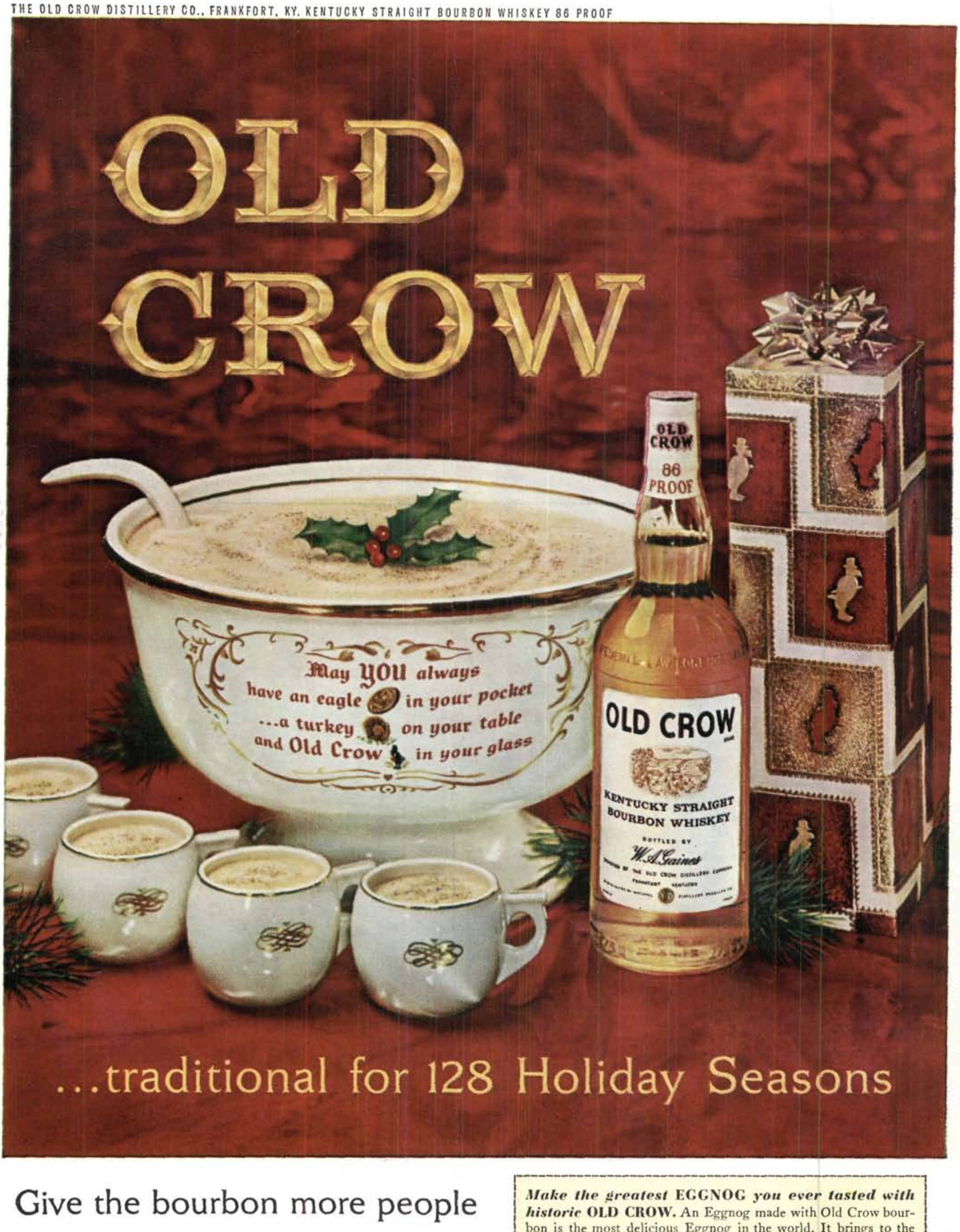
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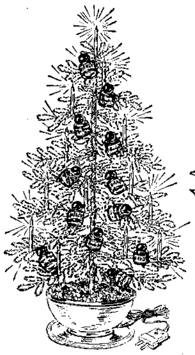

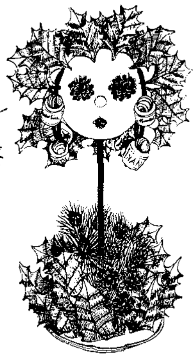

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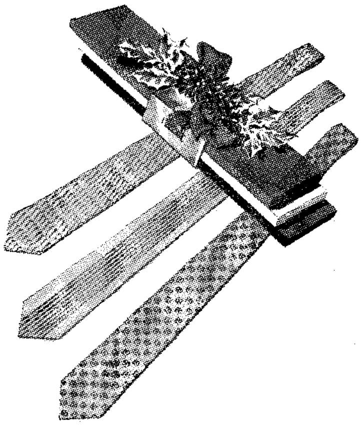

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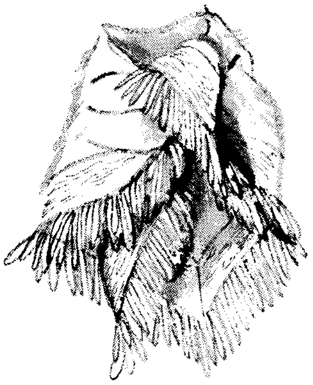

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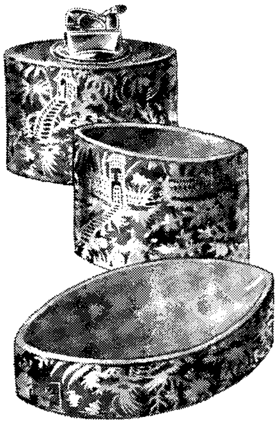

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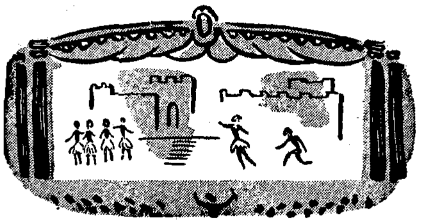

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Ballad of the Sad Café—Edward Albee's occasionally arresting adaptation of the Carson McCullers novelette. Long on gloom but short on clarity. Colleen Dewhurst, Michael Dunn, and Lou Antonio, however, are fine in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—There isn't much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon has given the play a pleasant glow. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are highly diverting in it. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Case of Libel—In this play based on the Reynolds-Pegler libel suit, Van Heflin is superb as the plaintiff's lawyer, and the others in the cast back him up stoutly. Despite the fact that most of us know the details of the real case, Henry Denker, the playwright, keeps an element of suspense alive throughout. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Chips with Everything—All kinds of youthful English types having a hard time in an R.A.F. boot camp. Their woes are overemphasized, and their plight doesn't seem as awful as they seem bent on making it out to be. Arnold Wesker wrote the play, which may be amorphous but does have a dramatic moment or two. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Enter Laughing—A funny show by Joseph Stein, who adapted his play from a novel by Carl Reiner. It concerns itself mostly with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor, despite his parents' determination to make a druggist out of him. Alan Arkin is very comical as the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles contribute further gaiety to the affair. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

The Irregular Verb to Love—An assortment of eccentrics gathered together in a loose-jointed comedy in which Cyril Ritchard and Claudette Colbert figure prominently. Mr. Ritchard directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 2:45; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

Luther—John Osborne's perceptive drama reveals the great German reformer, warts and all. Albert Finney is commanding in the title role, and the rest of the cast keeps right up with him. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:20.)

Man and Boy—Charles Boyer portrays a financier as dubious as the late Ivar Kreuger in this wordy and aimless exercise, which was written by Terence Rattigan and directed by Michael Benthall. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—A tasteless and agitated business having to do with a mental institution run by a staff that doesn't believe in giving any patient an even break. Kirk Douglas is prominent in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—Two carefree exercises by the English playwright Peter Shaffer. The first is rather a nuisance, and the second fairly witty. The acting, by a small cast, is uniformly commendable. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rehearsal—No one can fault the performers in this comedy by Jean Anouilh, but maybe the pace of the piece, which concerns some modern French aristocrats, is a trifle leisurely. Still, there is a scene toward the end, in which Alan Badel appears, that makes the whole thing worthwhile. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Spoon River—Some fine dramatic readings of Edgar Lee Masters' famous account of the way things used to be in the Middle West. Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman participate. Mr. Aidman, by the way, conceived the whole project. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Long Runs—**beyond the fringe:** Various aspects of modern life surveyed by a quartet of very breezy young men—Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)... **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **never too late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Have I Got a Girl for You!—Simon Oakland and Nancy R. Pollock in a comedy by Irving Cooper. Directed by Don Richardson and presented by Joseph Kipness and Richard W. Krakeur. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

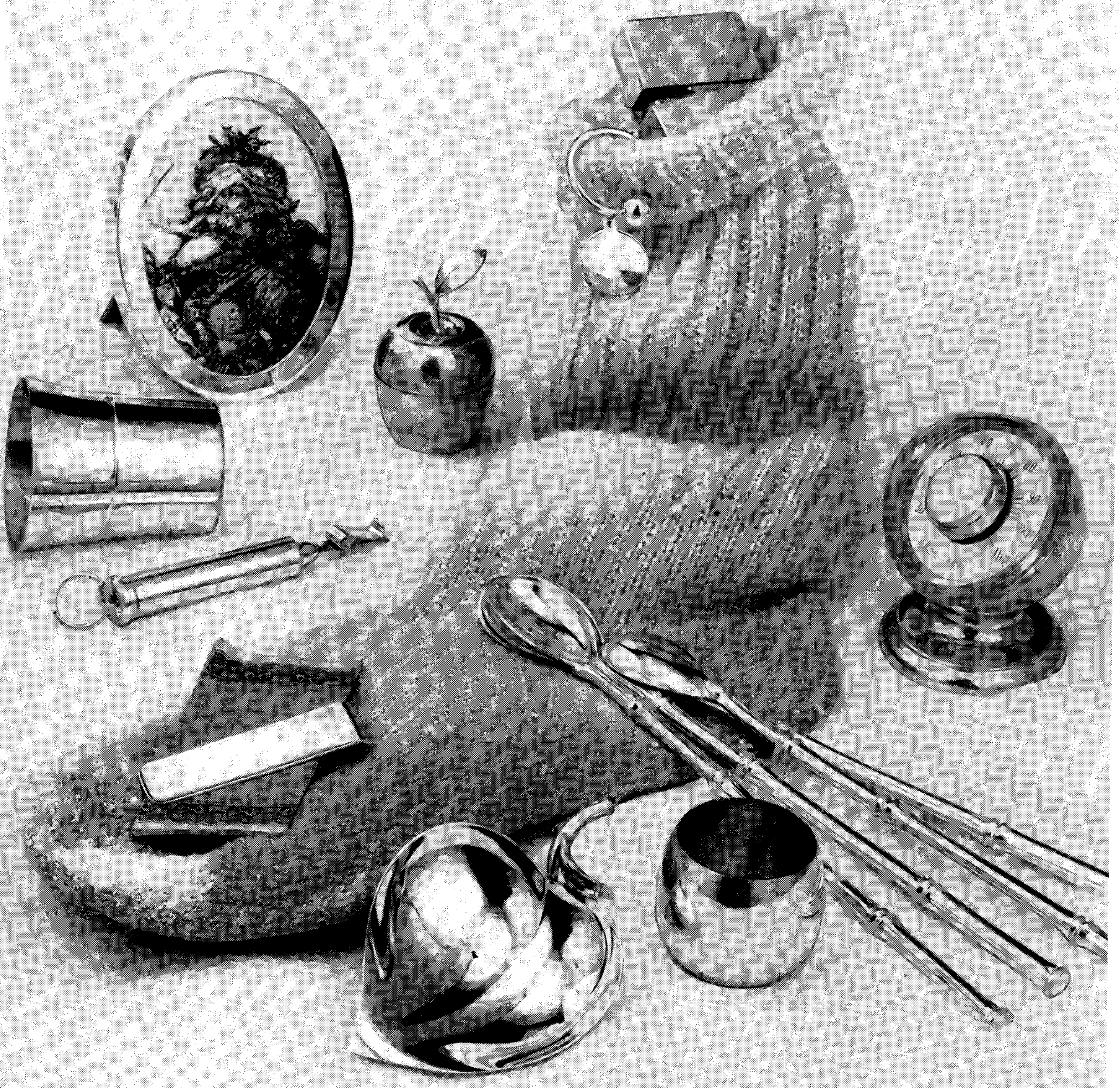
Here's Love—Santa Claus, Macy's vs. Gimbels, and general innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Jennie—The early marital life of Laurette Taylor, which must have been awfully dull if we are to believe this account of it. Mary Martin plays Miss Taylor. The book was written by Arnold Schulman, and the music and lyrics were composed by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker," in which Inga Swenson is utterly captivating as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—An old-fashioned romantic comedy about a small shop in Hungary, back in the thirties. The songs are by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the dances by Carol Haney, and the book, an adaptation of a play by Miklos Laszlo, is by Joe Masteroff. All these contributors have done well enough, but it is the performance, under the direction of Harold Prince, that really sets the mood—light and gently mocking—of the show. With Barbara Cook, Jack Cassidy, Barbara Baxley, and Daniel Massey. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Advertising offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W. 1. Vol. XXXIX, No. 41, November 30, 1963. Second-class postage paid in New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1963 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Zero Mostel and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **OLIVER!:** An adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** Pantomime and other such diversions supplied by Joel Grey in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Ballad for Bimshire—Ossie Davis turns a minor role into a major one in this cheerful, slapdash musical about Barbados. Talley Beatty's dances are lively, and Irving Burgie's songs rate B-plus for music, C-minus for words. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Burn Me to Ashes—A tiresome, ranting opus by the late Nikos Kazantzakis. The setting is Sodom and Gomorrah. The hero is Lot. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Corruption in the Palace of Justice—A philosophical whodunit by the late Italian dramatist Ugo Betti, in which a government official investigates the judicial authorities of "a foreign city" to find out which one of them has been dealing with the underworld. The first act is good; the second and third acts tend to get a little high-flown and stagy. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Ginger Man—J. P. Donleavy's four-character comedy (based on his novel of the same name), which originated in London. Patrick O'Neal, Margaret Phillips, Stefan Gierasch, and Marian Seldes make up the cast. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which was based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

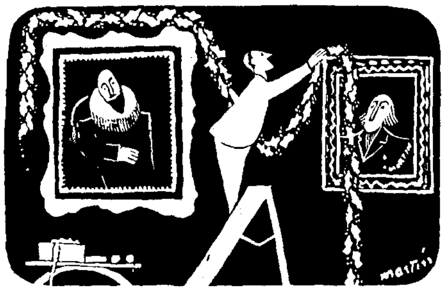
Journey to the Day—This sentimental view of psychiatric group therapy as conducted in a state hospital has its moments. Paul Sand, a Second City alumnus, is both funny and touching as one of the patients in the group. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Maids—A revival, which should have been far less monotonous than it is, of Jean Genet's strange play about two malignant servants and the silly woman they work for. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Next Time I'll Sing to You—An English play by James Saunders. James Earl Jones and Estelle Parsons head a cast directed by Peter Coe. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Plot to Assassinate the Chase Manhattan Bank—A revue with music by Richard Roland Wolf and Frank Spiering, Jr., and sketches by, among others, Carl Larsen and David Dozer. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



Riverwind—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too, and the setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs, by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Telemachus Clay—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Peretz—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a monopoly on *no* plays. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

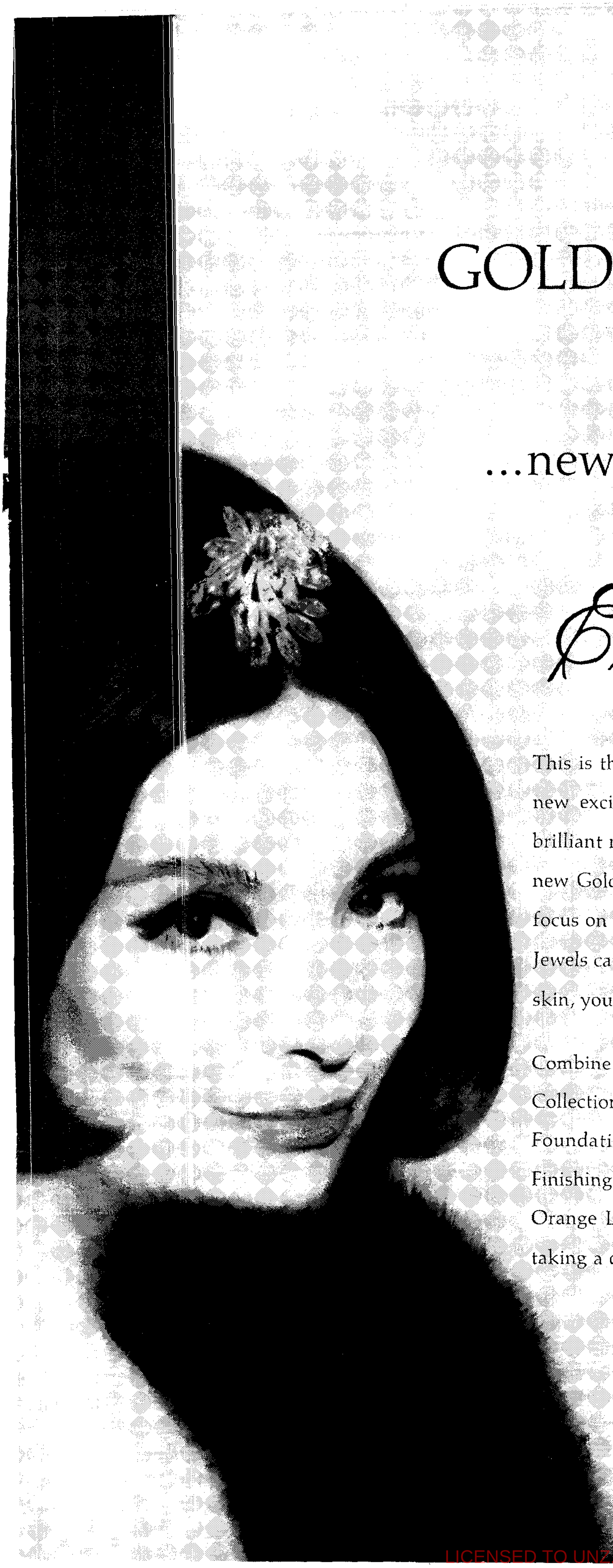
This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 26—Tuesday evening, Dec. 3: "Prodigal Son," "Divertimento No. 15," "Interplay," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 4: "Firebird," "Donizetti Variations," "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 5: "Swan Lake," "Con Amore," "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 6: "Fanfare," "Donizetti Variations," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 7: "Swan Lake," "Fanfare," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 7: "Divertimento No. 15," "Prodigal Son," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians, in a program that includes two new ballets. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

Pauline Koner—With her company and Norman Walker in a program of modern dances.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

OBRATSOV RUSSIAN PUPPET THEATRE—Final performances (in English) of "An Unusual Concert" will close out the engagement. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Thanksgiving Day at noon and 3:15; Friday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 9; and Saturday, Nov. 30, at 3 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Diahann Carroll, who walks in beauty like the night, sings in beauty, passion, fury, pain, and delight, which is enough of a diversified portfolio for any investor in dinner or supper in the Royal Box. She's royally assisted by the piano of Warren Meyers and the Enrique Madriguera orchestra. On Monday, Dec. 2, there'll be a complete change of cast: Patachou, who is very French and very lyric, plus a headlong Lester Lanin band. There's dancing, too, all evening. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The neighborhood has changed quite a bit, but the favorite sidewalk sport is, as always, Who's Got the Status? Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra do the honors. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. On Sundays, only the peninsula known as Perona's is active, and there's no dancing; on Thanksgiving Day, nothing at all happens.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band does the dance music and Renato Rossini, a grand hand with a guitar, lends an air of nobility. Mr. R. lays off Mondays, but the band plays on.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kaye Ballard, with the gleam of who knows what mad thoughts in her dizzy head, is the mockingbird now carolling in the Persian Room. She appears at dinner and supper. Mark Monte's fireflies and Emil Coleman's tireless Trojans do dance music all through the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs stay home Mondays. . . . ¶ After eight, the Palm Court is flown to Europe, to become a curbside café, and a truly romantic one (the moonlight is lavender), in which—as one downs pastry, ices, and a cold bottle—Gunnar Hansen's trio suits itself to the mood. This goes on until one every night but Sunday.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Hildegarde, the Mrs. Miniver of night life, dabbles in voice, piano, deep thought, and advice to clubwomen at dinner and again at supper; Milt Shaw's orchestra gets to work at seven. Her final night is Saturday, Nov. 30. The scene is the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin and his billowing band are swarming in the Maisonette, thereby making it the winter palace of Southampton. Quintero's Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town ramble along from eight to two every night but Sunday.

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SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—Red as true love's rose is this year's edition of the Columns, wherein Arturo Arturos's tiny dance band disports itself with vigor and great change of pace on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six (tea dancing is back on Fifth Avenue at last) to eleven. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Janet Blair, in a soprano as striking as her apricot coif, deals cheerfully with a whole lot of good songs and ventures only once into comedy that is by no means the equal of her talent. She's present at dinnertime and after the theatre in the Empire Room except Thanksgiving Day, when there is just one show, at dinnertime. There's also viva-voce dance music—by a Meyer Davis orchestra and the band of Horace Diaz—present all the time. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages. The *padrone* is Goldie Hawkins himself, who alternates at the piano with Wayne Sanders during the evening, and joins him at double piano along about midnight. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Boy (Rodolpho) meets girl (Mimi), and now and then Scarpia meets doom, during dinner and supper. There's even a parodist, Nino Veri, to make mild mock of the whole thing. Aldo Bruschi, *régisseur* of this minuscule opera company, is also soloist, pianist, and—from Thursday through Sunday—dance master, in charge of a dreaming junior-size dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **EMBASSY CLUB,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): At ten, every evening but Monday, Bobby Short ascends the throne he has now established his right to and seats himself at his piano, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, to play and sing the first of his jet sets. The last set is apt to arrive as late as four. Otis Clements, whose piano deals with our best show tunes, begins at seven and stays until one. He, too, is absent Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** also in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The dinnertime piano here—seven to ten—is unmistakably Viennese. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand-manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Sundays, Forrest Perrin gets to use the keyboard. . . . **ARCHIE'S,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): Beneath a glorious turn-of-the-century chandelier, Hugh Shannon (home again from Paris, London, and the Lake of Como) is doing piano and ballads (the jauntiest of which are almost coeval with the chandelier) in the sturdy, cheering voice we've all missed for three years now. Michael Burr is his bassist; the Downeys, of Downey's Eighth Avenue pub, are the entrepreneurs. Ten to bedtime is Mr. Shannon's gamut; Sundays are his vacations. . . . **GOGI'S,** 126 E. 56th St. (PL 3-5019): Gogi, whose café called Larue was a perpetual midsummer night's dream to outgoing New Yorkers, has now installed piano music in his new café, which is open every evening but Monday. The pianist is Tony Gorody, lately of the Caribbean Sea. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A game fit for a king who would rather play ace, queen, and joker than play house. Norbert Faconi would rather play Stradivarius, and does, in serenade fashion. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): It stays open later than any other bank, but then there's a bar, to say nothing of mannerly piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin Olympics in miniature takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This thoroughfare, a sort of Via Veneto West, is gently but firmly dominated by the perambulating corps of fiddlers led by Herman Honigsberg, a sound (in every sense) man. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so benign that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. Sundays are his vacations. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. On Sunday, Dec. 1, he'll be succeeded by Gustav Lopez, whose music has the same background. No music Mondays; closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening to look at or sing along with the jazz threesome at one end of the pavilion, or just to table-hop. Sundays, a jazz twosome does duty. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James would have slept, dined, and wined in this ancestral pile; he might, too, have been amused by the soulful organ music (five-thirty to seven, and again after the theatre) in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Fey-

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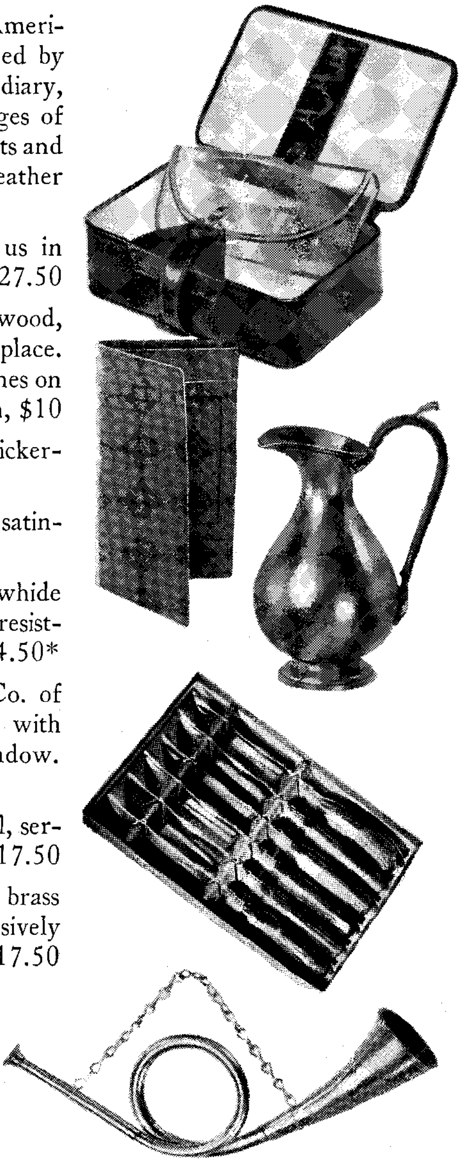

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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er's feather-duster piano is the accompaniment from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** *307 E. 79th St.* (RH 4-9382): The natives are restless tonight and every night, what with their constant barrage of zimbalon, piano, violin, and voice, all of which are devoted to the last time they saw Budapest. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A citizens' rally made up wholly of urbanites, and local ones at that, who are escorted from dinner through supper by Budd Gregg's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, *who strolls along his piano only from* six to nine-thirty, and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop will resume her courteous piano recitations (five to eight-thirty, except Sundays) under the Clock of the Palm Court, that old Ivy League trysting place, on Monday, Dec. 2. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, a necessary breathing space in the middle of New York, affords the calm, collected keyboard work of Steven Weltner, international traveller, from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Anita Sheer, a young American to whom flamenco guitar is her first language, will be joining up on Tuesday, Dec. 3. Mondays will be her days of rest. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 *E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules* Kuti, whose piano makes the transition from Rodgers and Hart to Debussy with ease, has returned to duty (cocktails until eleven) in a state apartment of Napoleonic splendor. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.

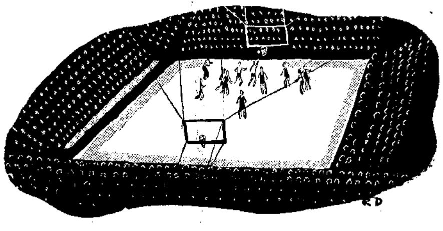
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *"Diamond Fair,"* the Latin Quarter's new winter carnival, contains, among its several pageants, a British strawberry festival whose youth and beauty (all of them girls) would make the most innocent Shropshire lad leave home forever. These lovely creatures are arrayed onstage by Alec Shanks, an old British strawberry-festival man himself, and set to dancing by Donald Saddler, our own choreographer. The Kim Sisters (Korea's prize glee club), acrobats, magicians, and a certain amount of light summer clothing encase the girls. Dancing for the customers, too. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Saturday, Nov. 30, is closing night for Shelley Berman, a wit (never sharper than he is right now) who regards the telephone as a memorial to Freud, and for Della Reese, whose torch songs are tepid but whose brash songs are blockbusters. Ray Bryant's trio departs the same night. The establishment reopens on Wednesday, Dec. 4, to accommodate Woody Allen, another exceeding wit, who is willing to share his hopes, his fears, his fractured Brooklynese, and his picturesque psychoses with all listeners. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Allan Sherman, whose gospel and folk songs have traditional airs but eerily shiny new words, has plenty of brisk, brusque gag lines, too. On Thursday, Dec. 5, he gives way to Myron Cohen, who then resumes his account of what goes on in the tiny world bounded by Seventh Avenue on the east and by the Catskills on the west. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): George White's new elocution class is restricted to great big beautiful blondes and blondes who can do the Charleston. The pace of Mr. W.'s "Scandals" is decrepit, the singing depressed, and the humor deplorable, but the girls are certainly girls. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," a revue that can (and often does) serve as copybook for other entrepreneurs, spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. The principal troupers are Gerry Matthews, Jamie Ross, Carol Morley, and Fredricka Weber. The music is lyric, the choreography is action precisely suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the hours are eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara run through a set of skits indicating that domesticity is the royal road to doom; *Rolf Harris, who's fond of singing* that song about a kangaroo, is also a wielder of outrageous but comic anecdotes; Mara Lynn Brown is a new balladeer. There is background music by a trio, and four-course nourishment is part of the scheme, too. On Monday, Dec. 2, there'll be a change: Dave Astor, a declamatory member of the quondam Lindy's group of one-liners, and a brace of new singers—Lydia Wood and Brooks Jones. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The Second City group of players is forever scheming up original tricks to play on its audience, and most of them are wholehearted pleasure. At the moment, the cast is exceedingly graced by the presence of Severn Darden and Barbara Harris, and well-supported by Bob Dishy. The revue they keep reconstructing operates Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and burbling their way through life, accompanied by a set of flamenco dancers. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at nine-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing. . . . ¶ Just off the bar, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Mabel Mercer's advice to everyone (wear your heart on your sleeve) is being distributed after ten-thirty in the best of all possible lyrics and in her celebrated bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment," a recently arrived revue, is still practicing while it preaches, but a number of its spitfire skits (Peter Cook is the author of most) already have the glitter and menace of Excalibur. The players are Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby; the singer is the darkling and handsome Carole Simpson, who works on the straight-to-the point lyrics of Stephen Vinaver; and the band is Teddy Wilson's ever-so-cheerful trio. Like nearly all the players, the menu is British as can be. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, Sundays at four and eight. The Wilsons also play in the bar after the late show. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A design for living it up—Mae Barnes, whose bullet songs describe a brief trajectory (rent party to lease-breaking); the team of Betty Kean and Lew Parker, whose humor is on just as short a tether (raucous to rantipole); and Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians with their tongues in their cheeks. *Grin and bear the rest. Closed Mondays.*



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quintet of Miles Davis, the cat who walks by himself, and Blossom Dearie, whose wild-blue-yonder voice and piano cannot fail to amuse, are on deck. On Tuesday, Dec. 3, they'll be replaced by Herbie Mann's band, now recruited to a strength of eleven. Dancing will be revived that same evening. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Flip Wilson, the latest funnyman from Harlem, is in charge of the words; Gloria Lynne's soprano and Roland Kirk's quartet are in charge of the music. Leon Bibb (whose Jawn Henry voice has lately been exploring more recent folksters, such as Gershwin) and the Modern Folk Quartet take the places of Mr. Wilson and Miss Lynne as of Tuesday, Dec. 3. Mondays are visitors' nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore. The banjo, which is having a revivalist meeting of its own, is prominent *in* the nine-strong Serendipity Singers' activities. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The script is pages from the diary of Wilbur de Paris, who recalls another day, another way. Also reciting from memory: Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): This rumpus room is the home of Joe Mooney, now an organ soloist, not the owner of a band, but his touch and his voice make one unaware of the lacuna. Chuck Wayne's electronic guitar leads a trio into action, and Carol Sloane, a heart-and-soul jazz singer, makes free. The Waynes are off Mondays; Mr. Mooney and Miss Sloane are off Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Pulling of punches is usually against the rules here. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Gene Krupa's clattery band and Red Allen's die-for-dear-old-Dixie one do the lowing. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson's band will stop shrilling its unearthly coronachs on Wednesday, Dec. 4. One night later, the owlish Dizzy Gillespie will arrive, a quintet in hand, along with the foursome of Terry Gibbs, who gets an I for Industry. Visitors' days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Progression, sometimes arithmetical and sometimes by leaps and bounds. Art Farmer, *Jim Hall, and their quartet are at* work right now. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Marmalade and muskrats, as presented by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Buck Clayton, and Morey Feld. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Mark's Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): In this academy for the study of modern influences on music is Thelonious Monk, whose seemingly spur-of-the-second chords keep his piano continually off balance. He runs a quartet, and Roland Hanna's trio does the other chores. Sunday afternoons, there are four-to-eight sessions, too, by droppers-in; Mondays, the regulars give way to the Upper Bohemia Six, organized and participated in by Larry Rivers, a modern-age painter whenever he lays down his saxophone. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): *Convention Hall, and the cal*looh-callay that goes with it. Jonah Jones' quartet can make itself heard even so. Harold Quinn this season is a solo pianist. Sundays, Louis Metcalf's traditionalists are the whole show. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The trio belonging to Howard Reynolds is contemporaneous, without a single over-the-shoulder glance at *les temps perdus.* Monday is its night of rest. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The ecclesiasts of Timpani Alley hold their Saturday sessions here. On Nov. 30, the professors

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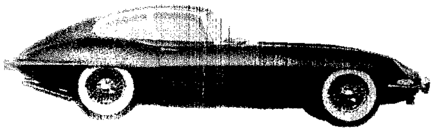

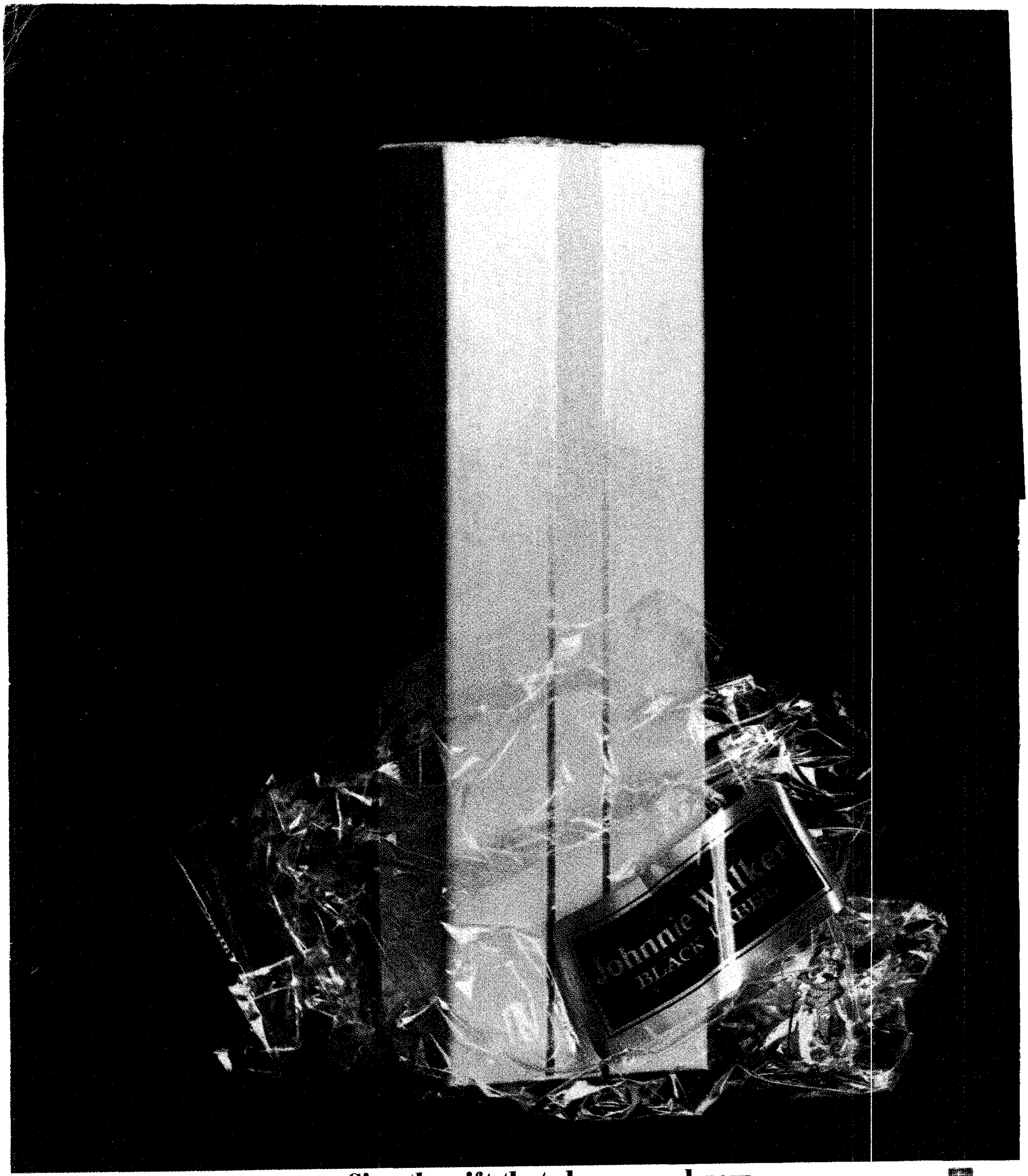
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BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the faith should be Jo Jones, Buster Bailey, Vic Dickenson, Herman Autrey, and Louis Metcalf's quartet. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday by Marshall Brown, and every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays. . . . **BOURBON STREET**, 118 W. 48th St. (JU 6-9563): Another old alehouse has sprung to new life. Under its tin ceiling, an appropriate adjunct to the playing of "Tin-Roof Blues," are Dick Wellstood, at piano, and Ahmed Abdul-Malik, at bass, to think back to the past. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The New Wave of youth hostelries—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee—has reached New York. Nine to one, and a bit later on Fridays and Saturdays, is the idea.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings by a Belgian artist who works in Paris; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Aronson—Figurative paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a Lithuanian-born American artist; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Manuel Ayaso—Drawings by a young Spanish-American artist; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Balthus—Drawings, including portraits, landscapes, and a series of illustrations (circa 1933) for "Wuthering Heights," by this French romantic-realist; through Dec. 21. (Thaw, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902)—Small landscape studies in oil; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St.)

Aaron Bohrod—Trompe-l'oeil paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Clutz—Figurative oils and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Salvador Dali—Recent paintings; through Dec. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Delevante—Paintings and drawings; through Dec. 14. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Nicolas de Staël (1914-55)—Abstractions by this Russian-born Paris artist; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Paintings from twenty of his younger years (1913-33); through Dec. 14. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Feldman—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Landscapes principally; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Ronald Garrigues—Abstract sculptures in wood and bronze; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Leon Golub—Paintings done in Paris; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Figure paintings and paintings of the sea; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Grillo—Abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sarah Grilo—Non-objective paintings by an Argentine artist; through Monday, Dec. 2. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

José Guerrero—Abstract Expressionist oils by a Spanish-born American artist; through Dec. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Henri (1865-1929)—Portraits and landscapes; through Friday, Nov. 29. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St.)

Goeffrey Holder—Paintings, primarily figure studies, by this Trinidadian artist (and dancer); through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Griffin, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

Budd Hopkins—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Jensen—Abstract and figurative paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Paul Jones—Paintings and small bronzes; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Leonid—Paintings of seaside scenes in Mexico, Europe, and the Orient; through Dec. 21. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Abstract collages in aluminum; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Agnes Martin—Abstract oil paintings and ink drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Doris Matthews—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Dec. 12. (Area, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Miró and Artigas—Sculptures in ceramic created by Miró and fashioned by him and Artigas; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—A loan exhibition of paintings and two sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Oils, water colors, and drawings, from the Dutch modernist's own collection; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Drawings, etchings, and early sculptures, shown for the first time; through Dec. 31. (Balin-Traube, 11 E. 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5.)

Leonardo Nierman—Paintings by a Mexican artist; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

Jerry Okimoto—Mobile paintings; through Dec. 14. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

William Palmer—Semi-abstract landscapes of Greece and upper New York state; through Dec. 21. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Reginald Pollack—Paintings, mostly landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Sidney Simon—Sculptures and drawings; through Dec. 21. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Joseph J. Stefanelli—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—An exhibition of drawings, silverpoints, and pastels (1908-44) that is running concurrently with the showing (ending Wednesday) of his paintings at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Landscapes; through Dec. 14. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Master Drawings—A benefit loan exhibition from the Art Institute of Chicago, with examples ranging from a 1438 Pisanello to a 1944 Picasso; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Art of Tuscany—Paintings and sculptures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other thirteenth- to sixteenth-century masters; through Dec. 31. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Artist and Maecenas: A Tribute to Curt Valentin—The inaugural exhibition at the new Marlborough-Gerson Gallery (41 E. 57th St.) is a benefit dedicated to the memory of Mr. Valentin and includes many paintings and sculptures (by such artists as David Smith, Henry Moore, Braque, and Picasso) that he sold to private collectors and museums; through Dec. 21.

African Art—Wood, ivory, and bronze masks, statues, stools, and containers, from Ghana, Nigeria, and eight other new African states; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Show—Paintings by artists

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PUERTO RICO SHERATON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who have exhibited at the gallery during the past ten seasons, among them Leland Bell, Jan Müller, and Albert Urban; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **schweitzer**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A Christmas show of small pictures and drawings (from $100) by Rosa Bonheur, Marie Laurencin, Courbet, Degas, and others; through Dec. 31.... **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings by (for instance) Afro, Max Beckmann, and Joseph Glasco; through Dec. 14. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century painters, including Gris, Kandinsky, and Utrillo; through Dec. 28. (Closed Mondays.) ... **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Pointillist paintings by (to mention a few) Pissarro, Seurat, and Signac; through Dec. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **niveau**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Van Dongen, Rouault, Segonzac, Appel, and other French artists; through Dec. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists. After Sunday, Dec. 1, the galleries of the Museum will be closed for five and a half months in order to complete the current remodelling and building program. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Asian art loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation. On view are Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Jan. 12. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by contemporary American artists (Jimmy Ernst, William Kienbusch, and Bernard Perlin, to name a few) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 8. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Iranian Ceramics," a display of potteries and porcelains of ancient Persia, lent by museums and private collectors both in Europe and America; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Venetian paintings of the sixteenth century, by Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, and others; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils by the British painter Francis Bacon; through Jan. 12.... ¶ A loan showing of master drawings of this century by such artists as Picasso, Matisse, de Kooning, and Tobey; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Books and manuscripts from the Heineman Collection, including musical manuscripts, French and German literary and historical autographs, first editions and bindings, and illuminated manuscripts; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—A retrospective of paintings (interior scenes and portraits) by John Koch; through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen of the Eastern States," a regional survey of work by American designer-craftsmen; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Empire: The Inca of Peru," an exhibit, drawn chiefly from collections here and abroad, containing silver and gold figurines, wood and stone carvings, featherwork garments, and textiles produced by the people of the Andean region of South America; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by a dozen contemporary American artists, including Patricia Passlof, Seymour Franks, and Herbert Kallem; through Dec. 22. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Joseph Stella, America's leading Futurist; through Wednesday, Dec. 4. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Stella showing at the Salpeter Gallery, 42 E. 57th St.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Faust," with Nicoletta Panni, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, Jerome Hines, and Vladimir Ruzdak.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 7: "Götterdämmerung," with Gladys Kuchta, Mary Curtis-Verna, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, Ernst Wiemann, and Lawrence Davidson.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Dorothy Kirsten, Anneliese Rothenberger, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, Paul Franke, Frank Guarrera, and Jack Gilford.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Anna Moffo, Gianna d'Angelo, Jeanette Scovotti, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, Kenneth Smith, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Monday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Irene Dalis, Flaviano Labò, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and Paul Schöffler.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Anneliese Rothenberger, Carlo Bergonzi, Vladimir Ruzdak, and Anton Diakov.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Frances Yeend, Hans Hopf, Walter Cassel, Dezso Ernster, and Lawrence Davidson.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Jeanette Scovotti, Janis Martin, John Alexander, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 6, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Gladys Kriese, Sándor Kónya, Paul Schöffler, Ernst Wiemann, Karl Dönch, and Murray Dickie.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Rita Gorr, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Dorothy Kirsten, Anneliese Rothenberger, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, Paul Franke, Frank Guarrera, and Jack Gilford.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—George Szell conducting on Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 29, at 2:15; and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3 (all with Lev Oborin, piano).... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30 (with Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano).... ¶ George Szell conducting on Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 6, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3 (all with Erica Morini, violin).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30, with Idel Biret, piano; and Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30, no soloists.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30, with George Zazofsky, violin.... ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30, a Beethoven-Mahler program; no soloists.)

Toronto Symphony Orchestra—Walter Susskind conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here, with Lois Marshall, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Philadelphia Chamber Orchestra—Anshel Brusilow conducting this ensemble made up of members of the Philadelphia Orchestra in its first appearance here, with Norman Shetler, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 5:30.)

Symphony of Musical Arts—Vincent La Selva conducting. (Palm Gardens, 310 W. 52nd St. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting a benefit concert, with Birgit Nilsson, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting a chamber orchestra, with Gerald Tarack, violin, and Henry Schuman, oboe. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting, with Anneliese Rothenberger, soprano, and Matthew Raimondi, violin. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Boys Town Choir—Msgr. Francis P. Schmitt directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30.)

Master Institute Chorus—David Labovitz directing, with the Master Institute Orchestra; Dorothy Renzi, soprano; Rawn Spearman, baritone; and other soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 5:15.)

Bach Aria Group—Frank Brieff directing. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Julian Bream Consort—Programs of Elizabethan music played by an English ensemble of six instrumentalists. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:30, the second of two concerts. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—With Janice Harsanyi, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Chad Mitchell Trio—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30, the third in a series of six all-Mozart programs. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30, a varied program.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Chamber music for two pianos and four voices, performed by Richard Goode and Peter Serkin, piano; Benita Valente, soprano; Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and John West, bass. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3 and 9.)

Mario Escudero—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Sidney Harth—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

James Mathis—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Oscar Shumsky—Violin, with a chamber orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

John Williams—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Frank Glazer—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2:30.)

Hungarian Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Note—The Budapest String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Dec. 2, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Black Watch—The Regimental Band, Massed Pipers, and Highland Dancers of the Black Watch, Royal Highland Regiment. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2 and 7.)

Mantovani—The English conductor leading an orchestra in his own arrangements. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—The Orchestra U.S.A., conducted by Gunther Schuller and John Lewis, with Gerry Mulligan, Eric Dolphy, Jim Hall, Connie Kay, and Richard Davis. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 7-3171.) . . . ¶ Thelonious Monk, with a ten-piece orchestra, in a program of his own compositions. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 30, at 6:30: Baltimore vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Boxing—Stan Harrington vs. Rip Randall, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Dick Tiger vs. Joey Giardello, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Convention Hall, Atlantic City, N.J. Saturday, Dec. 7.)

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 7.)

College Football—**thanksgiving day:** Notre Dame vs. Syracuse, at Yankee Stadium, at noon. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, nov. 30** (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 7. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day, and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 30.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Opening children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 11.)

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 1:30 and 3. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **gramercy arts children's theatre:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7738. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30; Sundays at 1; and Friday, Nov. 29, at 2.) . . . **hilltop productions:** "Rapunzel." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **maximillion productions:** "Gabriel." (Gate Theatre, Second

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 11.)... **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "Paul Bunyan" and four other plays. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2.)... **ELAINE W. REYNOLDS PRODUCTIONS:** "The Ransom of Red Chief." (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30, and Friday, Nov. 29, at 2.)... **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3, and Thanksgiving Day at 2.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Indian Captive." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Friday, Nov. 29, at 11 and 1.)... ¶ "Cinderella." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30.)... **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Nov. 29, at 1 and 3.)

DANCE RECITAL—Marta Becket presenting "A Turkish Fairy Tale." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 11.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Paintings by Greek children of kindergarten age; through Sunday, Dec. 1. (Daily, except Saturday, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Moon." Starting Tuesday, Dec. 3, there will be a new show, "Stars of the Christmas Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 29, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 29, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 1:45: Oriental Lowestoft porcelain, English and American furniture, Georgian silver, spatterware, embroidery pictures, paintings, rugs, and decorative objects; the property of Mrs. Elwood H. Inge and others.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 1:45: Literary and historical manuscripts and autographs, from the estate of General Culver C. Sniffen and from other sources.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 1:45: Graphic art, including Gauguin's woodcut "Noa Noa," twelve lithographs of "Tales of the Arabian Nights" by Chagall, and several Toulouse-Lautrec posters; from various collectors, among them the late Paul L. Joachim. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 29.

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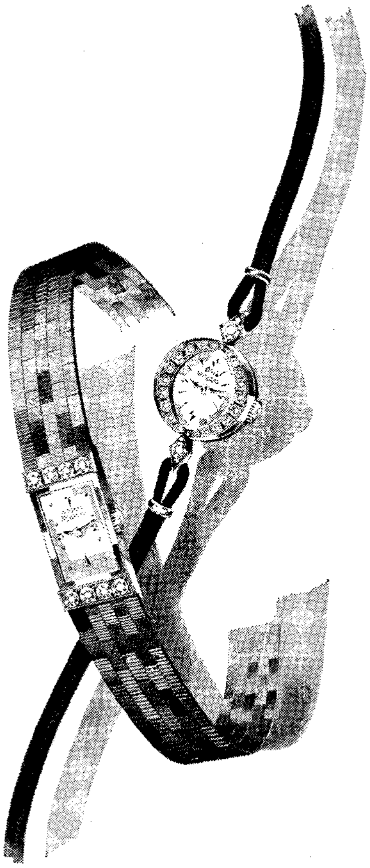

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Atget—A cunning manipulation (in eleven minutes) of a large number of still photographs by Eugène Atget, whose hushed Paris is very like Proust's. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—An account, at once anguished and hilarious, of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320.)

8½—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni plays the part of a famous director who is suddenly unable to go on working; Anouk Aimée is his intellectual wife; and Sandra Milo is his tawdry mistress. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Knife in the Water—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski, who wrote and directed this comedy, is plainly to be watched. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—John Huston in top directing form in a nice, complicated thriller, with a cast that includes George C. Scott, Kirk Douglas, Clive Brook, Dana Wynter, and a number of passing stars in heavy disguise. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 1-3.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook's fine, attacking version of William Golding's overblown allegory. The boys are all "absolutely smashing" and uncannily true to type—upper-class public-school hooligans, the backbone of an Empire. The atmosphere of school brutality is accurately caught and well photographed. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

This Sporting Life—A violent movie about the violent rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris gives a stunning performance as the turbulent, sensitive hero, and Rachel Roberts is fine, too, as a widow who doesn't love him back. David Storey adapted the good script from his own novel; Lindsay Anderson, the director, seldom lets you forget that he's around. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

Tom Jones—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, all splendid. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The V.I.P.s—Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Margaret Rutherford, and Louis Jourdan are all trapped by a sudden fog at the London Airport, and, oh, the cats that come popping out of their stylish bags! A nice, old-fashioned script by Terence Rattigan. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; 57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190.)

REVIVALS

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 3.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 29-Dec. 2.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 3.)

Electra (1962)—Irene Papas is Electra in Michael Cacoyannis's version of the Euripides tragedy. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 3, evening performances only on Dec. 2-3.)

It Happened in Broad Daylight (1960)—Heinz Ruhmann as a police inspector who dedicates his life to tracking down an insane murderer of little girls. A Swiss film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Dec. 3-4.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 4.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's scrutiny of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Dec. 1.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 1-3.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 28. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Dec. 1-2. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 4.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 4.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 28.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Nov. 30.)

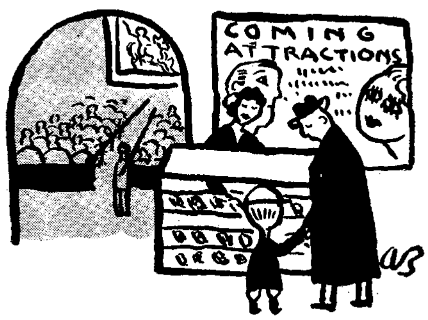
Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 29-30.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Dec. 4, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sunday, Dec. 1 (after which the auditorium will be closed for several months): "Pygmalion" (1938), with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Thanksgiving Day, when there will be just one showing, at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

AUCTIONEERS
AUCTION THIS DAY

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Dec. 3: "McLintock!," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.
From Dec. 4: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart, Sandra Dee.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30, and Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Friday, Nov. 29, at 2:30; and Sundays and Thanksgiving Day at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Dec. 4: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Soldier in the Rain," Jackie Gleason, Steve McQueen.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"High and Low" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Who's Minding the Store?," Jerry Lewis, Jill St. John.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performances Friday through Wednesday, Nov. 29-Dec. 4, at 9:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
8½ (in Italian).

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays, Sundays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 29.)
Through Dec. 3: **ELECTRA** (in Greek), revival; and "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.
From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 3: "Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue; and "The Invincible Gladiator," Richard Harrison.
From Dec. 4: "'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes," Ray Milland; and "Dementia #13," William Campbell.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THE V.I.P.S.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): **THIS SPORTING LIFE;** and **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS,** revival.
From Dec. 4 (tentative): "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom; and "The Password Is Courage," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Maria Perschy.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and **ATGET.**

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"All the Way Home," Robert Preston, Jean Simmons.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 3: "Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue; and "The Invincible Gladiator," Richard Harrison.
From Dec. 4: "'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes," Ray Milland; and "Dementia #13," William Campbell.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Clear Skies" (in Russian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Ladies Who Do," Robert Morley.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Family Diary" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): **THIS SPORTING LIFE;** and **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS,** revival.
From Dec. 4 (tentative): "The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart, Sandra Dee.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 3: "Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue; and "The Invincible Gladiator," Richard Harrison.
From Dec. 4: "'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes," Ray Milland; and "Dementia #13," William Campbell.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
THE V.I.P.S.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 2: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Dec. 3: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), revival, Corinne Marchand.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 30: "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.
Dec. 1-3: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER;** and **ROMAN HOLIDAY,** revival.
From Dec. 4: **SAPPHIRE,** revival; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," revival, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 3: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Dec. 4: **JULES AND JIM** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Nov. 28: **THE THIRD MAN,** revival; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.
Nov. 29-30: **TIGER BAY,** revival; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.
Dec. 1-2: **SAPPHIRE,** revival; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
Dec. 3-4: **IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT,** revival; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
THE V.I.P.S.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THIS SPORTING LIFE; and "Brothers in Law," revival, Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Dec. 3: "Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue; and "The Invincible Gladiator," Richard Harrison.
From Dec. 4: "'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes," Ray Milland; and "Dementia #13," William Campbell.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 30: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
From Dec. 1: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Nov. 28: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER;** and **SAPPHIRE,** revival.
From Nov. 29: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Dec. 4 (tentative): **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE V.I.P.S.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Naked Autumn" (in French), Simone Signoret.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Soldier in the Rain," Jackie Gleason, Steve McQueen.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
THE V.I.P.S.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 30: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
Dec. 1-2: "The Brides of Dracula," revival, Peter Cushing; and "Curse of the Demon," revival, Dana Andrews.
From Dec. 3: "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune; and "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 3: "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page; and "Gypsy," revival, Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood.
From Dec. 4: "McLintock!," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "The Vampire and the Ballerina," Helene Remy.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 28: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Animal Farm," revival, a full-length animated cartoon.
Nov. 29-Dec. 2: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.
From Dec. 3: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 3: "Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue; and "The Invincible Gladiator," Richard Harrison.
From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
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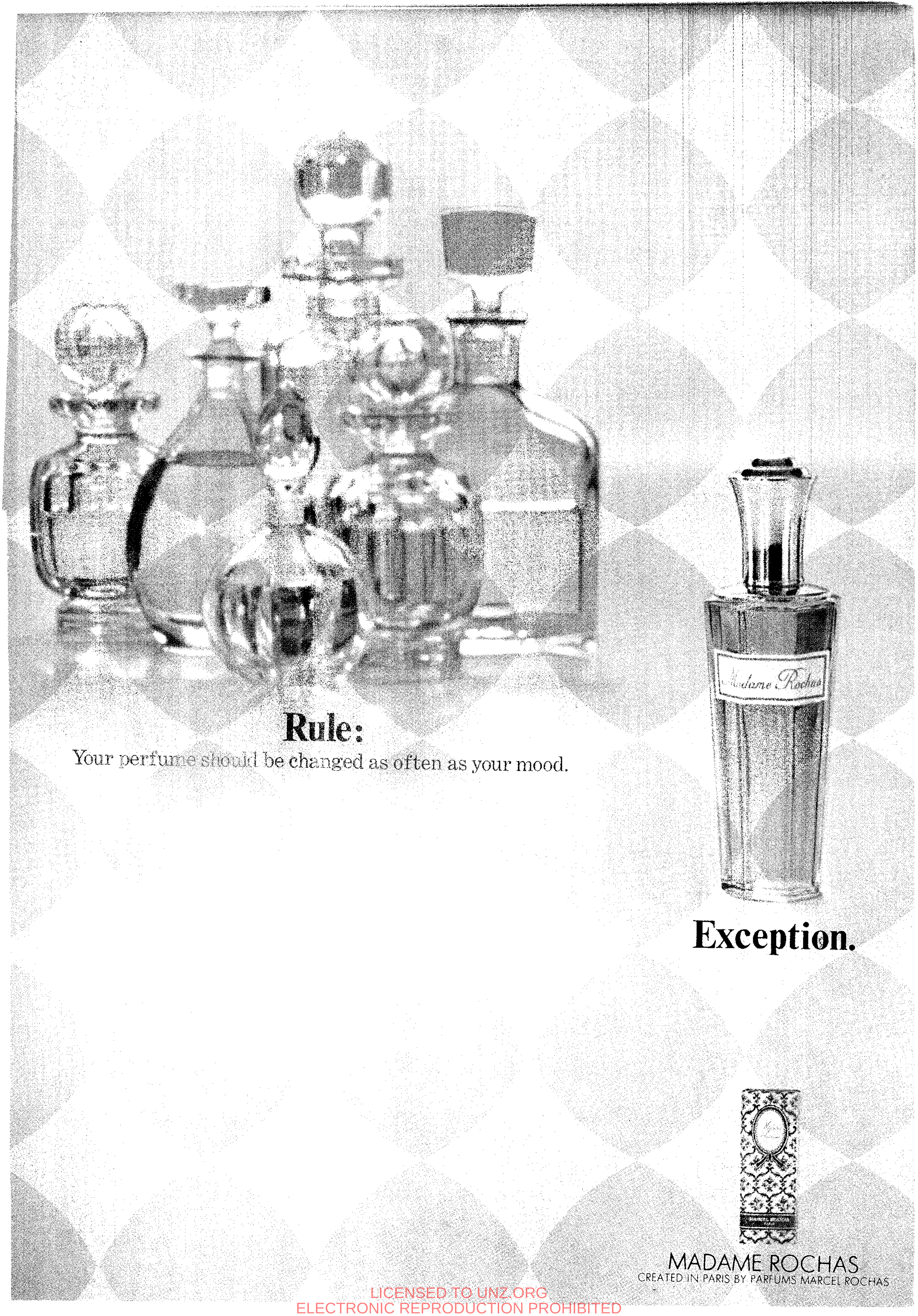
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Your perfume should be changed as often as your mood.
Madame Rochas
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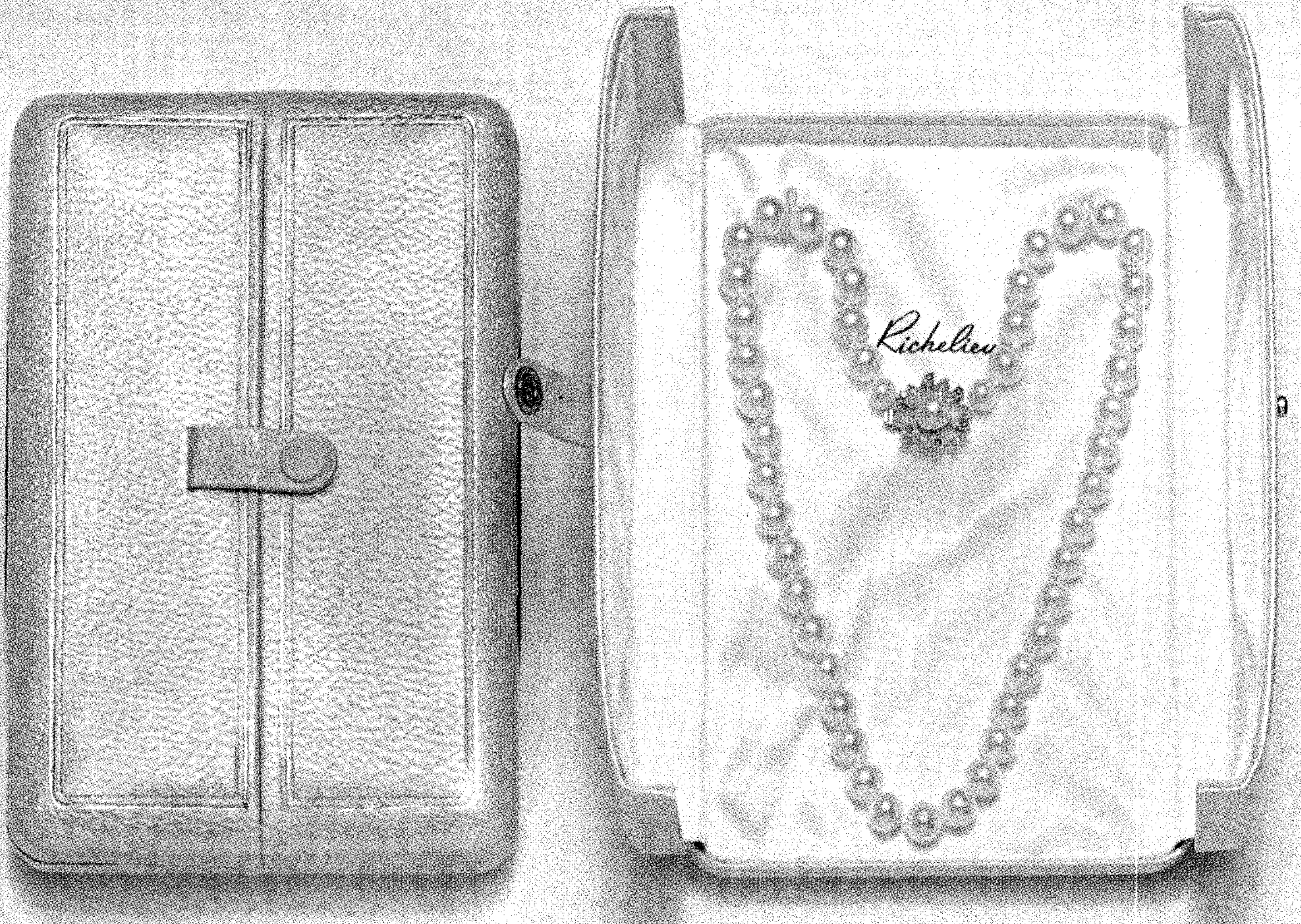
MADAME ROCHAS
CREATED IN PARIS BY PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS



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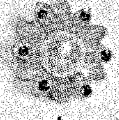
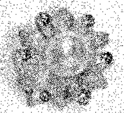
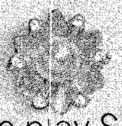
Richelieu's magnificent rosé simulated pearls, clasped in almost-like-real sapphires  ...almost-like-real rubies  ...or almost-like-real diamonds  — to give, to love, to keep forever in their own frosted pearlcase. Could anyone play Santa more exquisitely than this? Single strand $10. Double strand $15. Earrings to match clasps $6. All plus tax. At the very best stores throughout the U.S. and Canada too.

Richelieu®

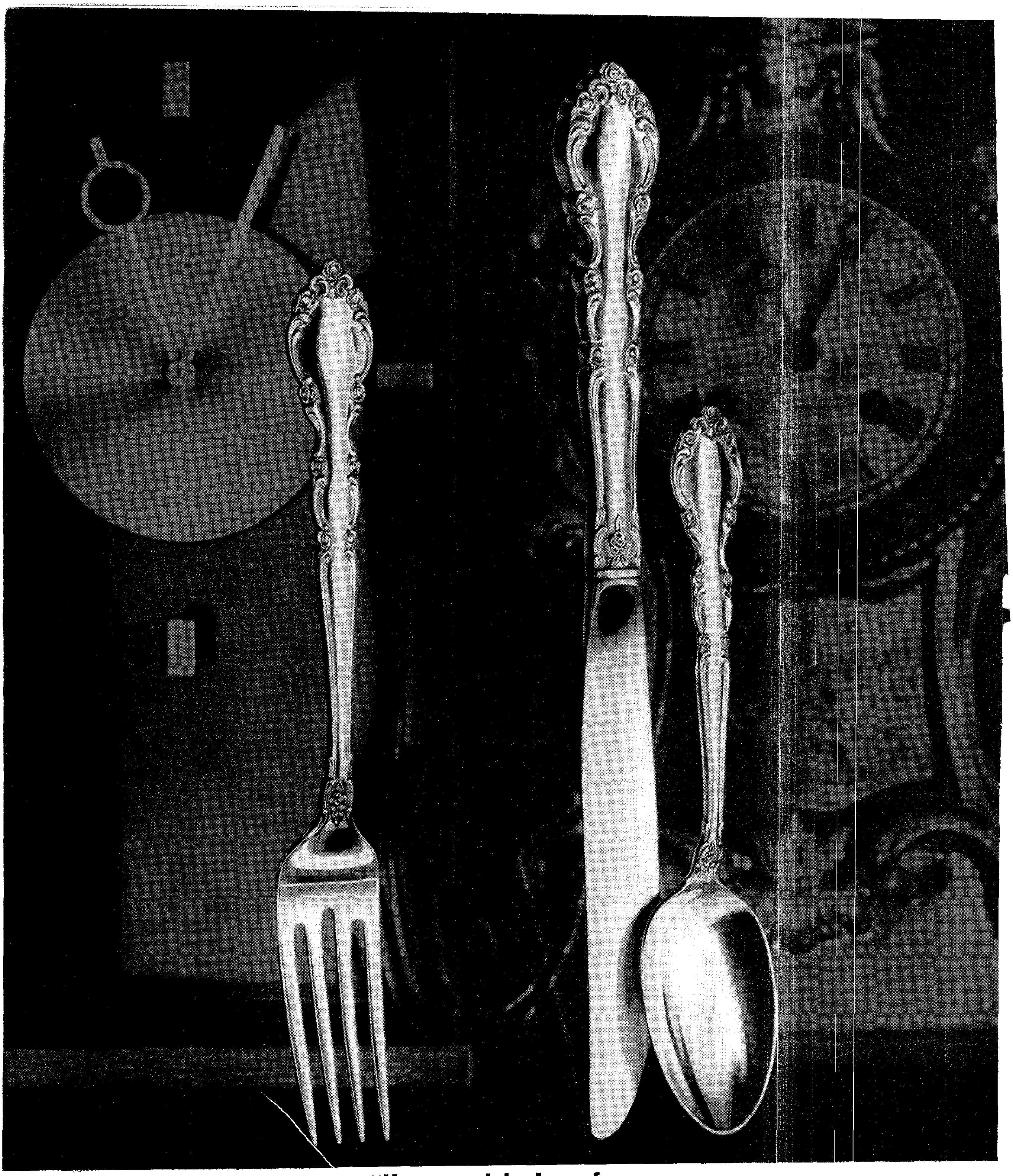
THE RICHELIEU CORP. A SUBSIDIARY OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

J. HYDE CRAWFORD

BONWIT PUTS PRINGLE IN YOUR NORTH AND SOUTH PLANS A coupling of cashmere, never so fresh and young…ready to be found under the Christmas tree or to go South at a moment's notice. The sweater, with a front panel the color of the contrasting skirt, in pale blue with dark blue or ivory with pumpkin. 10 to 16 sizes, 75.00 complete. From a North-South collection on our Sports Floor, they have **THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

BONWIT
TELLER

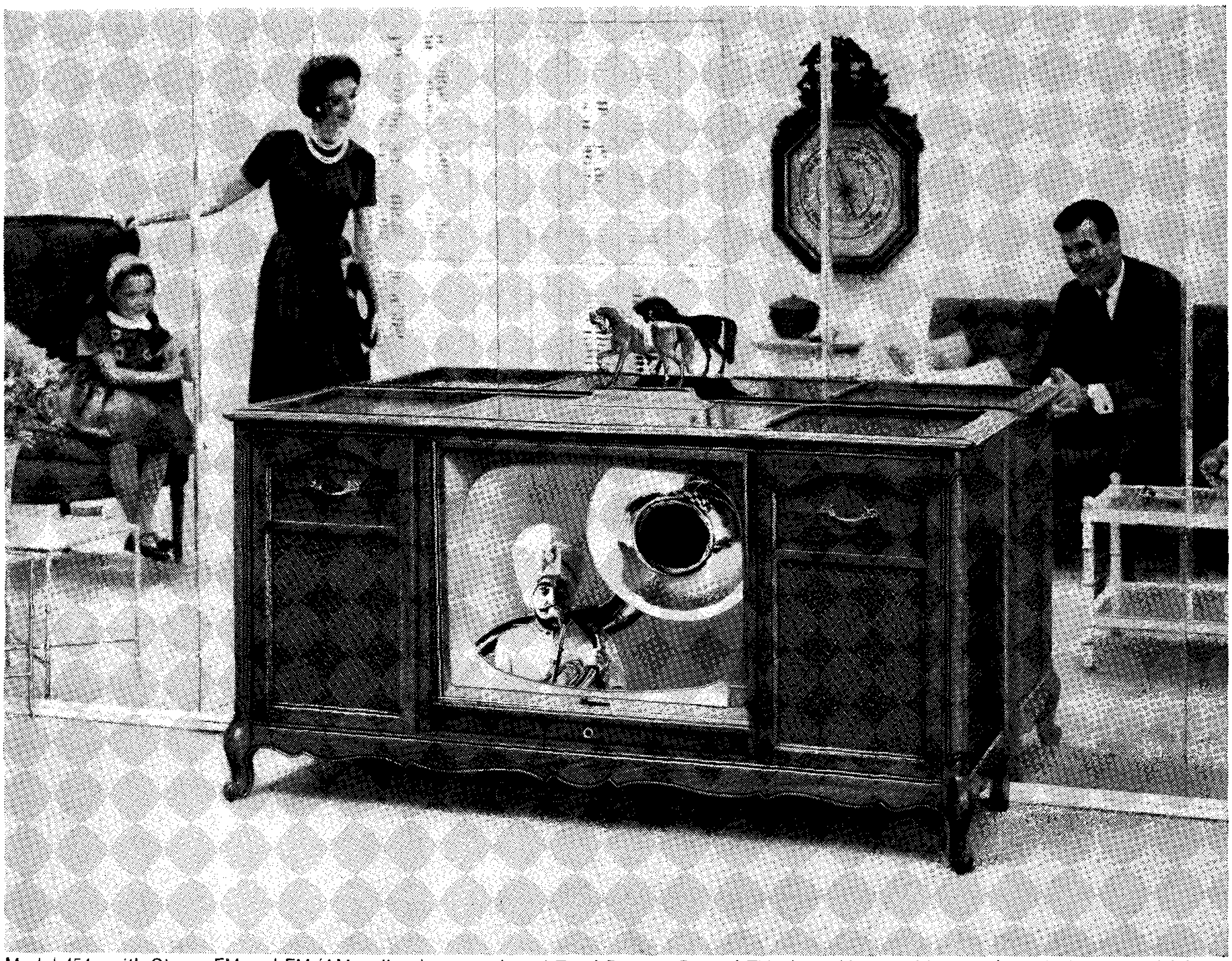
New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach



"He says plain, I say fancy... but we both say Heirloom Sterling!"

How easy it is to agree on Heirloom® Sterling. You'll love it, cherish it. So will he. Few of your precious possessions will serve you so lastingly, so handsomely. A wise investment, a wonderful gift. And there's a pattern that fits delightfully into every decorating scheme. This one is called "Grandeur." Gleaming and gracious. The touch is satin-cool. The luster, deep and rich. The balance and weight, quite perfect. A five-piece "Informal place setting (two teaspoons, place knife, place fork and sala fork) costs only $36.25. A complete six-piece "Formal" plac setting is just $45.00. Both prices include Federal Tax. F nearest store and brochure on Heirloom Sterling pattern write Oneida Silversmiths, Department C-5, Oneida, New Yor

HEIRLOOM STERLING BY ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS



Model 454—with Stereo FM and FM/AM radio-phonograph and Total Remote Control TV—$795. (Convertible to Color TV when you wish.)

Only Magnavox combines Astro-Sonic* Stereo Hi-Fi and the biggest pictures in TV to give your family thrilling entertainment

***This new space-age development eliminates tubes—is ten times more efficient than conventional tube sets—surpasses all achievements in the re-creation of sound**

Astro-Sonic has such vast tonal dimension that it can whisper the full beauty of music or shake the walls with a glorious crescendo. You enjoy the spectacular dimensions of stereophonics . . . and all the purity of high fidelity!

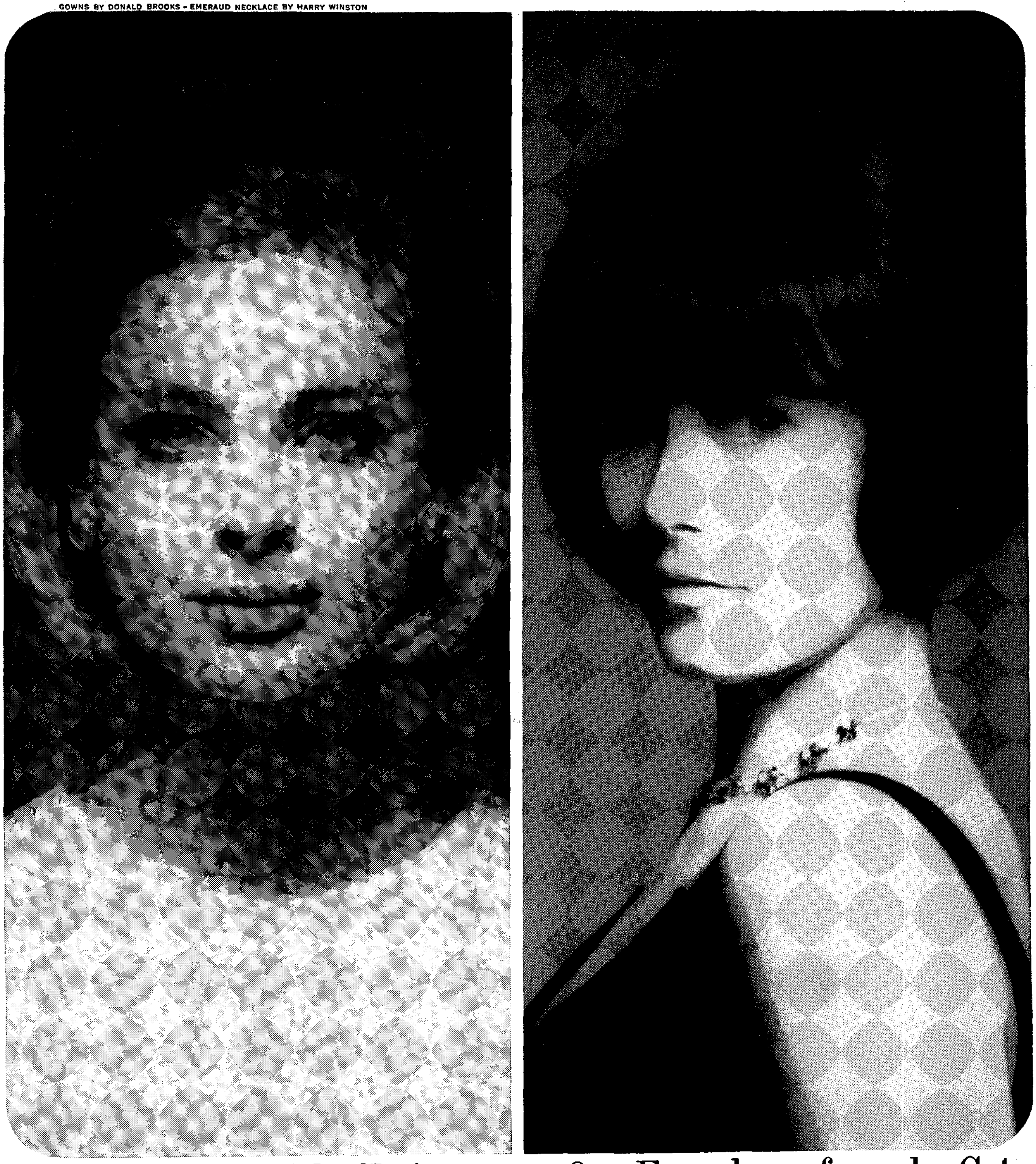
*New Solid-State circuitry eliminates all tubes and component-damaging heat, the cause of most failures—so reliable, parts are guaranteed for five years. **Now your records can last a lifetime.** The Micromatic record player, with a turntable speed as accurate as an electric clock, eliminates pitch distortion. The pick-up plays at only 1/10 ounce touch—banishing record and stylus (needle) wear. The diamond stylus is guaranteed ten years!

Fully automatic spectacular 400 sq. in. TV is more than twice as big as the average screen—will bring you a whole new world of program enjoyment. **Videomatic** makes all picture adjustments automatically, continuously, for the sharpest, clearest pictures day and night. With Magnavox high-fidelity sound, it gives the most thrilling realism in TV.

Magnavox Astro-Sonic Home Entertainment Centers are an excellent value—they cost less than comparable radio, phonograph, and TV bought separately. See the wide selection of Magnavox Home Entertainment Products, including TV from $119.90 and Stereo Phonographs as low as $99.90 at your Magnavox dealer's listed in the Yellow Pages.

the magnificent
Magnavox

GOWNS BY DONALD BROOKS • EMERAUD NECKLACE BY HARRY WINSTON



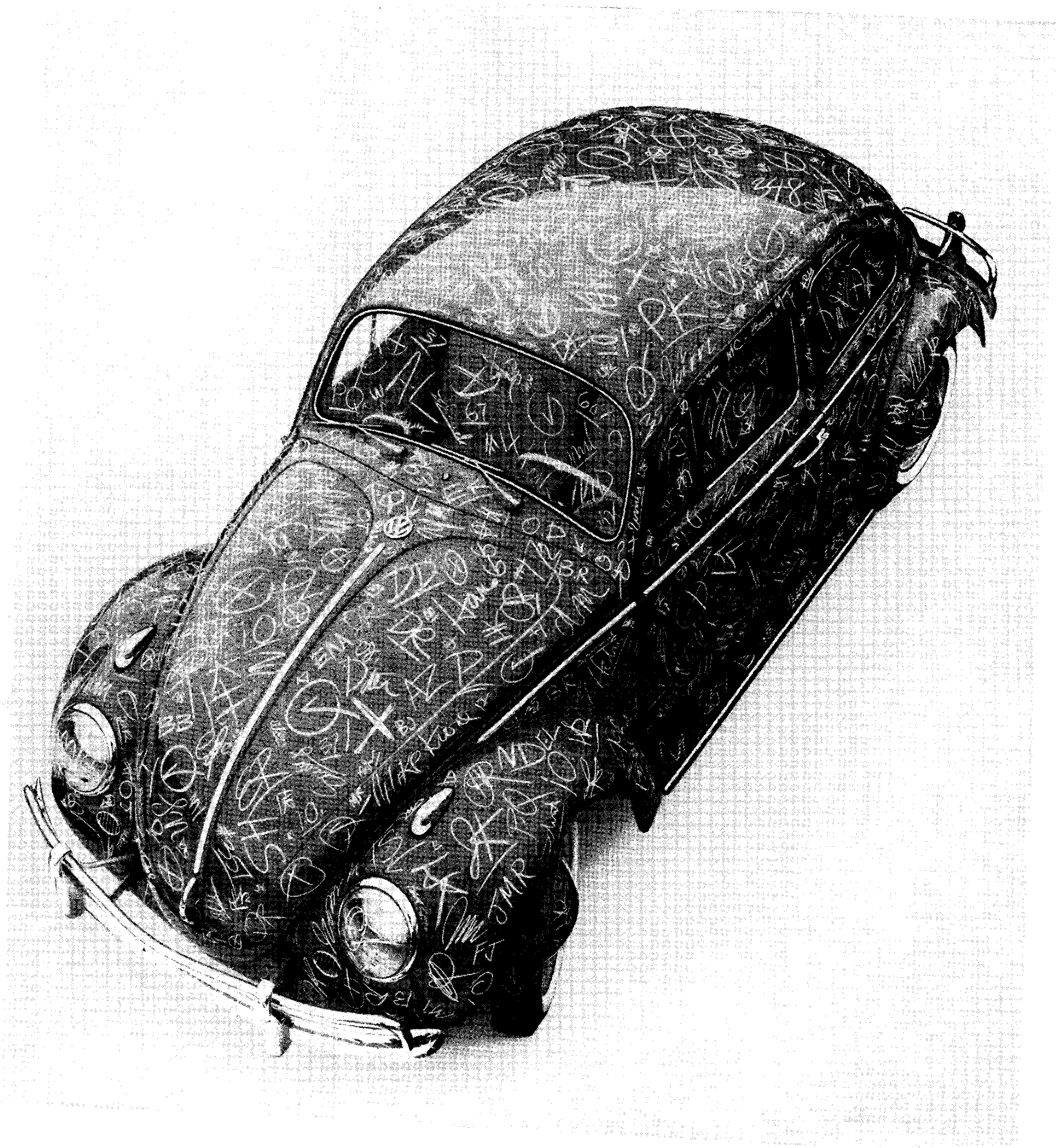
For an unforgettable Christmas...fine French perfume by Coty

L'AIMANT EMERAUDE

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

COTY

PARFUM $20.00 OUNCE. OTHER SIZES $5.00 TO $100.00. ALL SIZES PLUS TAX. © COTY, INC. 1963 — ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.



© 1963 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

That's how many times we inspect a Volkswagen.

These are some of the ok's our little car has to get in our factory.

(It's easy to tell the ok's from the no's. One no is all you ever see.)

We pay 5,857 men just to look for things to say no to.

And no is no.

A visitor from Brazil once asked us what we were going to do about a roof that came through with a dent in it.

Dents are easy to hammer out.

So what we did shook him a little.

We smashed the roof down to a metal lump and threw it out in the scrap pile.

We stop VWs for little things that you may never notice yourself.

The fit of the lining in the roof.

The finish in a doorjamb.

In the final inspection alone, our VW has to get through 342 points without one blackball.

One out of 50 doesn't make it.

But you should see the ones that get away.

INSERT HERE THIS SIDE UP
Membership Card and Key
THOMAS J. ROLFS
is a charter member of
THE EIGHT IMMORTALS CLUB
229 So. Wabash Ave.
Chicago 4, Ill.
Nº 5026
WE. 9-2898
ROLFS
HERTZ
1234 567 8900 7
THOMAS J ROLFS
WEST BEND WISC
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8 63
AIR TRAVEL CARD
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THOMAS J ROLFS
THOMAS J ROLFS
RFD 4 BIG CEDAR LAKE
WEST BEND WISC
X

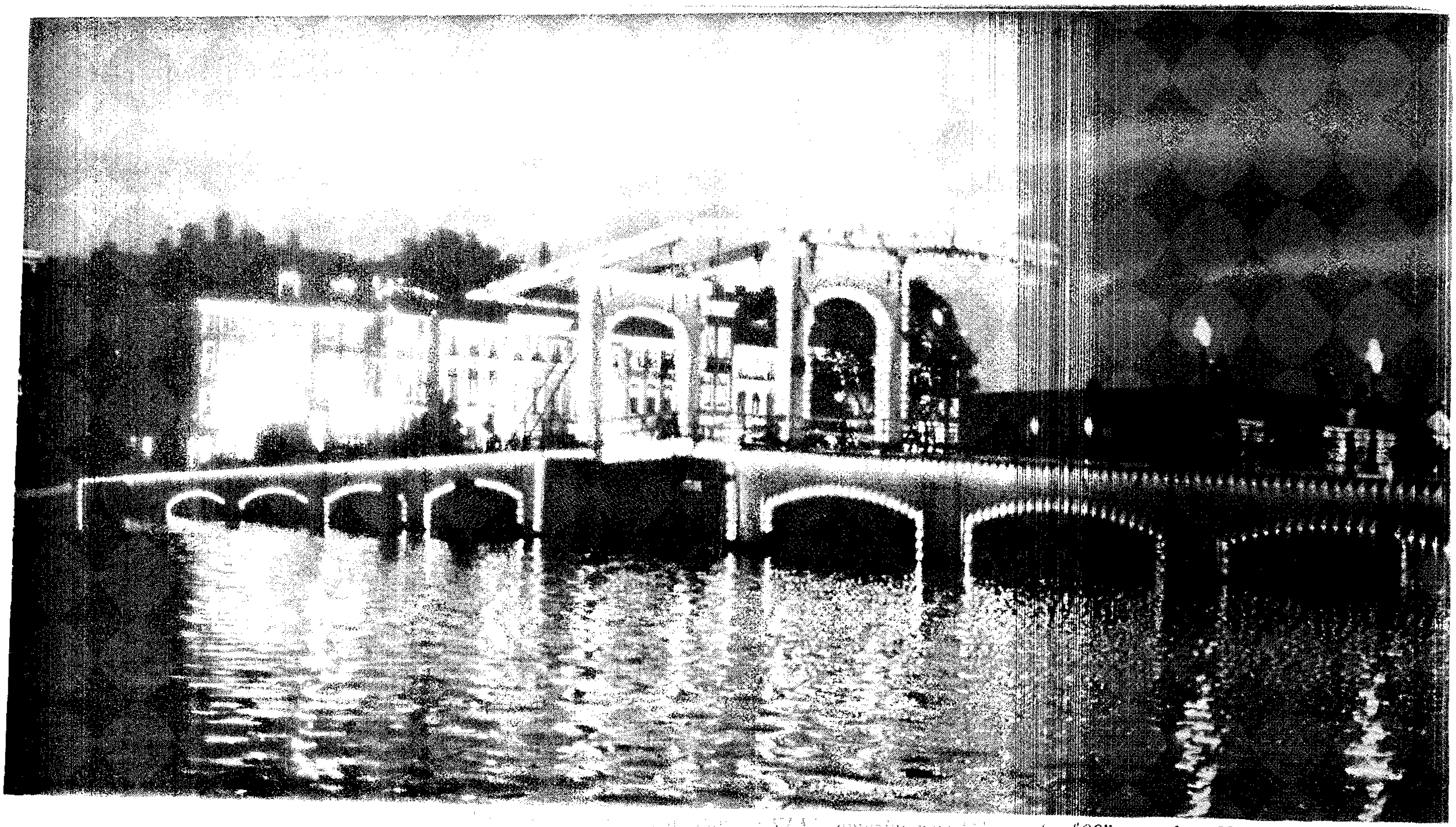
INSTANT IDENTITY!

THE ROLFS "ACCORDION" BILLFOLD FOR YOUR CREDIT CARDS

Flip open the Accordion billfold. Unsnap the pass case. Out come 8 double-sided windows. Rugged windows you can pack with cards, charge plates, photos, your driver's license. Big plus in a long-life billfold that rides slim on the hip. Handsome, too. A credit to your taste.

ROLFS
West Bend, Wisconsin
also creators of Amity fine leather accessories

Morocco goatskin—black, brown, 5.00* Other leathers, 5.00* and up. *plus tax. Shopper's hint: Clip this ad. Use it as your buying guide.



[illegible] KLM's amazing new "21 days for $99" tour plan. Clip coupon.

Fly to Amsterdam with reliable KLM—a flight engineer double-checks 369 points before your KLM jet takes off

(For more news about reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch—read on)

Here are some facts that may surprise you—about KLM's extra fuel supply, exclusive sky space, and instruments that check the instruments that check the instruments in your jet.

Plus several other good reasons why experienced travelers say that the careful, punctual Dutch have made KLM the most *reliable* of all airlines.

(You'll also find out about a brand-new color brochure that KLM is giving away—24 pages of tours and cruises and stopover plans.)

1. Technicians spend 52,000 man-hours a year keeping each KLM jet in tip-top condition. Immediately before takeoff, your flight engineer double-checks the maintenance crew's work—123 points outside the plane, 177 in the cockpit, and 69 in the cabin. He even makes sure the coffee makers are working perfectly.

2. KLM uses $4 million worth of equipment to check instruments on your jet. And every 30 days, all the instruments that *test* the instruments are also tested at KLM. Just to be sure.

3. Every KLM transatlantic jet carries enough fuel to fly an extra 1,000 miles. Another precaution: Your KLM jet crosses the Atlantic in its own exclusive piece of sky. Which means that you are surrounded by 72,000 square miles of *reserved* air space—an area the size of Florida.

4. On first class, KLM provides you with a $1,500 seat, reading lamp, and padded footrest. You also get all the champagne you can sip and superb meals masterminded by some of Europe's most talented chefs. Even KLM's economy-class menus include items like filet mignon, poulet de grain rôti, or dindonneau à la catalane.

Tax-free shopping

Most canny travelers make it a point to visit Amsterdam Airport's tax-free shopping center before they head home. *Shrewd planning.*

You can buy perfume, watches, cameras, and 150 brands of liquor—often at less than *half* what you pay in the U.S.

21 days in Europe for $99

KLM has just announced the thriftiest-ever European tour plan. This plan lets you make up your *own* itinerary and set your *own* pace. But you pay only $99 for 21 days. This covers hotel accommodations (not fancy—but comfortable), breakfast *and* sightseeing. (Valid through April.)

KLM
SUN FUN VACATIONS

That's only one of KLM's exceptional tour bargains. There are dozens more, to Europe *and* the Caribbean. See your travel agent. Or clip the coupon below for a free copy of "KLM Sun and Fun Vacations." This handsome brochure also tells you how you can visit extra cities *for no extra air fare.*

Please send me the new 24-page illustrated color brochure, "KLM Sun and Fun Vacations."

Mr.
Mrs. ________________ Phone ________
Miss
Address ________________________
City ____________ Zone ____ State ______

____
(Name of your travel agent)

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
609 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Tel: PLaza 9-3600

B-4

Here's a car built to support any population explosion. It's a 1964 Ford Country Squire looking young all over.

There's
more life
built into
cars by
Ford Motor
Company

More brawn in the body puts more life in today's Ford Motor Company cars.

Young bodies grow strong with exercise. But a car body has to be born rugged. Especially with husky youngsters in the family.

How long a life your car body has depends on how solidly it's built. If it's not strong—wear and tear, squeaks and rattles. That's why all Ford Motor Company cars give you so much extra reinforcing.

Take the roof those youngsters are perched on. Three separate steel braces make it super-solid to sit on (or ride under). And those doors are built like a safe. They're steel inside and out. That means stronger, safer, quieter doors. Underneath, too, extra heavy construction keeps the body more solid and silent, even over twisting washboard roads.

And more life is built into Ford Motor Company cars wherever you look. It's all part of a plan to give you today's best-built cars. A plan where engineering designs the quality for the car. Manufacturing precision puts it there. And severe testing sees that it stays there. (Last year alone durability tests at Ford Motor Company added up to 14 million miles).

See the 1964 models at your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer's. Take a test ride.

FORD · MERCURY
THUNDERBIRD
LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Ford
MOTOR COMPANY

There is only one Joy...
JOY
DE
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
...the costliest perfume in the world.

Christmas
1963
ties
sport shirts
toiletries
BRONZINI

A natural shoulder to cry on

If it's the lean strong look of you that attracts the lady, give credit to your Saxon Maincoat®—the first natural-shoulder raglan. London Fog designed it for men with natural shoulder suits, natural shoulder haircuts and natural shoulder sympathies (that is, quiet, knowing, unpretentiously male).

Impervious to either emotional outbursts or sudden cloudbursts, the suave Saxon is stauncher than most for two reasons.

First, it's made from our exclusive Cloister Cloth, an intimate blend of Dacron® polyester and cotton that uses 2-ply yarns to resist the heaviest downpour.

Second, those unpretentious shoulders are backed up with The Third Barrier,® our own secret of resistance.

So tell the lady to weep no more. Her tears just won't get through to you. Another tactic? That's for the two of you to work out.

THE SAXON: IN BONE, OLIVE OR BLACK; EXCLUSIVE PLAID LININGS, $37.50.

London Fog®
BALTIMORE 11, MD.

975
PIAGET
966
964
345

PIAGET

The most expensive watch in the world

PIAGET is entirely created in Switzerland by inspired artists and technicians

PIAGET is the producer of the only ultra-thin automatic watch in the world (movement 2.3 mm. thick) and of other models of inimitable styling

PIAGET is the specialist in ultra-thin watches

PIAGET

Send for illustrated brochures:
Piaget Watch Corporation
10, Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Enro shirt company takes prospective advertising agency on plant tour

Must keep a
production manager
mighty busy making
all these shirts.

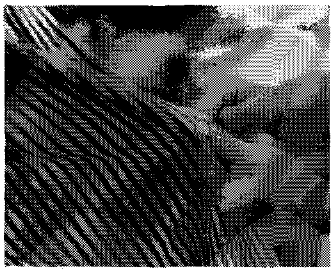
Well, yes it does
...not as **simple**
as you
might imagine.

"Shirtmaking you see
calls for
craftsmanship"

"?"

"Takes plenty of **skill**
and experience..."

"?"


"Lots of individual
hand operations..."

"?"

Mr. M...won't you
join us?

I suppose you'd like to
say all this in
your Advertising...

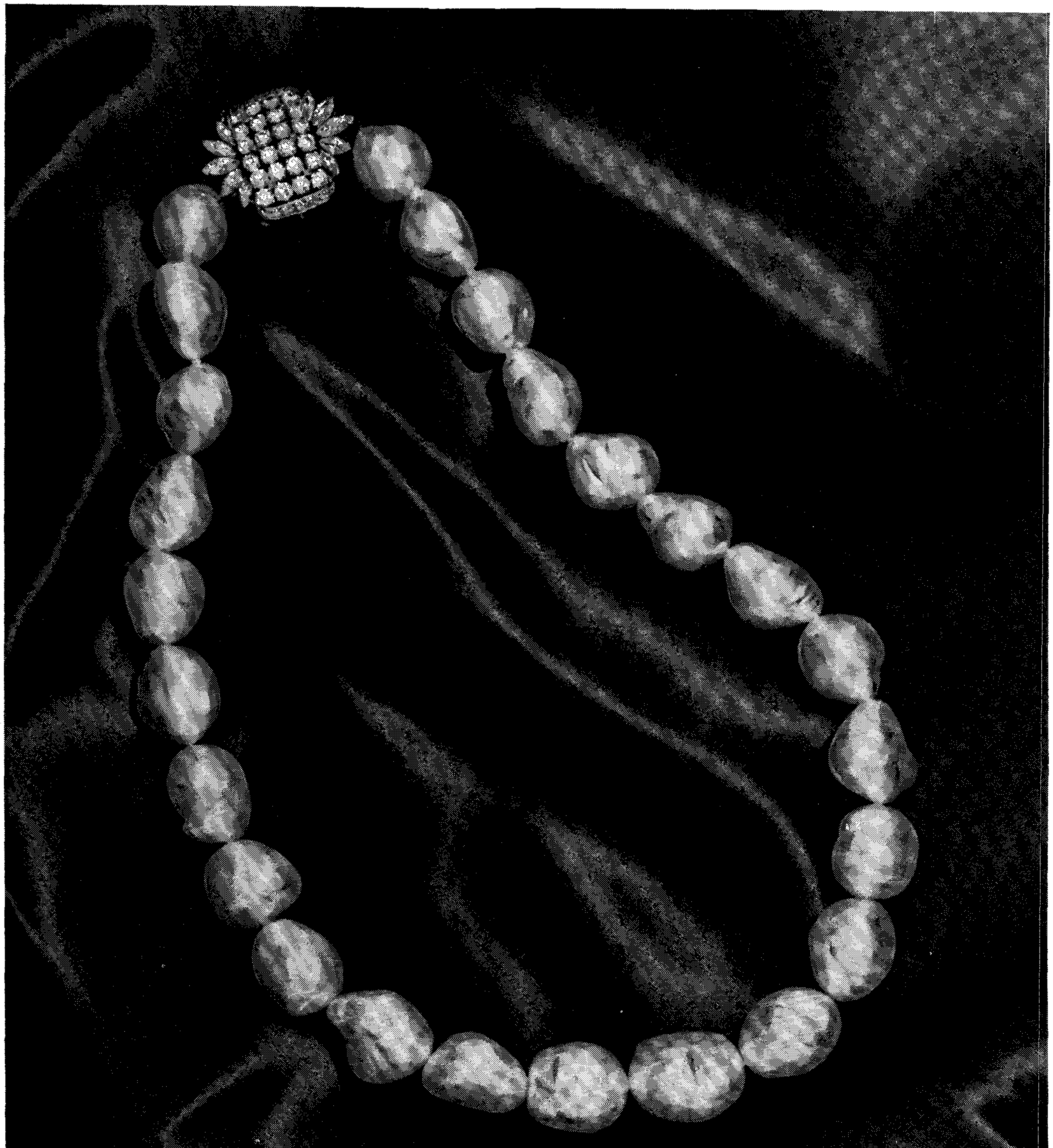
Say, I got it!
**"ENRO, the shirts made
one at a time."**

You're
telling **me!**

Enro

© Copyright 1963 by The Enro Shirt Co., Louisville, Ky.,
a Division of Wilson Brothers

(shirtbuilders)



IT IS NOT ENOUGH FOR A JEWEL *JUST* TO BE SINGULAR

IT MUST BE A JEWEL OF SINGULAR BEAUTY TO BE A TREASURE

That is why we feel privileged to be in possession of this peerless necklace of magnificent silvery South Sea pearls, one of the rarest cultured pearl jewels in existence. We have recently acquired it from the collection of K. Mikimoto.

The important size of the pearls, their deep, rich sheen and lustrous iridescence, qualify each as a single jewel. Combined, their beauty is wondrous.

Here, indeed, is a singular jewel — for a woman of singular taste — or, give it as a gift of singular importance!

Eighteen thousand five hundred dollars including federal tax.

Add 2% for Texas delivery.

JEWELERS TO THE WORLD
LINZ
DALLAS

A bewitching buy for lounging and dreaming! Side-slashed jacket is elegant Versailles lace layered over Antron® nylon tricot and lace-buttoned. Underneath, a lace-trimmed bateau-neck sleeveless top, matching cummerbund and tapered trousers. In Rosé, Cognac or Trianon Blue. 32-38. The complete four-piece set, $29.95. At fine stores.

Van Raalte

opens the door to a new world of nice things

VR

ecause you love nice things

Has Lubin taken the romance out of sachet?

You know sachets . . . those wonderful little organdy bags filled with flower petals and romantic as an old valentine.

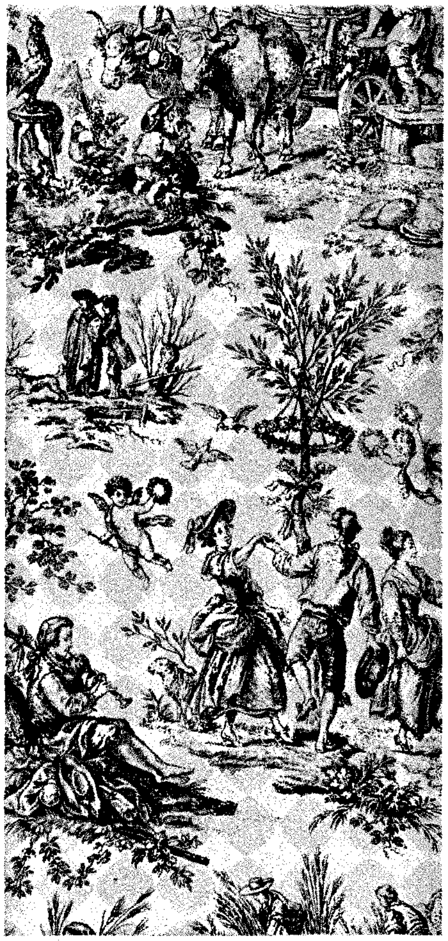
Well, Lubin doesn't make them.

Instead, we make an exciting new version of sachets called French Toiles. They include:

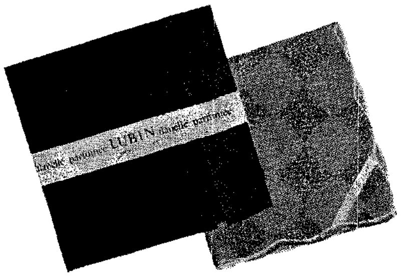
French Toile Sachet Spray. It comes in a can. Spray it in your bureau drawers and they'll carry the classic jasmine fragrance of Lubin's Nuit de Longchamp for months. And so will your slips, panties, bras and things. The price, $5.

French Toile Sachet Parfumées. Yes, they do look like ordinary sachets. But instead of filling them with the usual dried petals, we use Nuit de Longchamp sachet powder. It lasts much, much longer. Two Sachet Parfumées in a French Toile hatbox. $5.

Lubin's French Toiles do wonderful things to a Louis XV chest. Not to mention Louis XIII, XIV, XVI and Danish modern.

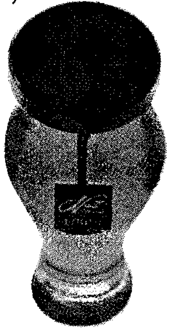


French Toile Sachet Papier. A scented paper for lining shelves, drawers, what have you. It's like buying perfume by the yard. Four sheets, lavishly packaged, $5. Sachet Papier is printed in French Toile, of course. Marie Antoinette's favorite pattern. Ours too.

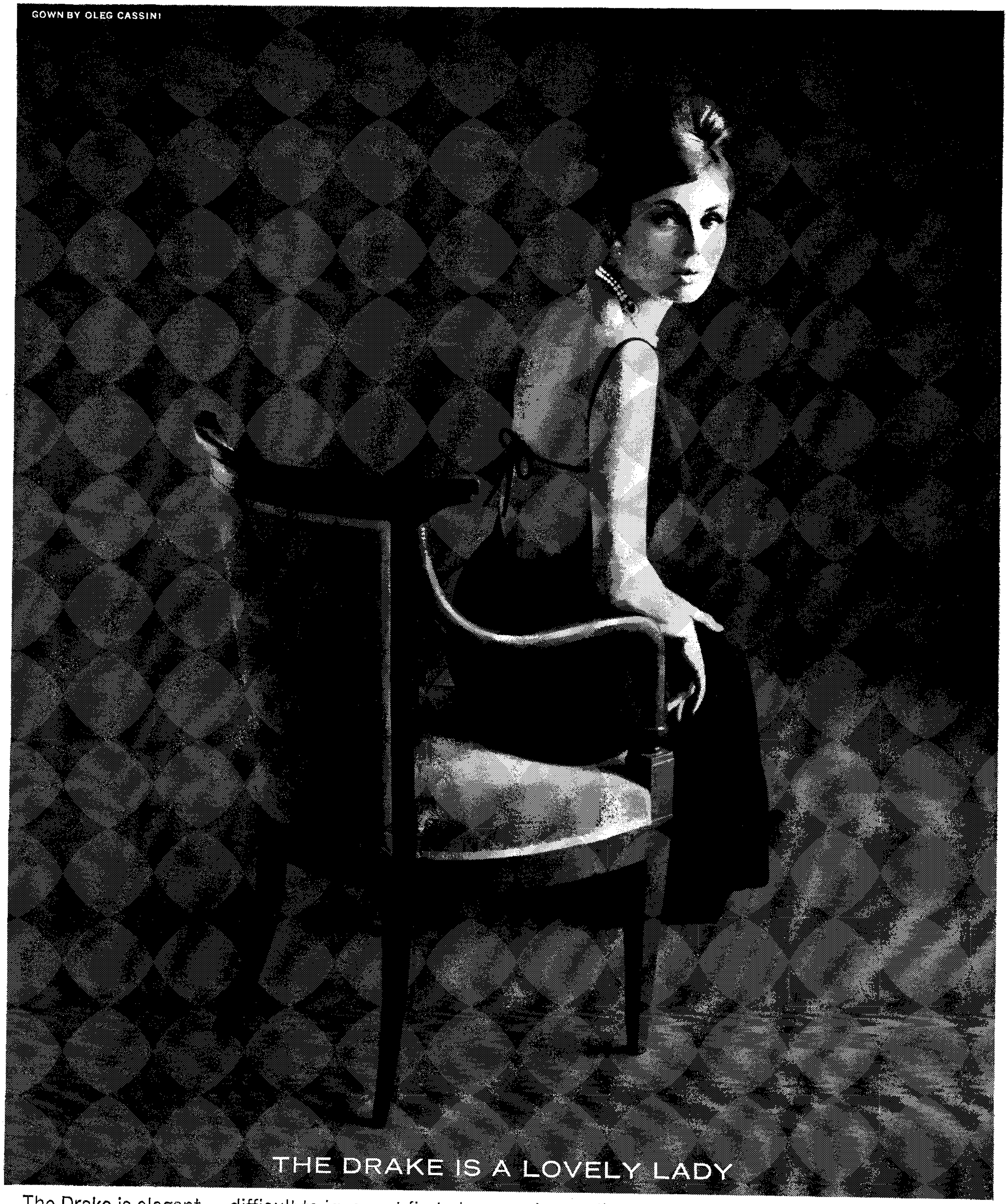


Flanelle Parfumée. Just a thin sheet of flannel, but we impregnate it with Nuit de Longchamp by a very secret and ununderstandable process. Spread a Flanelle in your dresser drawer to keep your things very fresh—and very French. Or pack one in your travelling bag as some extravagant women do. $10.

French peasants gather the jasmine for Nuit Longchamp at dawn, before the dew bruises t fragrance.



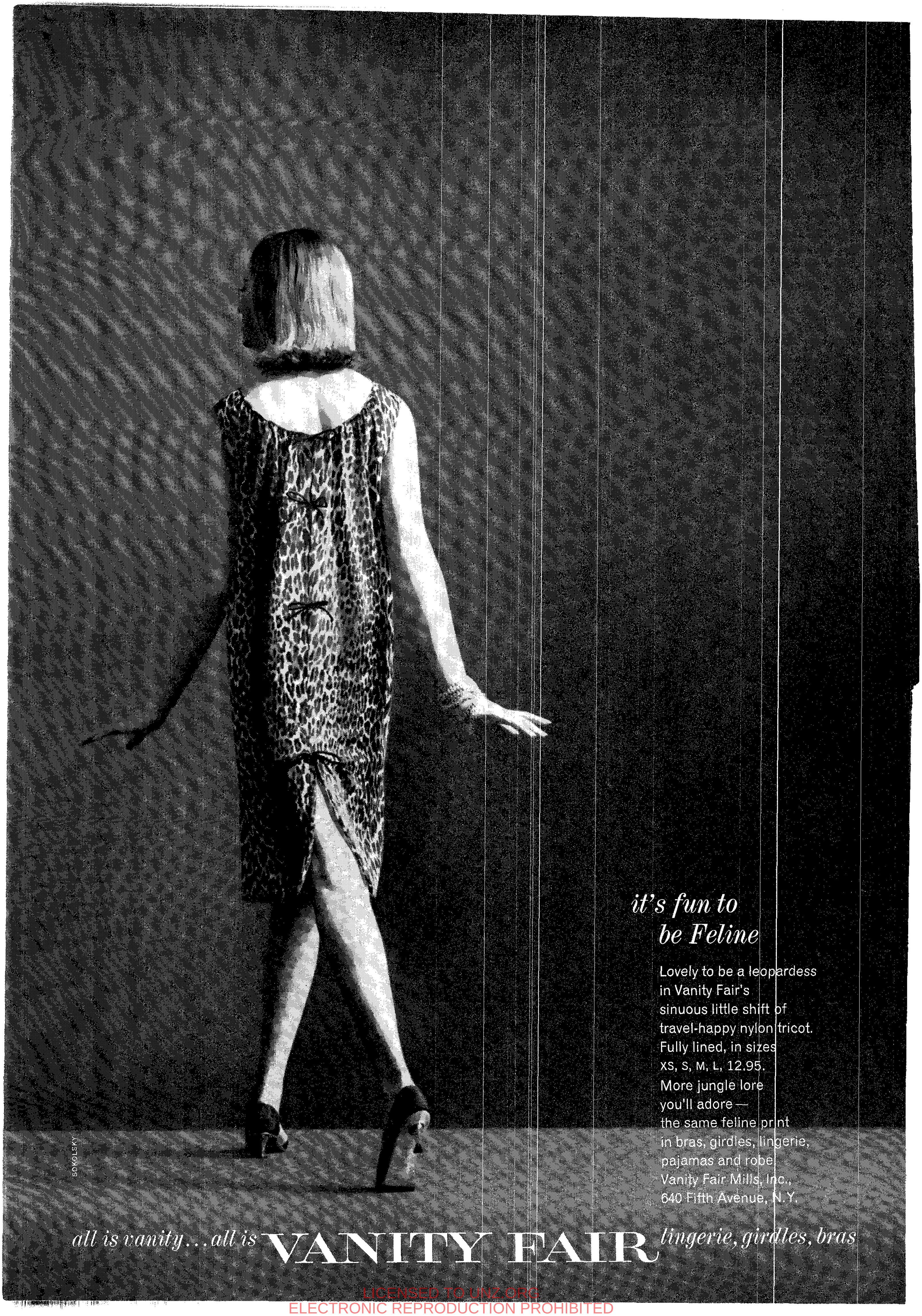
This you use on yourself. Nuit de Longcham perfume by Lubin. $25 the oun *All plus tax.*


GOWN BY OLEG CASSINI
THE DRAKE IS A LOVELY LADY

The Drake is elegant...difficult to ignore at first glance...impossible to resist after the briefest encounter... always discussed. Her charms are constantly commended to others. She's quiet, a gracious hostess, and her admirers are bountiful. She has just added a distinctive new wing...200 magnificently decorated rooms and suites for the convenience of her guests. Yes, the Drake is a lovely lady. Once you accept her invitation, you'll visit no one else. Reservation offices in many leading cities...check your telephone directory for number.

THE HOTEL Drake NEW YORK

Park Avenue at 56th Street—Max Blouet, Vice President and General Manager
FORMERLY DIRECTEUR OF THE GEORGE V, PARIS

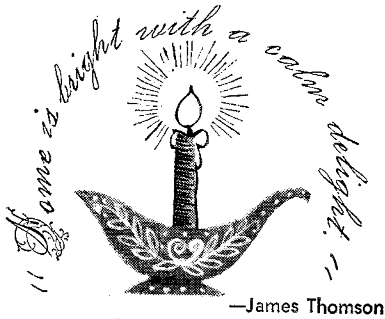

*it's fun to
be Feline*

Lovely to be a leopardess
in Vanity Fair's
sinuous little shift of
travel-happy nylon tricot.
Fully lined, in sizes
XS, S, M, L, 12.95.
More jungle lore
you'll adore —
the same feline print
in bras, girdles, lingerie,
pajamas and robe.
Vanity Fair Mills, Inc.,
640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

all is vanity... all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras*

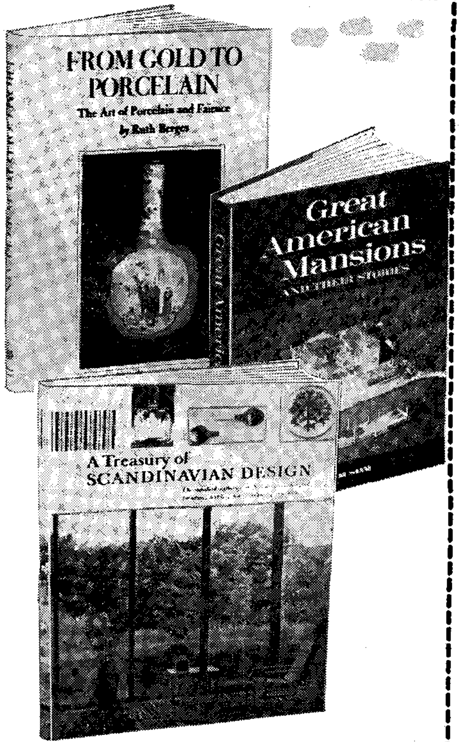
SOKOLSKY

PLEASE THEIR SPECIAL INTERESTS



"Home is bright with a calm delight."

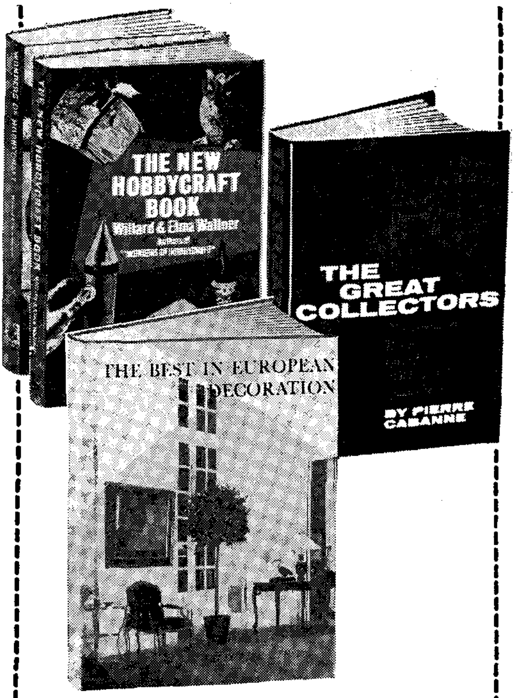
—James Thomson


FROM GOLD TO PORCELAIN
The Art of Porcelain and Faïence
by Ruth Berges
Great American Mansions
and their stories
A Treasury of SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN

20A. FROM GOLD TO PORCELAIN:
The Art of Porcelain and Faïence
Ruth Berges. Two hundred photos and color plates trace the history of the art of porcelain and faïence from its development in the Orient to its full flower in Europe. Illus. Yoseloff. $12.50

20B. GREAT AMERICAN MANSIONS
And Their Stories
Merrill Folsom. Inside over 50 American mansions...Florida to Hawaii. Includes vivid personalities who built for gracious living, flamboyancy, status. For tourist or armchair traveler. 200 photos. Hasting. $10.00

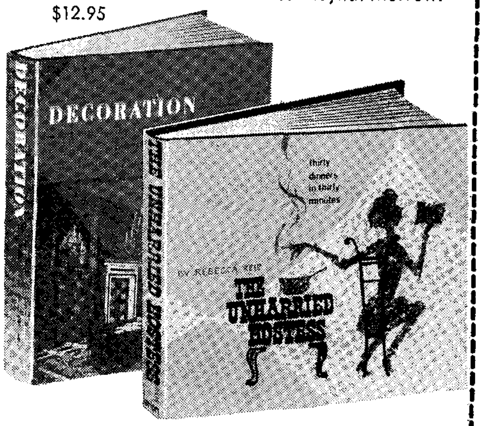
20C1. A TREASURY OF SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN
Ed.: Erik Zahle. Splendidly illustrated guide to fresh decorating ideas. Furniture, fabric, glass, ceramic, metal. 192 pp. sparkling photos. 500 captioned pictures, 188 in full color. Golden $14.95. **20C2.** Deluxe $16.95


THE NEW HOBBYCRAFT BOOK
Willard & Elma Waltner
THE GREAT COLLECTORS
BY PIERRE CABANNE
THE BEST IN EUROPEAN DECORATION

20D1. THE NEW HOBBYCRAFT BOOK
Willard & Elma Waltner. Step-by-step directions for making useful, decorative objects from available low-cost materials With 180 explanatory photos. Lantern. $4.95. **20D2.** Also: **Wonders of Hobbycraft.** 185 illustrations. Family fun! $4.95

20E. THE GREAT COLLECTORS
Pierre Cabanne. Intimate study of 12 greatly gifted collectors and the "obsessive" pursuit of rare and beautiful objects. Catherine the Great to George Wildenstein and Peggy Guggenheim. Farrar, Straus. $5.50

20F. THE BEST IN EUROPEAN DECORATION
Selective Eye V
Ed.: Georges & Rosamond Bernier. From Cecil Beaton's London town house to the Brazilian Embassy in Rome, distinguished homes, as featured in *L'Oeil.* 40 full-color illus., 200 black & white. Reynal-Morrow. $12.95


DECORATION
THE UNHARRIED HOSTESS
thirty dinners in thirty minutes
BY REBECCA REIS

20G. DECORATION
"For its taste, artistic fidelity and beautiful presentation, this will be a classic in interior decoration." *Publishers' Weekly.* 593 illus., incl. 43 superb color plates. French & European Pubns. After Christmas $27.50. Now $24.50

20H. THE UNHARRIED HOSTESS:
Memorable Dinners in Minutes
Rebecca Reis. How to entertain graciously, without anguish, with meals to delight even the most discriminating gourmet. 30 full-course company menus, step-by-step in 30 minutes. Orion. $3.95

20I. LIVING WITH ANTIQUES:
A treasury of private homes in America
Ed.: Alice Winchester and staff of "Antiques." 40 specially selected homes and apartments, all styles, all periods, in 326 stunning black and white photos, 16 pages of gorgeous full color. Dutton. $15.00

20J. THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL GUIDE TO SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINING
Virginia Stanton, Party Editor of "House Beautiful." All it takes to give a great party! Shortcuts, ideas, 250 easy, unique recipes. 80 show-how color photos, plus black and white. Barrows-Morrow. $9.75

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Gunther Voss. One vol. encyclopedia shows how to work with wood, copper, clay, wicker, weave fabrics, make jewelry. 225 illus., most in color. After Christmas $8.95. Now $7.50 **20K2.** Companion vol.: **Reinhold Drawing & Painting Book.** $10.95

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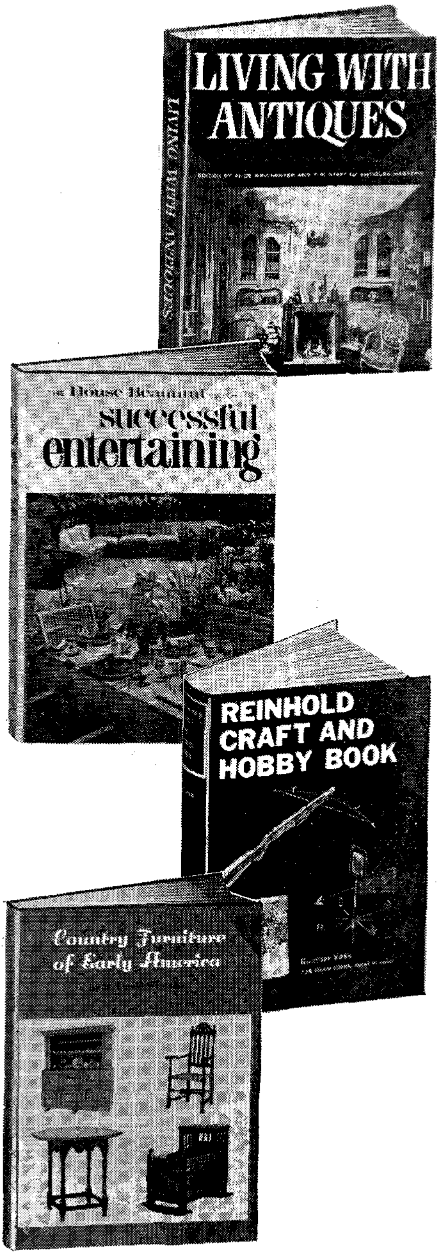
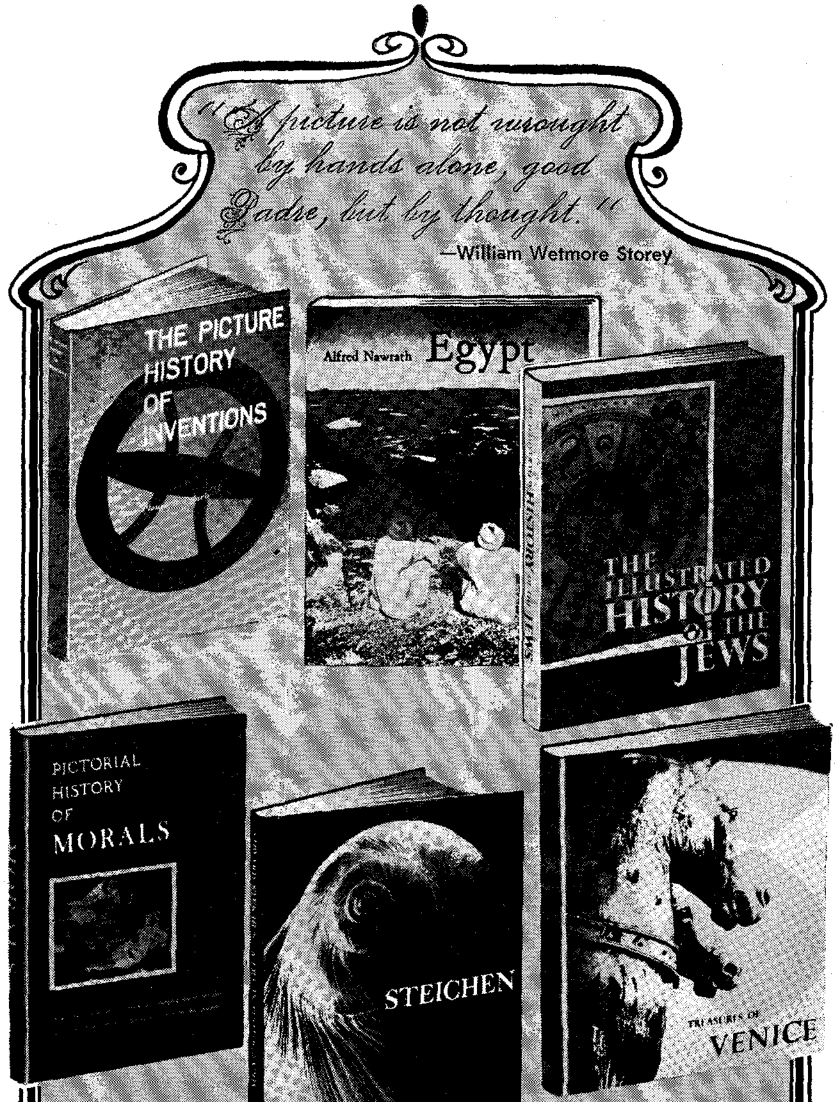
Henry Lionel Williams. A well-written, authoritative, fully-illustrated, indispensible guide for antique collectors, restorers, and reproducers. Illustrates the best examples of country furniture in public and private collections. Barnes. $10.00


LIVING WITH ANTIQUES
House Beautiful
successful entertaining
REINHOLD CRAFT AND HOBBY BOOK
Country Furniture of Early America

Doubleday America's Most Complete Book and Record Shops • Where Artistic Interests Meet.


"A picture is not wrought by hands alone, good Padre, but by thought."
—William Wetmore Storey
THE PICTURE HISTORY OF INVENTIONS
Alfred Nawrath Egypt
THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE JEWS
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF MORALS
STEICHEN
TREASURES OF VENICE

Magnificent Pictorial Gift

13A. THE PICTURE HISTORY OF INVENTIONS. *Umberto Eco and G*
Zorzoli. The creations of man's inventive genius from Stone Age to a
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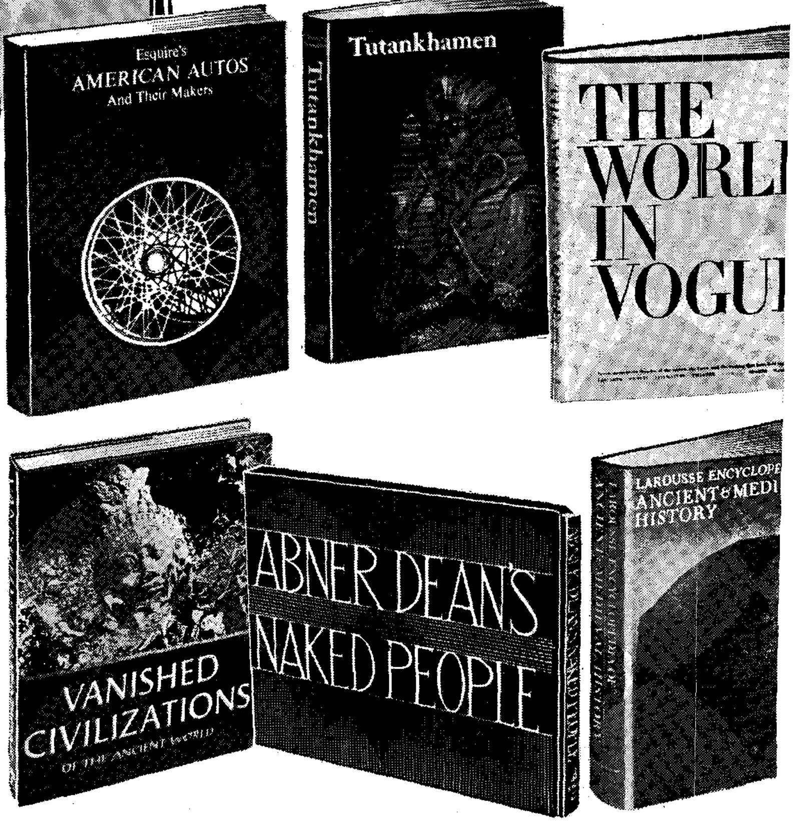
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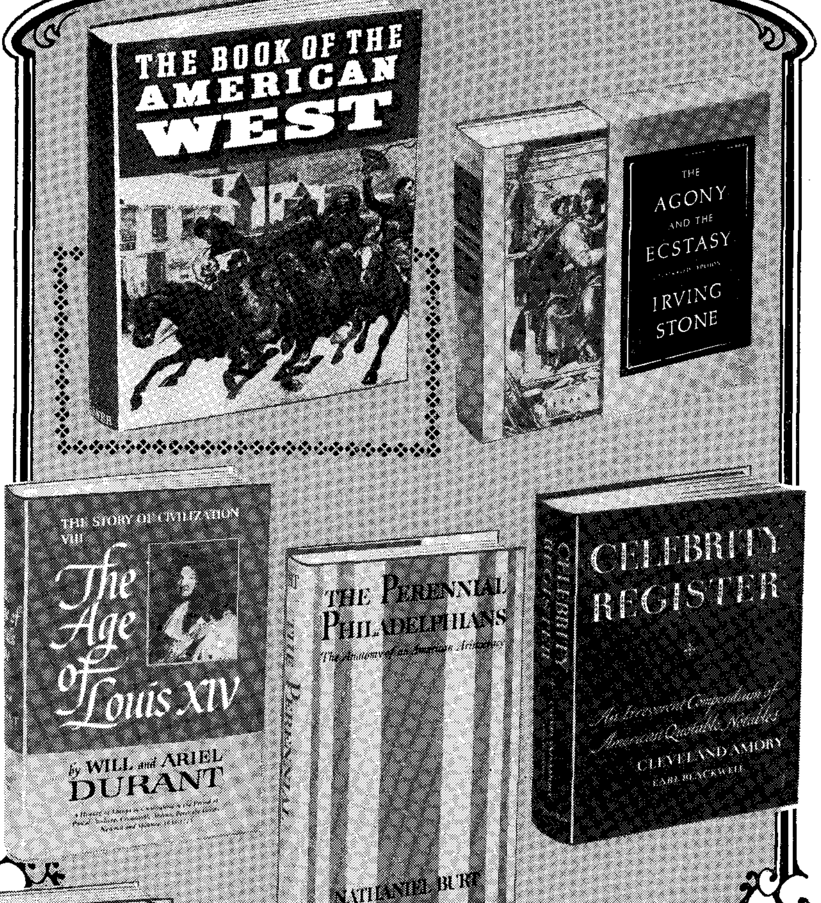
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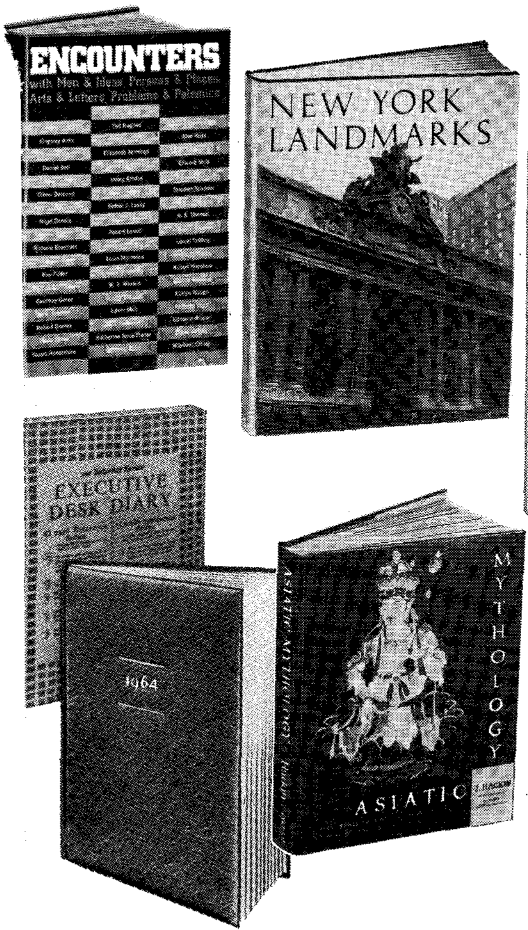

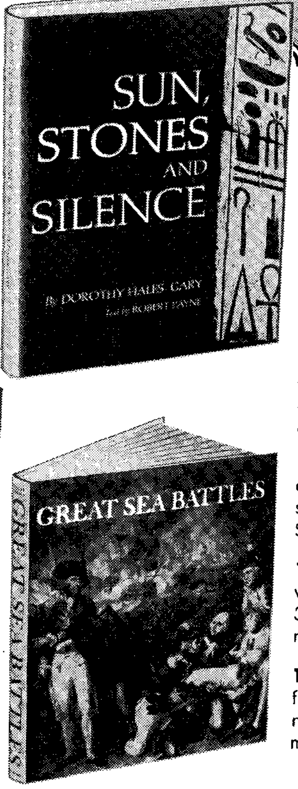

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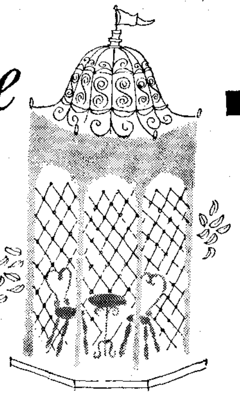

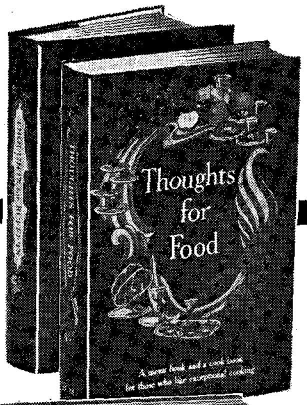
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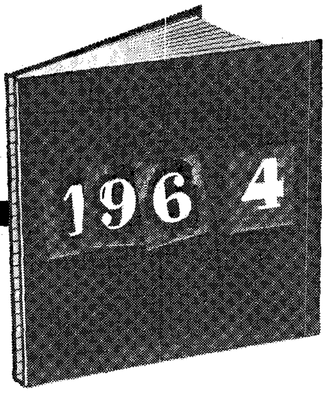

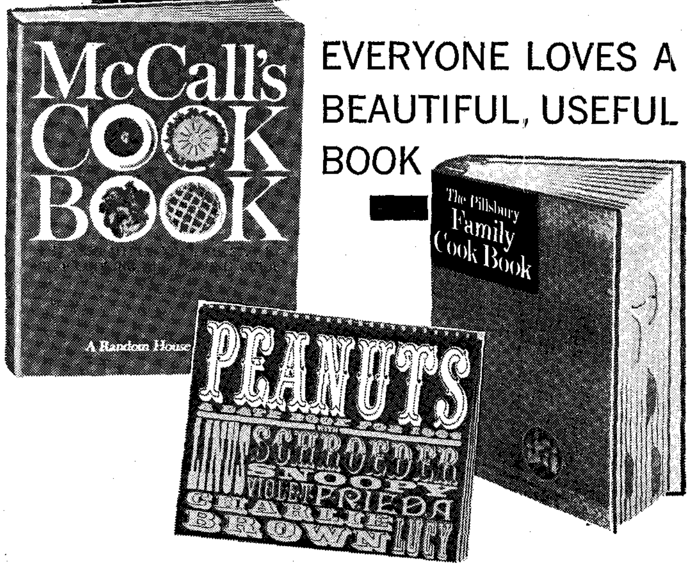
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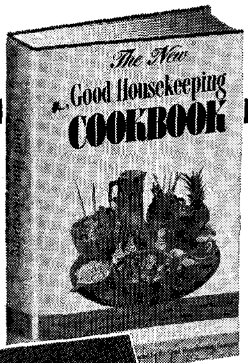
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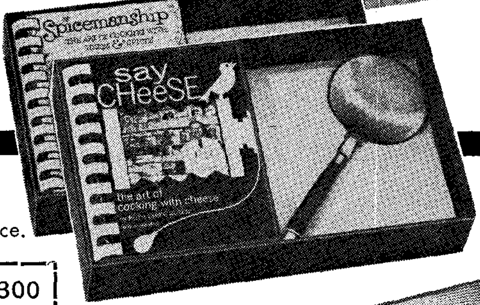
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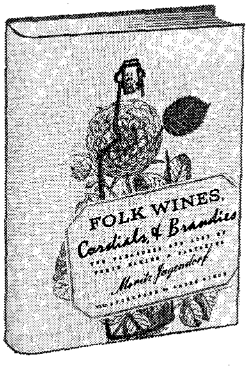
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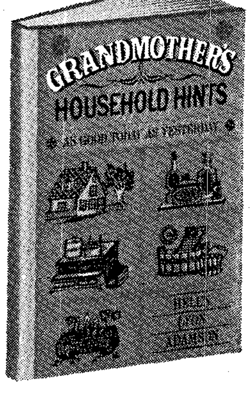
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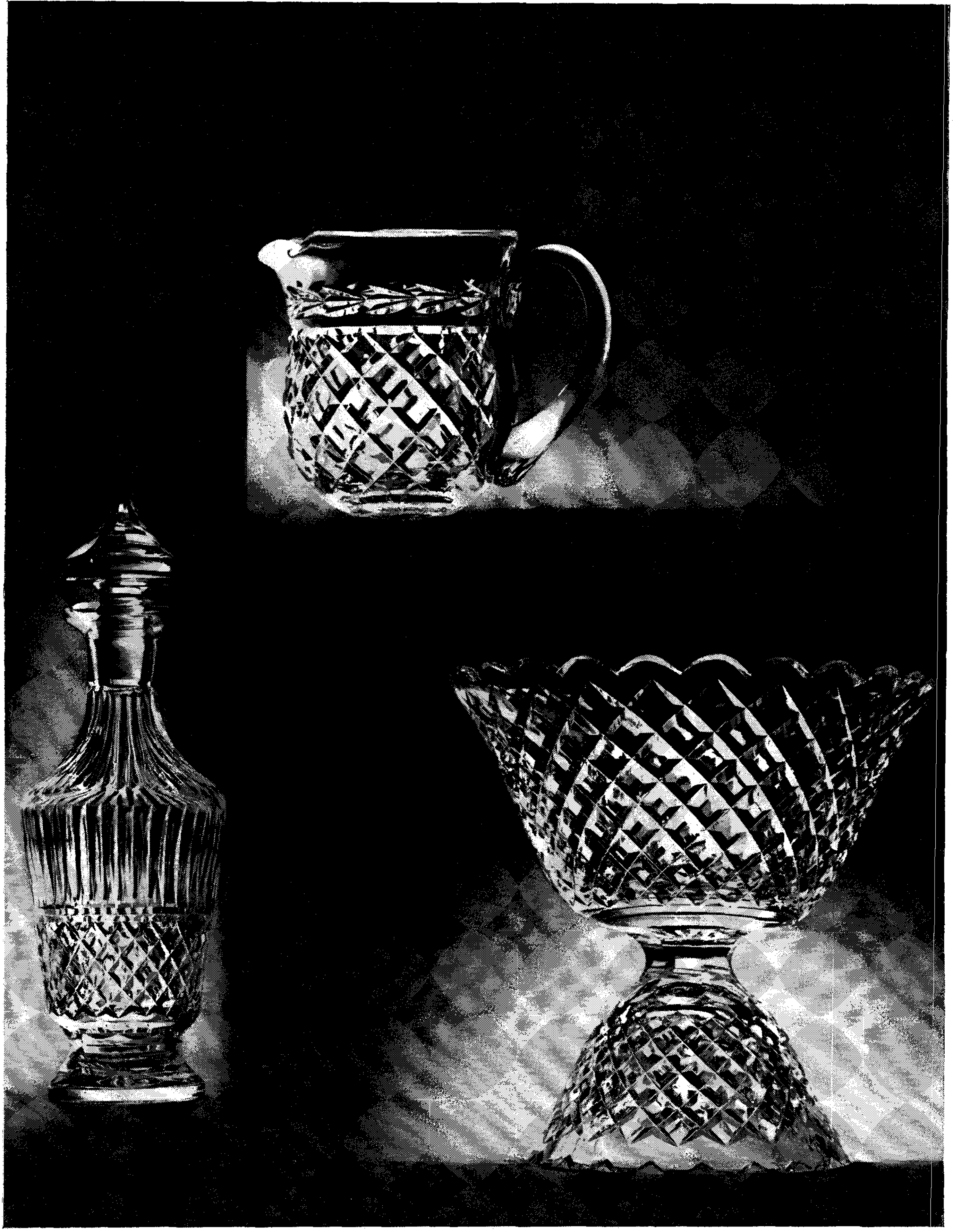

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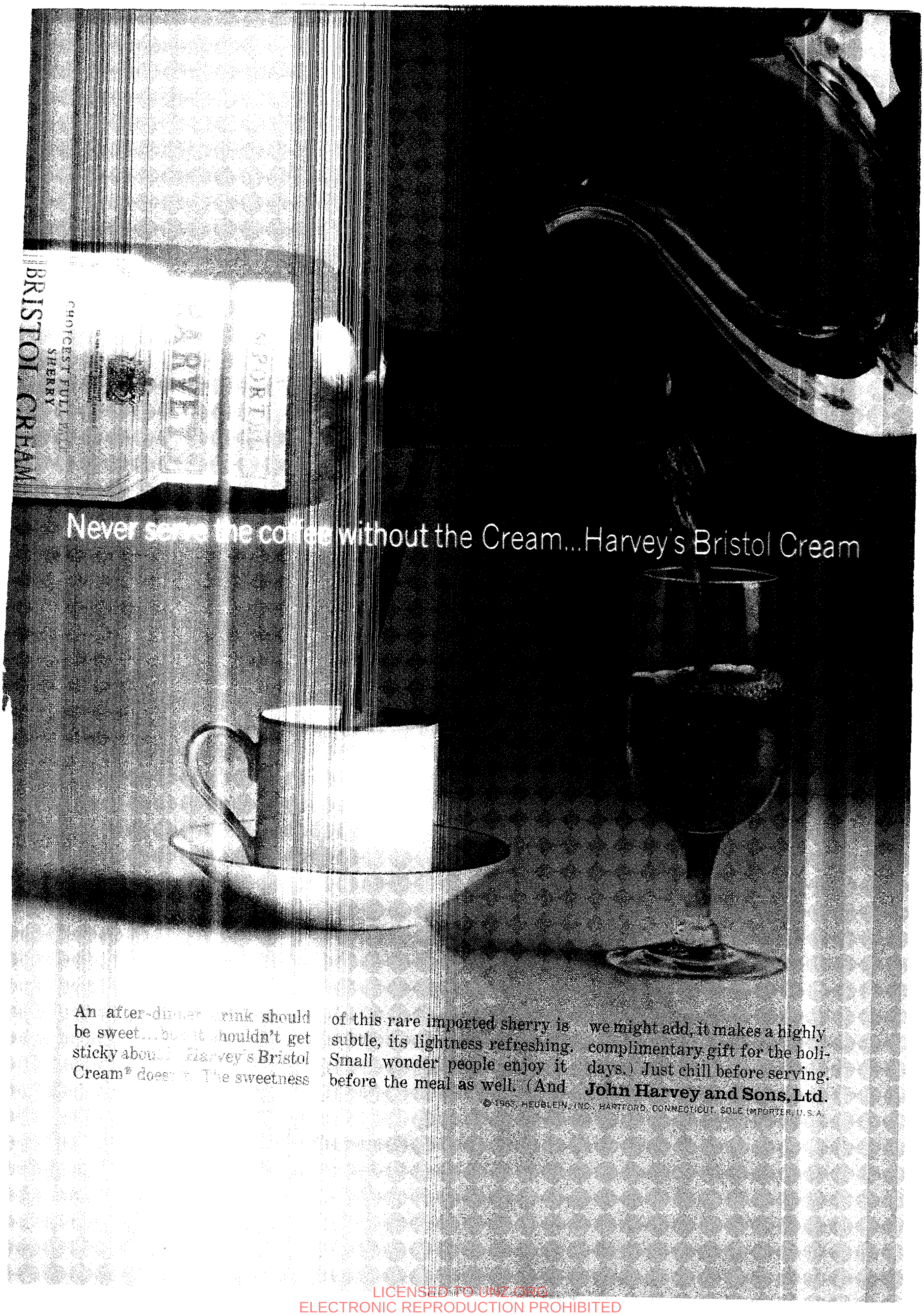
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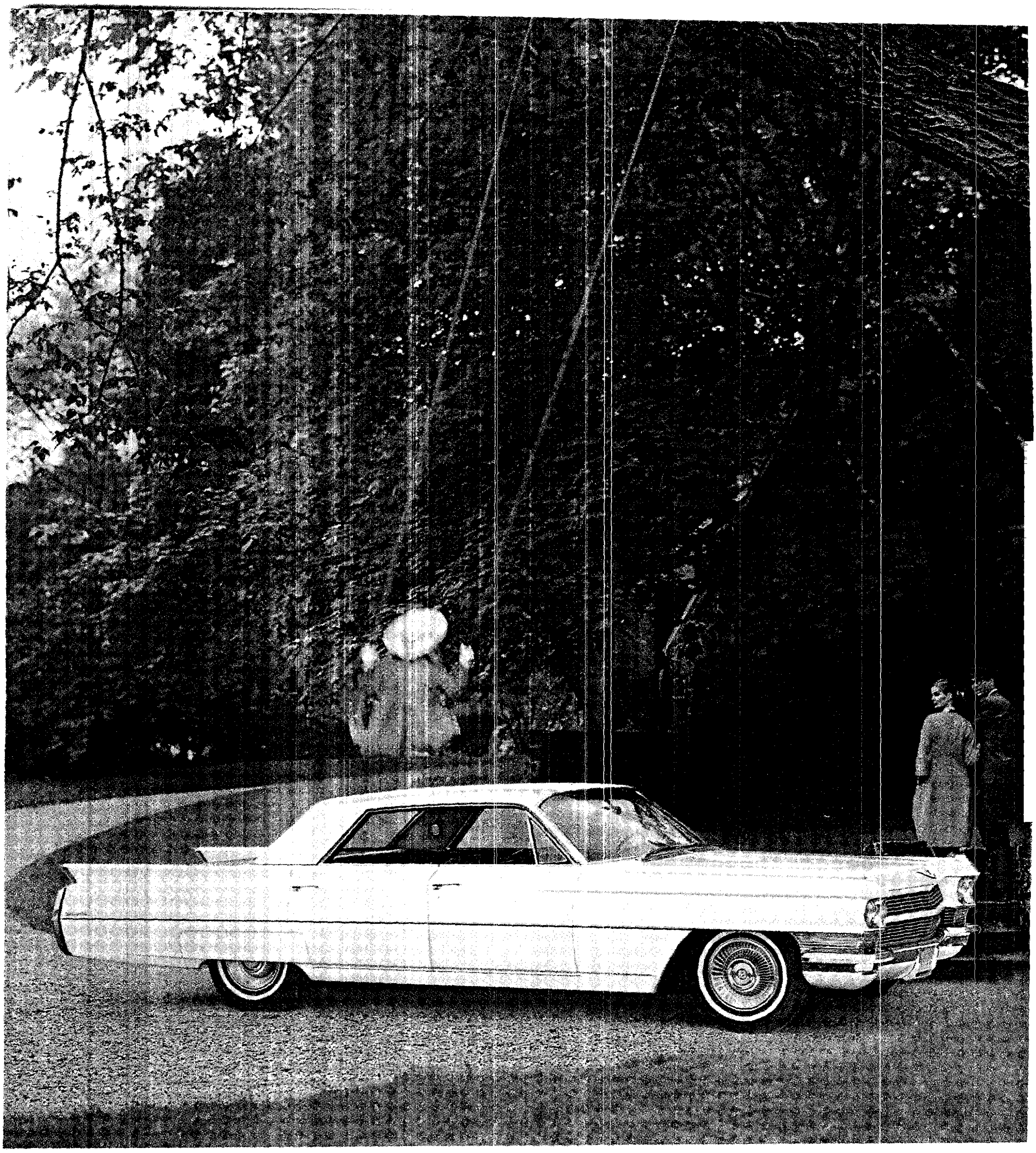

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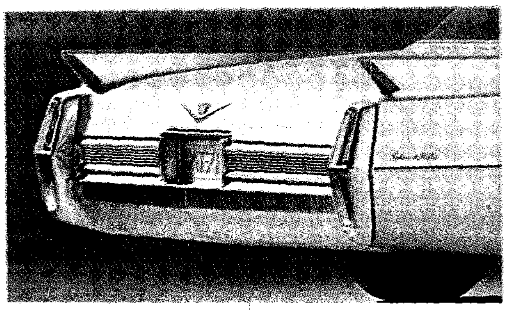

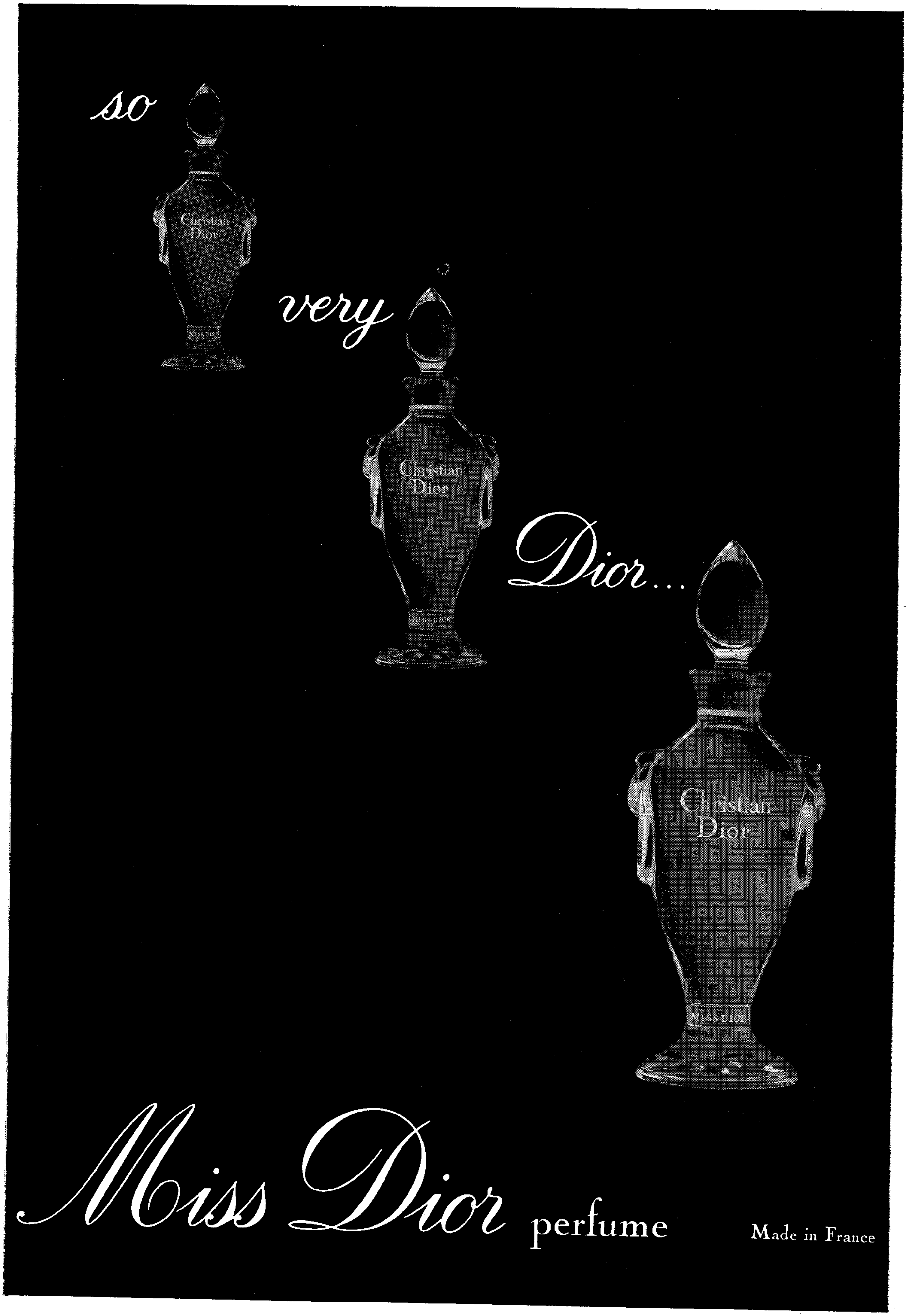
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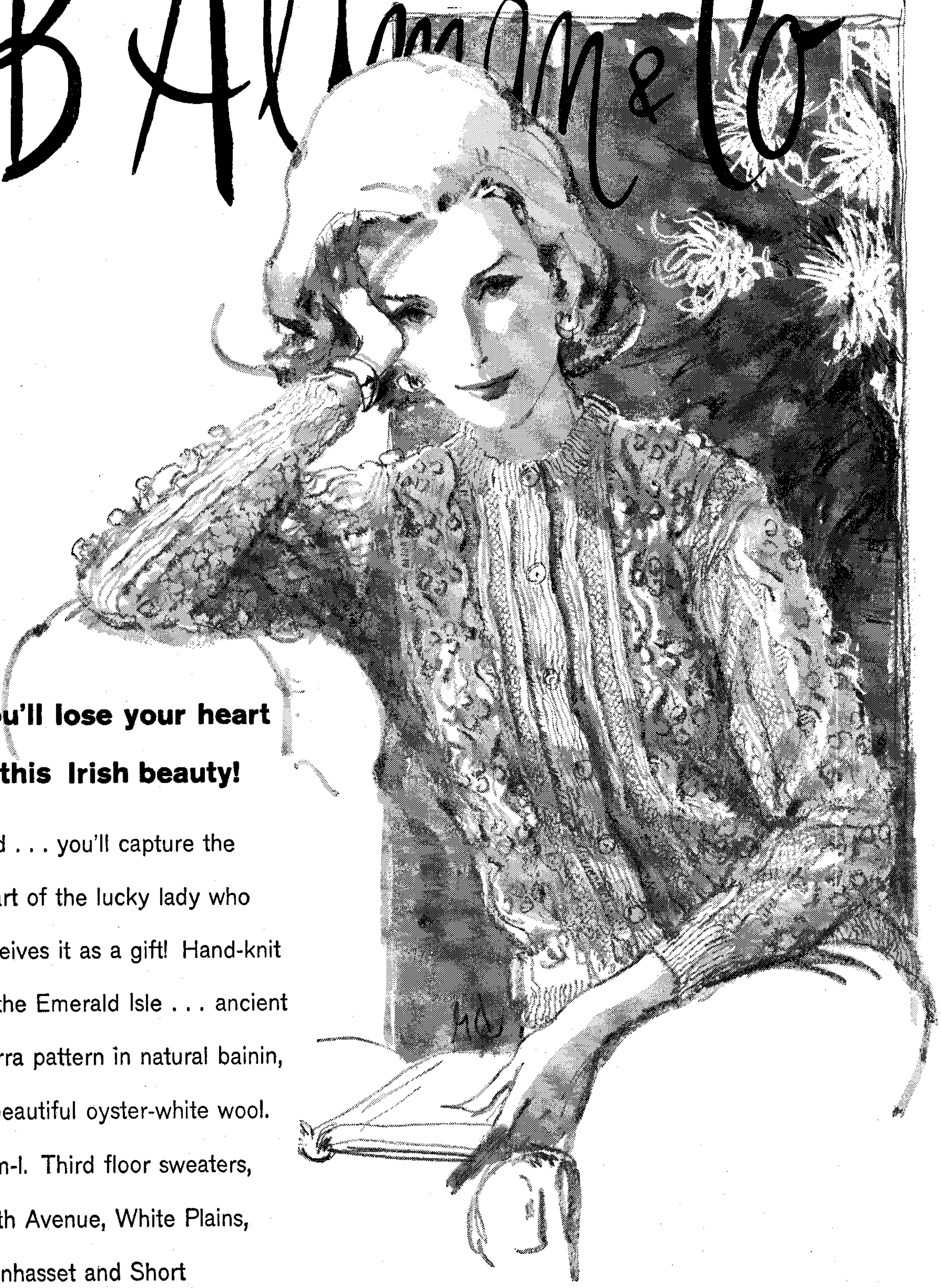

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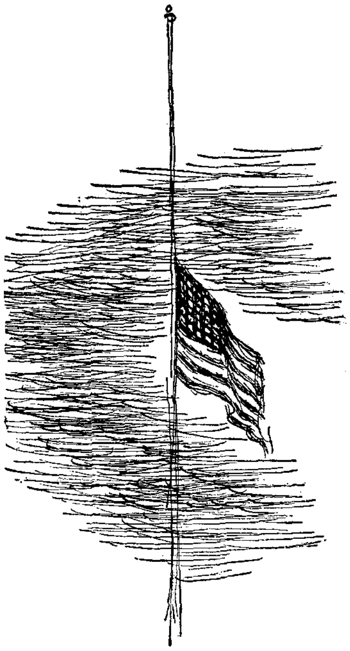
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE death of a President enters the house and becomes a death in the family. No other public death produces so personal an alteration in one's world. Tritely, one remembers the precise spot on which one stood, resisting acceptance and grief. For us, it was a patch of crowded sidewalk. The circle of knowledge, whose center was a weak transistor radio, expanded in murmurs ("They say . . . They say . . . They say"), engulfed us, and moved on, until we were left in the silence of irrevocable fact, exchanging empty looks with our companions. Speech, when it returned, was not at first commensurate with national disaster, being little more than the incoherent responses of private pain common to all who have lost a father, a brother, or a son.

OUR last glimpse of President Kennedy was in Miami, where, four days before his death, he was engaged in the same kind of mission that took him to Dallas. He was slated to arrive at Miami International Airport at 5 P.M. on Monday, November 18th, to speak there to a crowd of voters, rounded up mostly by local Democrats, and, a couple of hours later, to address a convention of the Inter-American Press Association at the Americana Hotel, with appearances at a couple of social-political gatherings squeezed in between—all this after Saturday at Cape Canaveral, Sunday at Palm Beach, and all day Monday at Tampa, there inspecting MacDill Air Force Base, lunching at Army-Air Force Strike Command Headquarters at the base, journeying by helicopter to Lopez Field, in downtown Tampa, and speaking there on the fiftieth anniversary of commercial aviation, addressing the Florida State Chamber of Commerce, addressing a meeting of the Steelworkers' Union, and riding around the Tampa streets, shaking hands through it all with everybody he could reach. The main danger that crossed our mind as we went out to the Miami airport that Monday afternoon with the press was that, in his eagerness to make himself accessible, he was probably coming in contact with scores of colds, and we marvelled at his physical stamina.



The Miami Beach *Daily Sun* had kept the public posted with banner headlines like "SPECIAL VISITOR IS COMING HERE TONIGHT," and the Miami *Herald* Spanish-language section carried a headline reading, "ARRIBA HOY KENNEDY A MIAMI—HABLARA A LOS EDITORES LATINOS." There were signs everywhere at the airport of the precautions that the Secret Service, the F.B.I., and the local police had taken to reconcile maximum handshaking with maximum security. There were also signs everywhere of Democratic Party rifts, dissatisfactions, and antagonisms, all of which the President himself would be trying, by sheer will and the force of his personal presence, to reconcile. We encountered Congressman Claude Pepper before he left Miami to meet the President in Tampa. He planned to fly back to Miami with him on the Presidential plane, along with Senator George Smathers, Governor Farris Bryant, and Congressman Dante Fascell. Pepper told us he was very hopeful that Kennedy would carry the State of Florida in 1964, having lost it by only 46,776 votes in 1960. "Some Democrats didn't fight too hard for him in 1960," he said. "I want to see the Democratic Party fight harder in '64." Pepper didn't know definitely whether he would introduce President Kennedy to the crowd at the airport. That was still to be decided, he told us—probably on the plane. He added, "All you're supposed to say is 'Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States.' Sam Rayburn always used to say, 'It is my distinguished honor to present the President of the United States.' What I'd like to say is 'My fellow-countrymen, it is our honor now to hear our friend the President and the *next* President of the United States.' "

The President's plane was scheduled to land in the Delta Airlines area, and a Delta hangar had been festooned with a red-and-white banner reading, "WELCOME MR. PRESIDENT." Among the Secret Service men and the police and the political planners, we came across a planner who was passing out identifying badges of various colors to members of the V.I.P., official, platform, and press groups, along with diagrams showing the position of each group (including a group of two dozen Florida mayors), and also of a hundred-and-forty-five-member band, the Band of the Hour, from the University of Miami. Another planner—a Democratic State Committeeman for Dade County, of which Miami is the seat—was passing out placards to the public, stationed behind a wire fence. The signs read, "WELCOME PRESIDENT KENNEDY BISCAYNE DEMOCRATIC CLUB" and "POLISH-AMERICAN CLUB WELCOMES PRESIDENT

KENNEDY” and “SENIOR CITIZENS’ COUNCIL WELCOMES PRESIDENT KENNEDY.” Milling about in the V.I.P. section were a number of V.I.P. children, wearing cardboard buttons that proclaimed, “MY MOM AND DAD ARE FOR YOU PRESIDENT KENNEDY.”

Just behind the wire fence stood a pretty young Negro woman, who was herding a small group of Negro children. She was Mrs. Lillian Peterson, she told us, and the children were part of her fourth-grade class at the Lillie C. Evans Elementary School. She said that no one had invited them to come to the airport; they had just come. The children looked at us solemnly and, at their teacher’s prompting, identified themselves as Barbara Laidler (wearing a green ribbon bow in her hair), Anthony Shinhoster, Ietta Odom, Gregory Gill, and William Ingram. “We’ve just finished studying the United States of America and our three chief executives,” Mrs. Peterson told us. “I drew a diagram for the children showing the Mayor in a small circle on the bottom, the Governor in a bigger circle over him, and the President in the biggest circle on top. The fourth grade, you know, is really the foundation grade for the rest of your life. These children have the responsibility of sharing the President’s visit with others in the class, who could not come. They have the responsibility of writing a report about what they see today.”

Around four-fifteen, four helicopters arrived and sat waiting to take the President and his party from the airport to a secret landing area near the Americana Hotel. In the V.I.P. section there appeared a group of women wearing Uncle Sam hats—red-and-white striped crowns, brims with white stars on blue, and the words “WIN WITH KENNEDY.” An F.B.I. man instructed the band’s conductor, a man with white hair, to play ruffles and flourishes when the President arrived, and then “Hail to the Chief.” At four-twenty-two, the band broke into “On the Square,” and it got through “The Colossus of Columbia March,” “The Crosley March,” “Nobles of the Mystic Shrine,” “God Bless America,” and “March of the Mighty” before the blue-and-white Presidential plane, bearing the words “UNITED STATES OF AMERICA” and the Presidential seal, finally landed, at five-twelve.

President Kennedy emerged from the tail of the plane, looking relaxed and good-humored, and got to work immediately at what he was expected to do, and more. With the Congressmen, the Senator, and the Governor sticking close to him, he extended his hand wherever he was directed to extend it, and he seemed to find a number of hands to shake on his own, too. He varied his “Hello” and “How are you?” and “Glad to see you” with an occasional “Nice going, boy.” When the President appeared on the platform, there was a big cheer from the crowd (it numbered about eight thousand), and though he had yet to be introduced, he came forward eagerly to smile and wave and give a little bow. Pepper, on the platform, introduced Governor Bryant, and the Governor, it turned out, had the privilege of introducing the President. The Governor said that they were all proud of what President Kennedy had done for Florida, and that he felt a special pride and pleasure in presenting the President of the United States.

President Kennedy took it from there, in his own ebullient way. “I’ve been making nonpartisan speeches all day, and I’m glad to come here as a Democrat,” he started off, in old-fashioned campaign style. The crowd loved it. There were cheers from both sides of the wire fence, and all the politicians on the platform appeared happy and satisfied. The President went on to talk about the national purpose—among other things, taking care of seven or eight million boys and girls who will want to go to college in the year 1970. The President said he was going to go on fighting for Congressional enactment of his program, even though certain people “oppose what I am trying to do, just as they opposed everything Franklin Roosevelt tried to do and everything Harry Truman tried to do.” The crowd cheered again. The President wound up by saying that the Democrats had won in Dade County by nearly sixty-five thousand votes in the last Presidential election, and he was convinced that the State of Florida was going to be Democratic in 1964. At that, the V.I.P.s, the politicians, the public—everybody—seemed to be united in cheers and smiles.

President Kennedy then left the platform and started walking among the people, smiling, shaking hands, and saying hello. He made a special point of going over to the conductor of the Band of the Hour and thanking him. Behind the President, the politicians piled up, greeting each other joyously with cries of “Hey, Sheriff!” and “Hey, Judge!” and “Hey, Mayor!” We ran into the State President of the Young Democratic Clubs of Florida, a young man named Dick Pettigrew, who had flown in from Tampa on the President’s plane. He was glowing. “I never saw so many people in my life as I did in Tampa,” he told us. “The President made a brilliant speech before the Chamber of Commerce. He did a beautiful job of explaining why the administration is not anti-business. The Secret Service man next to me on the plane said that the applause the President got was not just polite applause, it was genuine.” Then we ran into Congressman Pepper, and he, too, was glowing over the reception in Tampa. “If President Roosevelt, at the heyday of his popularity, had been riding through Tampa, he never would have got such a reception!” Pepper told us.

We noticed that Mrs. Peterson and her fourth-graders were crowded against the wire fence, their hands outstretched, and we noticed that the President kept trying to pull away from the Secret Service men and head in their direction. A white man was holding Barbara up high to get a better look (her green hair ribbon was now untied and fluttering), so that she could give a responsible report to the rest of her class and share with them everything that she saw that day.

The next afternoon, we telephoned Mrs. Peterson to ask her how the children had carried out their responsibilities. Barbara, she told us, reading from their reports, wrote, “The first thing we had was music. They took the President’s picture many times. The President has reddish hair and had on a suit. People enjoyed seeing President Kennedy.” Anthony reported that he had seen “lots of policemen,” and ended up, “I enjoyed seeing our President.” Ietta wrote, “We waited and waited and waited. At last we saw some airplanes and four helicopters. We saw a lot of people. John F. Kennedy finally came. He said a little speech.” Gregory wrote, “I was glad to go and see our President because this was my first time seeing him and I admire him and his speeches. I think Mr. Kennedy is the greatest man in the world!” William wrote, “He went on the helicopter. Crowds and crowds of people began to say goodbye as he flew away. The crowd of people began to yell louder and louder and it sounded like one thousand people saying goodbye.”

WHEN we think of him, he is without a hat, standing in the wind and the weather. He was impatient of topcoats and hats, preferring to be exposed, and he was young enough and tough enough to confront and to enjoy the cold and the wind of these times, whether the winds of nature or the winds of political circumstance and national danger. He died of exposure, but in a way that he would have settled for—in the line of duty, and with his friends and enemies all around, supporting him and shooting at him. It can be said of him, as of few men in a like position, that he did not fear the weather, and did not trim his sails, but instead challenged the wind itself, to improve its direction and to cause it to blow more softly and more kindly over the world and its people.

Letter from Washington

PRESIDENT JOHNSON brings to his office a set of commitments and convictions—at least on the large, substantive issues of the day—that are almost indistinguishable from those of his predecessor. It is not, probably, very important that this happens to be so. In this age, in this society, power and pressure and objective realities determine the commitments of public men. In 1944, Harry S. Truman was a segregationist. In the White House, from 1945 to 1953, he was a militant champion of civil rights. At times lately, in private life, he has been talking like a segregationist again. Nevertheless, it is a fact that on the principal issues of the mid-sixties, if these issues are relations with the Communist world, civil rights, and American economic growth, the views that Kennedy and Johnson formed independently of each other (that is to say, before their first association, in 1960) were close to identical. This makes the President an unusual figure among those who have been called to the office by sudden death and Article II, Section I, Clause 5 of the Constitution. Most Vice-Presidents have, upon assuming Presidential responsibility, either adapted themselves, as Harry Truman did, to the policies of the men they succeeded or, as Theodore Roosevelt did, made new departures. But President Johnson has nothing—again, on immediate substantive questions—to adapt to or depart from. It may be to the point to recall that the fierce contest between the new President and the dead one at the 1960 Democratic Convention had no political content at all. That was what made it so fierce. It turned on age, personality, and family.

The differences that count—and they may count mightily—are those of mind and temperament and style. Lyndon Johnson is like John Kennedy in being a man of high and quick intelligence, but where Kennedy was cerebral, Johnson is intuitive. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., once described his friend Kennedy's mind as “detached, consecutive, and explicit.” Johnson's mind resembles Kennedy's in being orderly and concrete, but while, as a political technician, Johnson may be detached, he has not up to now shown a capacity for detachment in the sense of seeking disinterested judgments. If he has a liking for ideas for their own sake—as Kennedy surely had—it has not attracted much notice. Like Eisenhower and Franklin Roosevelt, he learns by listening more than by reading. He learns a great deal. In sheer knowledge of processes, few in his time have matched him. His feelings may run deeper than Kennedy's, but his interests are not so wide. He is not less valorous than Kennedy or more discreet. Where Kennedy set great store by common interests and associations, Johnson sets great store by loyalty and common purposes. In this, he is rather more like Robert than like John Kennedy. Johnson, as a politician, has a mind that runs to the manipulation of people; Kennedy's ran more to the manipulation of power. In manipulation, Johnson may well be more successful than Kennedy, who never had an easy time dealing directly with people. Johnson will be more at ease among his fellow human beings than Kennedy ever was but probably less at ease in the presence of distinction. Kennedy took great delight in exposing himself and his thoughts to criticism. The idea that he was very intolerant of it and often infuriated by it was a myth. He liked it, he encouraged it, and the myth arose, presumably, because he so much enjoyed holding up his end in hot dispute. Johnson is unlikely to expose himself as Kennedy did. For a time, of course, he will have around him men whom Kennedy brought into the government largely because of their ability to challenge him. Since there remains just over a year of the Presidential term he is completing, it is unlikely that he will accept many of the resignations that are undoubtedly now being offered. If he should go on to a full term, though, he will almost certainly surround himself with men who will be very different.

THE familiar measures of political effectiveness, diplomatic skill, and the ability to preserve national unity are quite inadequate for appraising the Republic's loss. As a chief magistrate, performing the functions required of him by his oath, John Kennedy was, as they say in the Senate, able and distinguished. He was also subtle, imaginative, daring, and—to use a word he liked—prudent. He had, then, most of the qualities that are called for in a statesman if the statesman is to do the single most important thing required of him, which is, specifically, to keep the ship of state from being blown out of the water—to keep everything from going to hell and gone. Lincoln and Roosevelt were great because they performed prodigies of rescue and salvage, because they kept the worst from happening. Kennedy had two superb moments as a statesman. In the first, during the Cuban crisis in October of last year, he did what was essentially a job of high-class fire prevention. In the second, when he proclaimed a state of “moral crisis” in June of this year, he did something a bit more creative. He used words to shame his countrymen, to make them look at the squalor about them. To be sure, it took only normal vision to see that there was a “moral crisis” in the United States in the summer of 1963. It was no less apparent than the earlier “missile crisis.” What Kennedy undertook was a rescue job, begun close to the point of despair.

Again, this is what a statesman does, or what a good statesman does. Many statesmen do less. The opportunity to do more is rarely given to anyone—and, as often as not, when it is given, and grasped, disaster ensues, and the fire department must be called. In doing the things that simply had to be done, Kennedy had, as a rule, uncommon skill and finesse and very sharp eyes. It was not, however, his primary gift for politics that created—especially in the first days but also whenever, in the days that followed, history allowed him a few easy breaths and a bit of time for speculation—the air of excitement and immense possibility that could be felt in Washington, whether or not it was felt much outside. What made for excitement was that Kennedy and those who were closest to him—those whom he had freely chosen to associate himself with—had large, bold aims and a large, expansive view of life. There was not a reformer among them, as far as anyone could tell. Pragmatism—often of the grubbiest kind—was rampant. "Facts" were often valued beyond their worth. "Ideology" was held in contempt—too much so, perhaps—and was described as a prime source of mischief in the world. But if there were no do-gooders around, and no planners, and not even, really, very much in the way of plans, there were large thoughts and large intentions and very long looks into the future. Under Kennedy, for the first time in American history, a foreign policy was being fashioned that looked several administrations ahead, several decades ahead, several adversaries ahead. The unitary, jihad view of foreign affairs that had dominated American thinking for so long was scrapped—and without anyone's saying much about it. There was more to the world that Kennedy saw than the Cold War. The aim of his disarmament policy was not merely to relax tensions in the years in which he thought he would be responsible for American diplomacy but to de-fuse conflict in a world that can thus far only be imagined, and even now can hardly be mentioned—one in which there could be higher tensions than any the Cold War ever generated. Kennedy was never concerned with "winning" the Cold War. He saw that it wasn't going to be won or lost, and that one real danger was that unless the United States composed its differences with the Soviet Union, its power to influence events would decline in those parts of the world where the Cold War would be regarded, properly, as an irrelevancy.

There were many such enterprises, some of them less abstract and inherently more interesting. Kennedy's mind was not a philosophical tool but a critical one. He had, above all, a critical intelligence and a critical temper—these, and a curiosity as broad as Montaigne's. He was interested in and amused by and critical of everything in American life. His zest for simply watching the show was as great as H. L. Mencken's. His curiosity seemed at times not only astonishing in itself but almost frivolous, almost perverse; he would spend time (government time) talking and bothering about things in a way that somehow seemed idle and improper for a man who should have been thinking about Khrushchev, de Gaulle, and the tax bill—the typography of a newspaper, for example, and how much it offended him, and how it might be improved. This critical bent, though, was the important, stimulating thing. He could not, with his sort of mind, look at American life and think that everything would be jim-dandy if we just had medicare and stepped up production in our engineer factories and got Negroes into nice, clean motels. As he was the first Abolitionist President (in the sense that he was the first to take office with the conviction, not passionate but sturdy, that no form of segregation or discrimination was morally defensible), so he was the first modern President who gave one a sense of caring—and of believing that a President ought to care—about the whole quality and tone of American life. (Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson had some of this, but not so much. The others either have not cared or have been hobbyists of a sort—like Franklin Roosevelt, with his dabbling in architecture.) Kennedy's concern with motels was not only with whether Negroes should get into them but with the *idea* of motels—with their function, with the way they looked, with the strange names they bore, and with what they revealed about us. His concern with urban rot and the urban sprawl was not simply that of the criminologist or the social worker or the transit engineer but that of the man who recoils at ugliness and vulgarity and intellectual impoverishment whether or not they are associated with juvenile delinquency, unemployment, and so on. His concern with education ran far deeper than his publicly expressed concern over whether there was, quantitatively, enough of it and whether it should have federal aid and on what basis; he was interested in its character and in the direction it was taking—in whether it was any good or not.

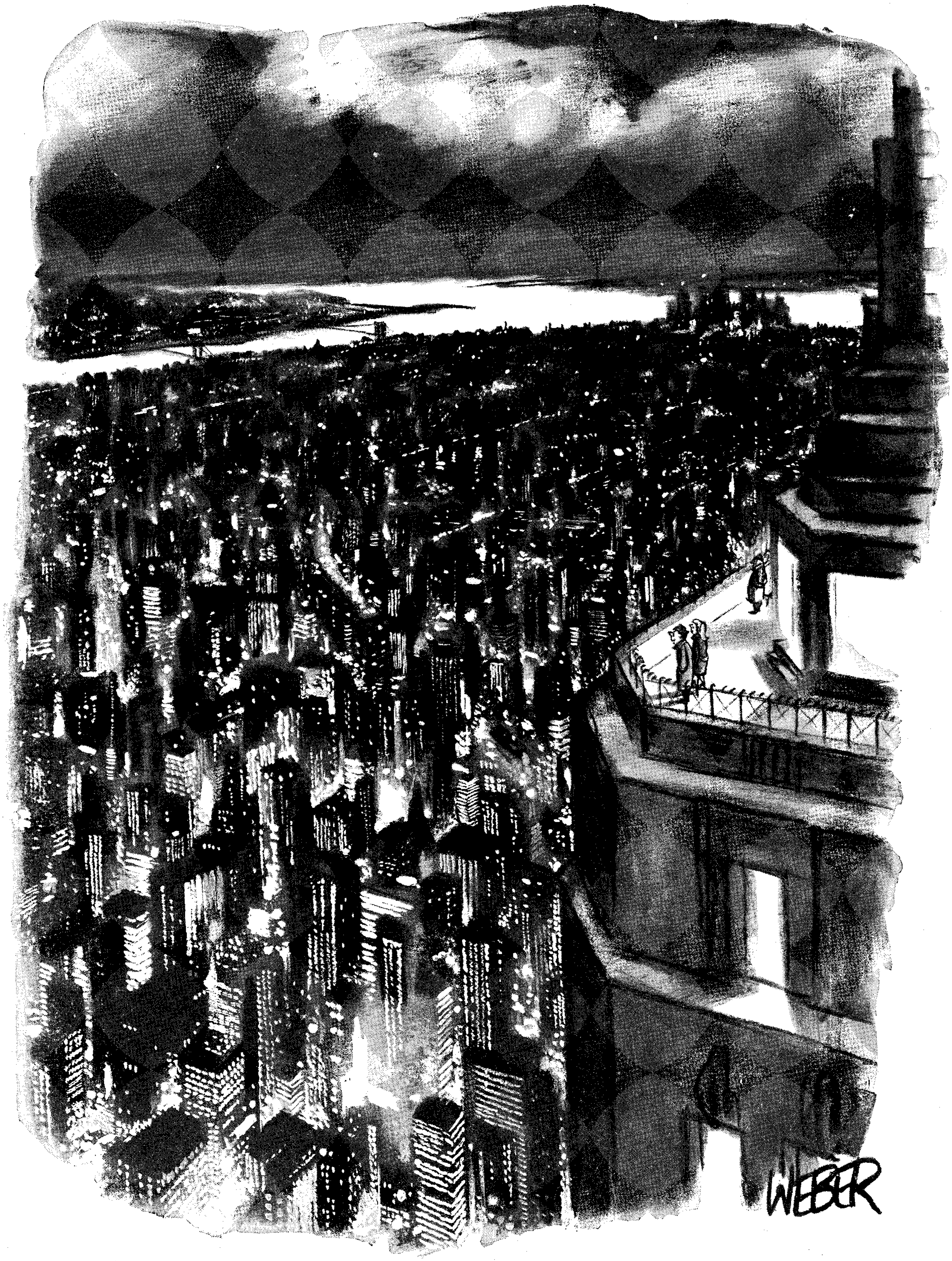
His interests far outran his mandate; some of them, indeed, may have been unconstitutional. He proposed to have, in time, an impact on American taste. He proposed to impress upon the country—to make it, if he could, share—his own respect for excellence of various kinds. His respect for excellence was, he knew, greater than his capacity for identifying it and appreciating it. He himself did not respond much to painting or music, or even to literature—though as a rule he found his attention riveted by almost anything in print—but he looked at paintings he didn't enjoy, and listened to music he didn't much care for, because people who he thought were excellent people had told him they were excellent things, and he wished his own patronage (the picture of him alertly pursuing self-improvement) to win from others the appreciation of those things that their excellence merited. In any man but a President—and perhaps even in a President—this sort of thing might be the opposite of admirable; the father who lays down Mickey Spillane long enough to tell his bored son that every American boy should have a fine time reading "Il Penseroso" is a sinner of some kind. But Kennedy did believe—and did act upon the belief—that a President of the United States could do more than help insure domestic tranquillity, secure the blessings of liberty, and the rest. He thought that a President might help a fundamentally good society to become a good, even a brilliant, civilization. And it pleased him to think of himself as a promoter, an impresario. He was a shrewd enough observer to know that there are always a number of Americans who look in the mirror and see reflected there the President of the United States—or who make certain alterations that will enable them to see that reflection. (This didn't take much shrewdness when new trends in male and female hair styles began to develop a few years back, or when the Casals White House record began to sell—he kept checking the sales figures as though he had been cut in on the royalties—or when the mail began to come in from people who were taking up calisthenics and hiking.) What Truman did for sports shirts, what Eisenhower did for golf, Kennedy planned—

with the most deliberate kind of intent—to do for the things and the people and the institutions he thought excellent, and thus deserving. Perhaps in death he will gain more immediate success than he would have gained if he had lived on. It will hardly be fair to him, though, if it happens that way. He wished to do it by sneak plays of his own devising.

It was not Kennedy's little promotions—Casals, Robert Frost, the Mona Lisa, French cooking, Ian Fleming, Harvard College, Stravinsky, Whig history, the London *Observer*—that were stimulating but, rather, the idea that he might do something to advance American civilization. And if this idea has, as it must have, a fatuous sound, that was somehow part of it; it was moving and exciting in its fatuousness. What was also moving, and not at all fatuous, was the admiration for excellence that led Kennedy to surround himself, as much as he could, with the best people our present civilization has to offer, and to give them, as much as he could, their heads. If he had to rely on the judgment of others for the identification of excellence in the arts and the sciences, his instinct for excellence in people was, if not unerring, fine—itself excellent. (It was pretty close to unerring if one counts only those with whom he surrounded himself in government, and leaves out of account some of those he had about him at such times as he wearied of cerebration and high policy.) He had simply enormous confidence in broad, general, generalizing human intelligence. Mere expertise seemed to bother him, possibly because he had little of it himself, in anything. He was an educated man, not a trained one. At any rate, he felt that any adequately educated man with a really good head on his shoulders could get on top of just about any problem that a President was likely to face. When he found a brilliant young man like Theodore Sorensen, he commissioned him to function as an expert on anything that came along. McGeorge Bundy became his principal adviser on foreign policy with qualifications that no other recent President would have given two cents for. Bundy had worked on a couple of books about Henry Stimson and Dean Acheson, but his experience in the field of his responsibilities was almost nonexistent; he had done a good job of pulling things together on the Harvard faculty, and Kennedy took him on to pull things together in the world. Adam Yarmolinsky, a lawyer who had served a hitch as an editor in a publishing house, was put in the Pentagon to see if mere reason and common sense could be applied to its staggering problems of organization and finance. The impact he has had on the military establishment—as one of the chief Whiz Kids, the computerized intellectual task force that so enrages Senator McClellan—has probably been as great as that of most civilian secretaries or most members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Perhaps the most striking case of this kind, though surely the least known, is that of Richard N. Goodwin, a lawyer who hadn't turned thirty when Kennedy engaged him, and who has spent the last three years jumping all over the government. Goodwin became Mr. Justice Frankfurter's law clerk in 1958. Upon finishing that apprenticeship, he went as an investigator to the House committee that was looking into the rigging of television quiz shows. He then came to the attention of Robert Kennedy, who brought him to the attention of his brother, who took him on, late in 1959, as a speechwriter. He could, it turned out, write about anything—briskly, and by the yard—because, it turned out, he knew about everything, or knew something about everything. One thing he did not know very much about was Latin America. Before the President took office, it was announced that Goodwin would be one of the new administration's experts on that difficult region. He studied hard and became an authority; he is today acknowledged as one both here and in Latin America. Goodwin went into the White House, and worked on Latin America and much else. He was the principal architect of the Alliance for Progress. He went from the White House to the State Department, where he got the treatment that amateurs generally get from professionals; he was thereupon taken out and put in the Peace Corps, where he put together and headed an International Secretariat; and this coming week he was scheduled to go back into the White House, as, of all things, the President's Consultant on the Arts. The most revealing part of this story is that whatever his title happened to be at the moment, his relationship to John F. Kennedy was the same and his functions were pretty much the same. He wrote speeches on everything, he continued to be an important expert on Latin America, and he was an adviser on the arts long before it was decided to give him such a title. He decided one day early in 1961 that this country should really do something about saving the Nile monuments, and he worked out a plan, which was followed. More recently, he addressed himself to a scheme for getting around the Congressional resistance to foreign aid by finding congenial projects in this field that state governments could undertake. He kicked this off last year by persuading the State of California to undertake a program of aid to Chile, on goodness knows what theory—perhaps just that Chile is also long and narrow and washed by the Pacific.

It is unlikely that any other President in our time will operate in such a fashion. But Kennedy's reliance on general excellence received one great vindication, more or less in reverse. Only once, on a really crucial matter, did he close his ears to his generalists and rely wholly on expertise. That was, of course, the Bay of Pigs, when the people who knew the most were shown to know the least, and those who used nothing much more than the brains God gave them were proved mostly right. Among the generalists he stood first, for he was the one who had felt the gravest skepticism. He cursed himself for suppressing it. No mistake of a similar nature or of comparable magnitude was subsequently made. The things he can now be said to have accomplished are few in number, but he was prepared—indeed, he found the prospect far from dismaying—to go through two terms and face just such a judgment on his accomplishments. Once, early in 1962, his artist friend William Walton brought to the President's office a scale model of the projected remodelling of Lafayette Square. The President spent an inordinate amount of time talking about it and moving little pieces around. Walton was embarrassed. He apologized for detaining the President so long over a matter that was so far from earth-shaking—so far, even, from nation-shaking. "No, let's stay with it," the President said. "Hell, this may be the only thing I'll ever really get done." Kennedy wished very much to be known and written about as a great President, and he took a chance on having history judge him not for the things he actually completed in his time but for the things he set in motion, the energies he released, the people and ideas he encouraged, the style he brought to the Presidency. Even now it is possible to say that he set a great deal in motion, that he organized a generation of public servants who will be serving Presidents (and perhaps being Presidents) into the next century, that he made thinking respectable in Washington, and that he brought to the Presidency a genuinely distinctive style, which is bound, in time, to be emulated.

—R. H. R.



"I love this little old town!"

THE GIRL WITH THE GOAT-CART

THE first time I saw her she was driving a red goat-cart hitched to a real white goat. We had come out to a Boston suburb to look at the house we soon after moved into, and were driving away in a hired surrey. It was at the back of Congress Hill, where the road turns before descending, that we passed the little girl with bright yellow hair, driving her goat-cart on the side of the road. Some of the excitement I felt about moving into a real house, after living in my parents' studio apartment in the city, came from knowing that there were things like goat-carts, and girls that drove them, on Congress Hill.

Her name was Kitty Bailey. She lived with her father, a real-estate man, and her mother and brother, in the last house on the hill, a house with a screened front porch with a hammock on it. They used to sit out on the porch in the late afternoon in the summer, and through the shrubbery, through the vines that climbed the screening, I could see their white clothes and hear the brother, Morton, playing on his mandolin.

It took quite a time before I got to know any of the people on the hill. They had to get used to artists; they had to get used to seeing me pass in the road. I played with the only child my age, a little boy who lived across the street, but the rest of the children, like Kitty Bailey, were too old to need me, and so months passed while I wandered past the houses on the hill, until we all got used to each other.

Mr. Bailey was a big stout man with two blue chins and very black thick hair. In the hot summer weather his striped shirt stuck to his stomach as he climbed the hill on the way home from work, and he held his stiff straw hat in his hand. Mrs. Bailey was small and thin and sandy, with pince-nez nipping the loose skin on top of her sharp nose. Morton was about sixteen; he swung his shoulders from side to side as he walked down the hill to high school.

But Kitty was always the thrilling one to me on account of the goat-cart, although I cannot remember ever having seen the goat-cart again. Perhaps it was borrowed. But I had started out thinking with fascination of Kitty Bailey and I kept on. She was at least two years older than I was and she wore very starchy skirts and swung them. Her yellow hair was tied with a big black bow on top and again in the back of the neck with another bow to match. She walked down the road with her nose in the air.

"She's a sonsy little snip," my father said. It was a favorite word of his, Scots, and meant, roughly, "cute." "Someday she'll trip and break her sweet little neck."

For a while she was much too old to bother with me, but one summer day when it was very hot and there was nothing to do and the lazy cicadas squealed down in the fields beyond the hill, I wandered up the road past the Baileys' house and Kitty was sitting on the front steps, outside the door to the screened porch. She had on a pink-and-white striped dress, full of starch.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello."

"Do you want to write in my book? I'll let you."

I opened the gate in the picket fence and went up between the shrubbery to the steps. Beside Kitty was a large flat album. I sat down on the step below her and she put the book in my lap, open at a pink page. All the pages were different colors—pink and yellow and orange and violet and green. She handed me an indelible pencil.

"You have to swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

In a column of questions on the left-hand side of the page, the book demanded of me my favorite color, my favorite food, favorite animal, favorite man, favorite woman, favorite time of year, and many other kinds of favorite. I loved answering these inquiries into my tastes. When I got to the bottom of the page, Kitty took the book away from me and looked.

"You didn't tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I did so."

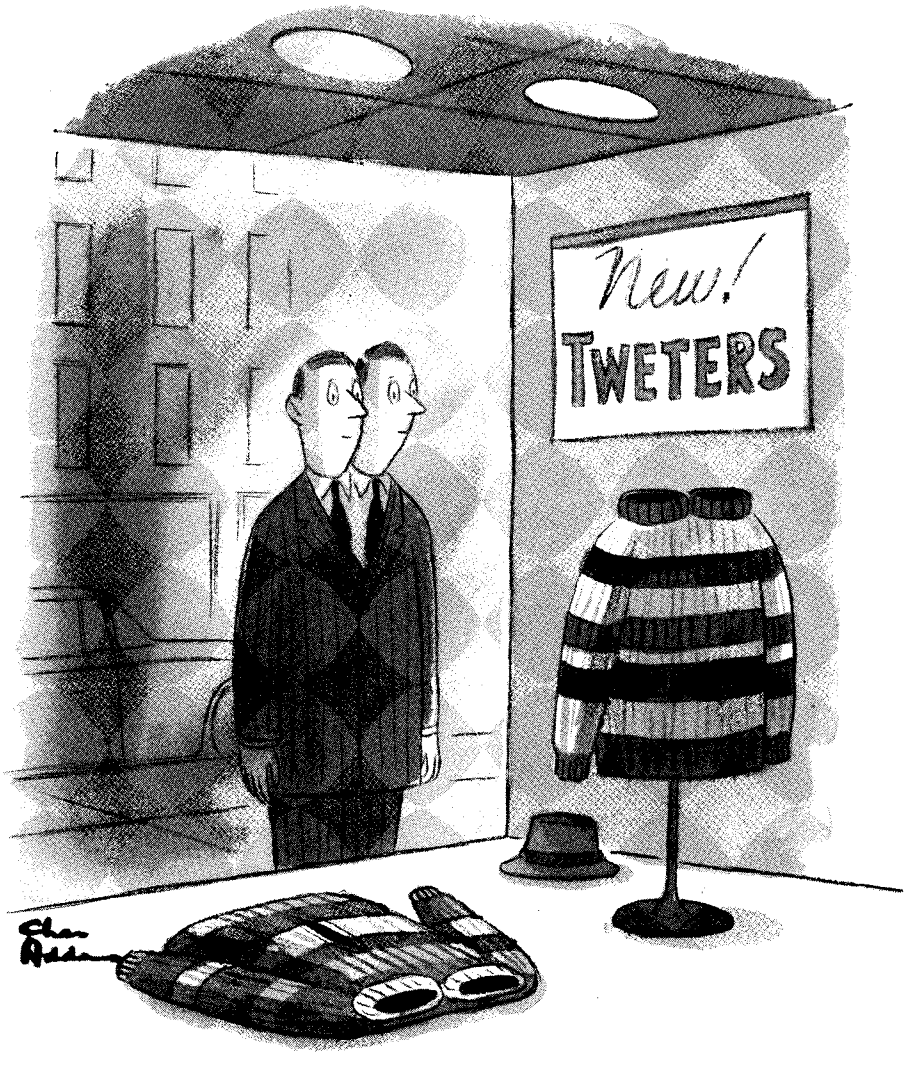
She pointed to where, after "Favorite Man," I had written "my father."

"Nobody's favorite man is their *father*. I know who your favorite man is! Lester Williams! You didn't tell the whole truth!"

Lester Williams was the little boy across the street from our house. He was my age, about eight. It had never occurred to me that he was a man. But now I felt hot and embarrassed.

"I did so."

"You did not. *I* know who loves



Lester! *I* know who loves Lester! Hanh-hanh!" she chanted.

But my father was my favorite man. Far and away. I told him what I had written in Kitty's book, and that she didn't believe me and had said I loved old Lester.

"Don't you care," he said. "She's too smart. Someday she's going to break her sweet little neck. You're my favorite girl, too."

That was the time of the First World War and my father was in the State Guard. He hated it, because it was so stupid and boring, but he felt it was his duty. On the nights when there was drill, he would come home from his studio with one corner of his mouth pulled down in a way that meant he was getting ready to endure something. After supper he put on his uniform. The khaki breeches were baggy and he never learned how to wind the puttees neatly. He put the khaki hat, with the felt brim and the blue cord tied with two acorns at the tips, on the top of his head, and went off with the cold night wind making his blue eyes water.

He knew how bad he was at drilling, and made fun of himself to me. "But it *hurts* an old gentleman when we have to fall flat on our bellies," he would say. My heart was torn with anguish for him—for my wonderful father undergoing pain and humiliation with those awful men. He would imitate them to me, too, and I could hear their jeering, hard voices. "Get a little pep into it!" they cried gleefully. "Make it snappy!"

Mr. Bailey was sergeant of the State Guard company. Sometimes I saw him, after supper when it was still light, stamping down the road in his uniform, with his blue chins hanging over the collar. "I suppose Bailey is a good enough fellow," my father said. "But he is a bully."

When my father got up, early in the morning, he always felt very good and sang or shouted at the top of his lungs. In the mornings after drill nights, he would shout commands. "Company . . . ten . . . *shun!*" he roared. "Present . . . *arms!*" Lying in bed I could hear him stamp around while he put his clothes on. He jerked out the word "Company" in the approved military way—"*Cubady* . . ." And after a while he would get into a kind of monotonous chant, which he continued as he marched downstairs for his breakfast—"In de rear . . . *march!* In de rear . . . *march!* In de rear . . . *march!*"

I knew that Mr. Bailey was a bully and I looked at him coldly on my father's account. No wonder he was not his daughter's favorite man. And he probably had no affection for her, either. Other families than mine, I was learning, did not seem to have the same attachment to each other that we had.

Some mornings Mr. Bailey, my father, Kitty, and I would all walk down the hill to the village together, the men on their way to the train and Kitty and I going to school. The two men plugged along side by side with their hats set on their heads, and I walked beside my father, holding his hand. But Kitty did not hold her father's hand. She skipped backward down the black tar road, just ahead of us, chanting in that gloating, gleeful way, "Can't catch a flea! Can't catch a *flea!*" Sometimes my father pretended to make a grab for her, and she would dance out of reach and jeer, "Can't catch a flea-ea!"

Mr. Bailey just went stumping along, paying no attention to her.

"You'd better look out," my father used to say to her. "You're going to fall down and break your sweet little neck."

In those days, when the winter came it was long and iron-hard. The snow fell early in December and remained on the ground, becoming deeper storm by storm, until late March or April. The houses on the hill had thick soft white quilts on their roofs, until something disturbed them and the snow fell off with a noise like thunder. Sometimes after a blizzard the snow covered the tops of the picket and paling fences so that the land was flat between the houses and you could walk right over the top on snowshoes. On the worst days the carts from the stores in the village could not get up the hill, and I was sent downtown for supplies on my snowshoes.

In one of these winters, some time after Christmas, just after the war was over, Kitty Bailey was taken ill with influenza. I remember Dr. Perkins' sleigh standing daily outside the Baileys' gate and jingling away again down the hill. The pipes froze in most of the houses on the hill, including the Baileys', and I remember helping melt snow to take over to the Baileys' in buckets. After a while, in the cold winter, with all the snow outside, Kitty died. And very shortly afterward, in perhaps a week, Mr. Bailey died, too. Somebody said that he had sat up every night beside Kitty's bed while she was ill.

They were the first persons I had ever known to die. It was very strange. It made an impression on me when my father said, "I feel awfully bad about telling that poor little thing she was going to fall down and break her neck." I too felt full of remorse for thinking about Kitty and her father the way I had.

Nowadays I assume, when I think about it, that Mr. Bailey caught Kitty's influenza—which was the dreadful kind of the epidemic of 1918-19—and died of it. But for a long time after it happened I was quite sure that Mr. Bailey had died of sorrow, for his daughter.

—NANCY HALE

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PASTORAL

The afternoon wears on,
The river wears her swan,
And a canoe, moored to the jetty
Below the sewage farm,
Nuzzles herbage growing
On a lip of Avon.

Mortal upon water,
A boy's eye regards
A panoply of summer:
Trees with a crush of leaves,
The bottom of a cloud
Written on molten water.

The afternoon is still,
So still the waters are,
A dead but floating leaf has hardly
Dawdled an inch toward
The sea to which it moves
Upon a fated voyage.

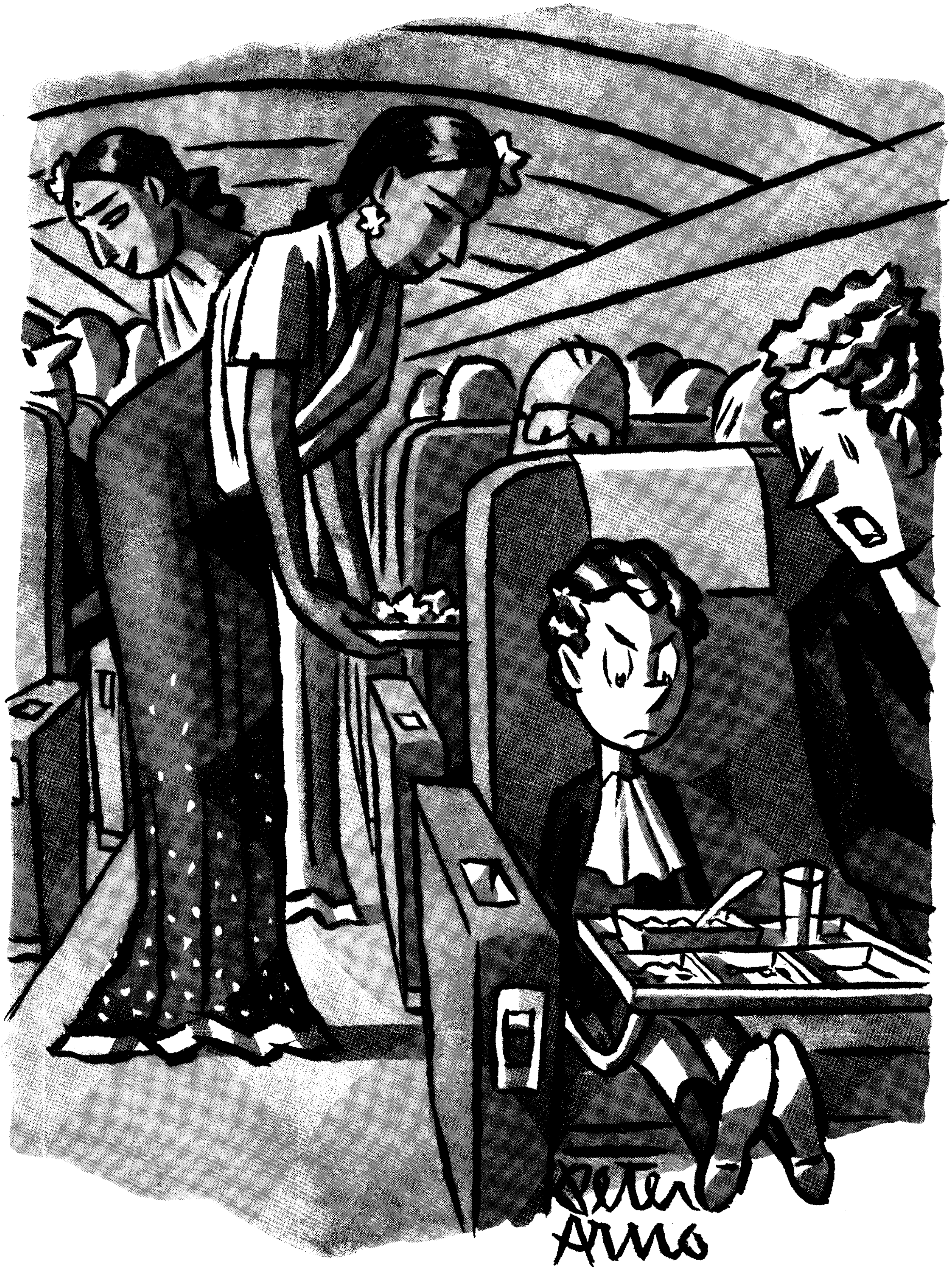
I look back at a boy.
The afternoon is calm.
So still the waters are.
He does not move, nor do
The engines of his harm
On reaches of Avon.

Gales rage; it is autumn,
And half stripped beeches thrash
A flying moon or sun
Across a sky half clouded,
And I feel winter press
A vision on the land,

Yet this is the same scene—
Only another season.
I look back at a boy
On a day of no date
In summer by Avon,
Watching his light boat float,

A swan reflect, the sun
Glitter on the black rim
Of the now savage beeches,
Some midges pulse and thrum,
And the round earth turn a shoulder
Into mustering gloom.

—DAVID WRIGHT



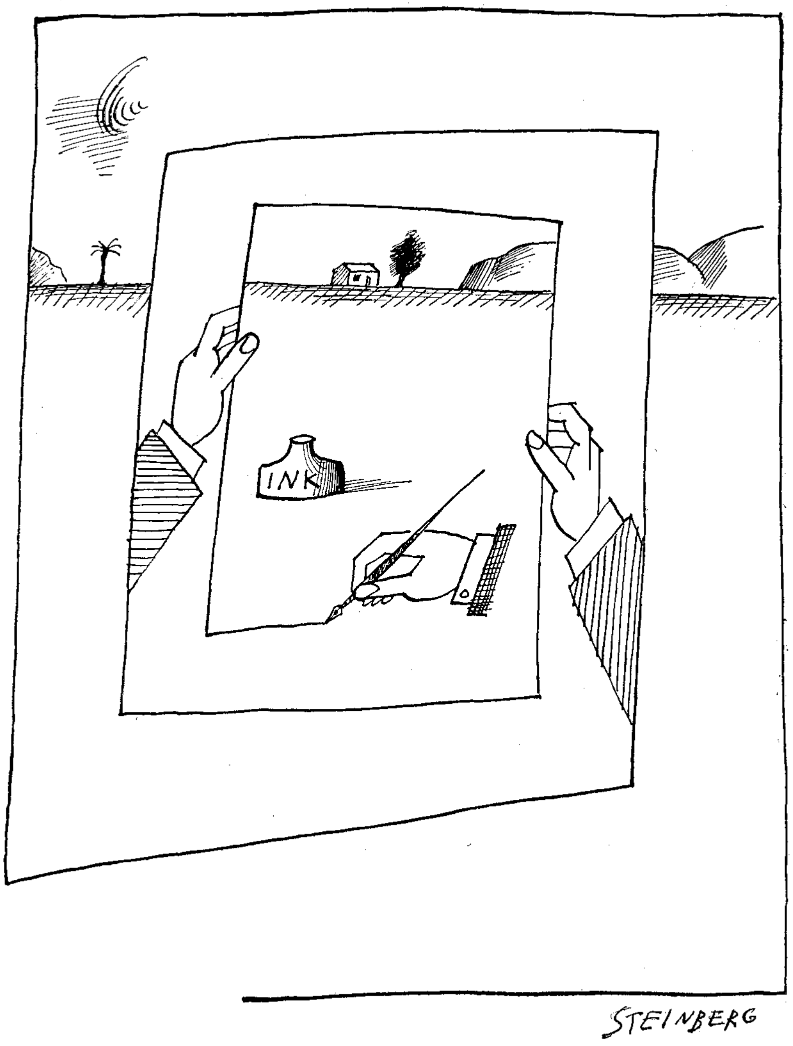
"Come, dear. Finish your doodh pak!"

FIELDING'S PROGRESS

TEN years ago, Arthur Fielding's wife held his hand. They had gone for a walk in the ragged hills in back of their hotel on St. Croix and now sat above the pelicans, overlooking the sea. It was their honeymoon. "Vain, selfish, melancholy, and overweight," she said, exploring his palm. Fielding barely feigned listening. In my bureau drawer, he thought, a lizard slumbers in my underwear. In my closet, ants march up and down my neckties. She ticked off his fingers. "Stubborn, stubborn, stubborn," she said. "Dreamer, dreamer." "Um," said Fielding. She let go of his hand. "What *ever* are you thinking about?" she asked. "Lisbon," he said, vaguely nodding, by way of explanation, toward what he believed, mistakenly, to be the east. She didn't follow his gaze. Instead, she looked at her husband. He has the secret smile of a wife-murderer, she thought.

It was Arthur Fielding's intention that when he left his wife he would visit Lisbon. He had never been there and knew next to nothing about it, but he had laid out an imaginary boulevard in his mind, invested it with time and weather, and, as the years of his marriage went by, inserted its components like a man building a boat inside a bottle. On the boulevard, it was summer, approaching evening, and you could smell the nearby sea. The boulevard was faced with indifferent buildings, formerly residences, which were occupied by a commercial bank, a firm that printed engraved calling cards and letterheads, the offices of an obscure shipping company. In the latter's window, there was a dusty model of an antiquated ocean liner with four vertical funnels. Alongside the ship, completing the display, were two stuffed animals: a hawksbill turtle, whose painted eyes appeared to grieve—for what?—and an inflated blowfish with tattered pectoral fins. Fielding knew that when it grew darker a small bulb would be illuminated within the ship's hull, and the portholes and saloon windows would glow weakly, premonishing disaster. The liner was being menaced by the monstrous turtle and blowfish. Had they already disabled the engine room?

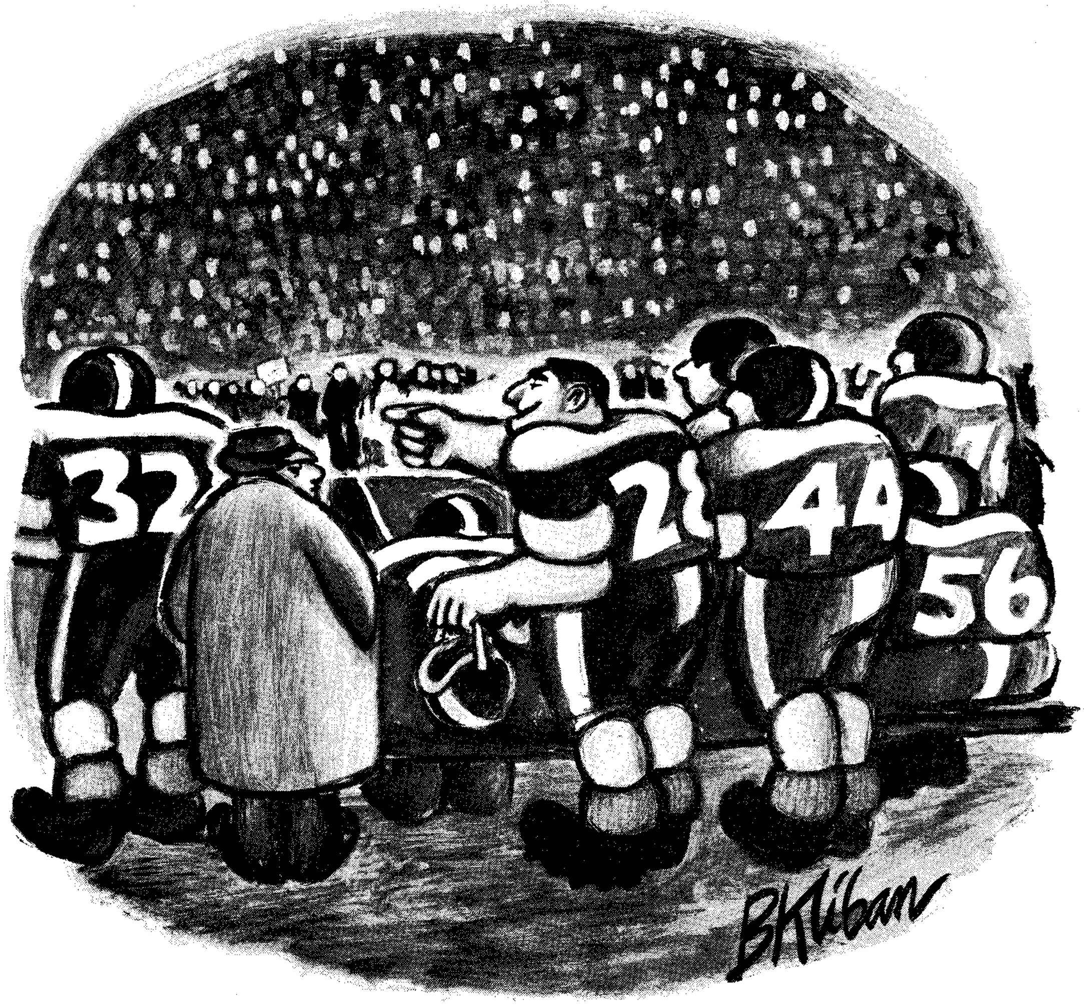
In the center of the boulevard were islands planted with hydrangeas. The flowers were blue, to match the anticipated dusk. Fielding had heard that gardeners buried nails in the ground when they planted hydrangeas, to make the ordinarily pink blossoms turn blue. It was his indulgence that one of the islands was being prepared for planting, the gardeners sowing nails in the spaded earth the way Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth.



There was little traffic and few pedestrians on the boulevard. One of the few was Fielding. He wore a white linen suit, no longer new, a blue shirt, and a dark-orange tie, and he inhaled, with gratification and desire, the sea and his after-shave lotion. He stood, marooned in his leisure, as though posing for a sidewalk photographer. Indeed, one was coming his way—a young Negro with a religious medal safety-pinned above his heart and a pigeon roosting on his bare head. "Look at the birdie," the Negro said, with a provocative smile. As Fielding looked uneasily into the pigeon's malevolent eyes, the Negro snapped his picture and pressed a soiled card into his palm as if he were passing on plans for an ingenious new naval mine or the address of a beauty salon where dirty movies were shown late at night. Fielding would send the snapshot to his children if it turned out all right.

Although flawed, Arthur Fielding's marriage was, essentially, a success—if you take the view that marriage often resembles a tug of war, in that the husband and wife are antagonists supported by their mutual struggle and if one of them were to let go of the rope the other would fall. Fielding's wife felt she had a right to ask for more than he was willing to give, and while she was trying to forgive him he was waiting for an apology. In the agony of their wordless struggle—the ground rules prohibited either from expressing regret or tormenting the other with the final tyranny of tears—he would hug her warm back, clapped against it in the dark for comfort and security, and out of terror, as an imperilled mountain climber will cling at nightfall to a rock that still retains the warmth of the sun. "What we tell each other about ourselves does not alter who we are," Fielding would say finally, and yearn for an enisling beyond closing a door or turning off a television set, or for the haven he imagined he had had as a child. It was at times like this that he would painstakingly add another element to his fantastic Lisbon. Arthur Fielding dreamed of leaving his wife the way other husbands wistfully dream of catching a blue marlin, hitting a *quiniela exacta*, or taking flying lessons.

THE first time Arthur Fielding left his wife, he went to Stuyvesant Town. He had lost his courage on the Long Island Expressway and told the impartial cabdriver to return to the city when he was still miles from the airport. He stayed overnight, full of apologies and a sense of folly, on the Adamses' living-room couch; Adams and Fielding were architects, who worked for the same firm. Fielding slept badly and awoke screaming "Mommy!" He had heard the great, turbulent wail of an air-raid siren in his dream. It was in fact the Adamses' baby crying. Fielding looked about him with fear and confusion; he had never seen the Adamses' apartment in the morning. For a moment, he thought he was in a glade; there was a dim, greenish cast to the room. Then he recognized the Adamses' flourishing avocado plants on the sill, and next the Adamses, their disembodied faces popping around the doorjamb like Punch and Judy. Fielding refused breakfast and slunk off with his two-suiter, which was adorned with the baggage tags of many airlines, many destinations. His passport, which he had ostentatiously put in the inside pocket of his suit jacket the night before—his wife watching with tolerant derision—jabbed him in the ribs. It had a powerful and surreptitious presence, like a murder weapon. Fielding got a cab, gave the driver his address, which was scarcely a mile across town, and slumped down in the seat. He felt conspicuous, furtive, defeated. He recalled, from an otherwise forgotten classroom, an engraving of Napoleon slouched in a sleigh beneath fur rugs, being hauled back from Moscow to France in a bad temper. The imploring remnants of his army struggled through the drifts on either side of the road. The artist had tried to make Napoleon's expression sulky and remorseless, but he had always looked to Fielding like a forlorn schnook. I'm a commonplace nut, Fielding thought. He wondered what the cabdriver was thinking about him and sought his face in the rearview mirror.



"Look! Jim has the ball! See him run! Run, Jim, run!"

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The next time Arthur Fielding left his wife, he went to Los Angeles. When he had first visited Los Angeles—it had been six or seven years before—he had stayed at the same hotel he was stopping at now. He had arrived then, as now, at twilight, which was his favorite hour, mingling, as it does, longing and regret, promise and speculation. These, Fielding thought, were the dominant notes of his character. On his first visit, he had followed the bellhop, who wheeled his two-suiter on a hand truck, along the winding path that led to his bungalow. In the rear of the hotel, partially enclosed by its wings, there were a number of pink stucco bungalows in a prolific tropical garden. As he looked about him, Fielding saw a naked woman regarding him from a third-floor window. Fielding saw her only for a moment, looking back; he was afraid of falling too far behind the bellhop and losing him in the elaborate, darkening garden. Then, too, as they observed each other, she slowly pulled the drapes across the window. She was in her thirties, Fielding estimated—slender and beautiful. Her skin was unusually rosy, as if she had just got out of her bath, and she was temperately lighted by distant, shaded lamps. Despite her vantage, she did not seem remote or unattainable. Was this the way, Fielding wondered, that princesses held captive in towers appeared to passing princes?

The hotel had apparently changed little in the intervening years. The midget bellboy in the lobby appeared to have grown smaller, or was he a different one? Fielding followed the bellhop through the garden, searching for her window. The palms had surely grown taller, and the window he finally selected as being hers was obscured by their fronds and unlit. Disenchanted, Fielding undressed, took an aimless shower, and got into bed. Before he turned out the light, he stared at the ceiling, discovering melancholy estuaries among its wales and cracks. Later, he had an impulse to call someone up. He rested his hand on the phone in the dark as a king, he imagined, might place a ringed hand upon his orb to reassure himself of his divinity and succession. As he held the receiver, Fielding heard someone typing outside his shuttered windows. He had noticed earlier, in a deep alcove made by the walls of a neighboring bungalow, a sort of open-air office, so dark, recessed, and embowered it might have been Prospero's cell. There someone he took to be a night watchman or maintenance man sat behind a counter. It must be he who was typing so steadily. What was he writing? A report? That wouldn't take him so long. A novel? Awakening

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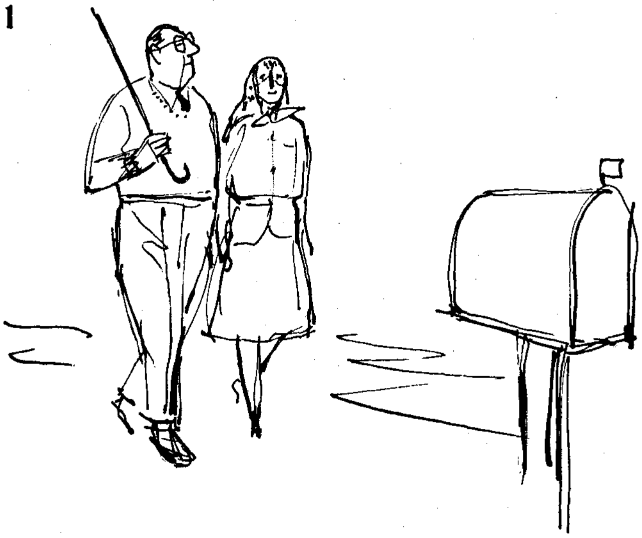

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once in the middle of the night, Fielding heard the typing continuing.

He arose to the sound of room-service waiters pushing their wheeled tables, the china and cutlery jingling as the wheels crossed the expansion joints in the walks. He had dreamt of a bear that was loose in snowy New York. Hiding in an old apartment building on the upper East Side, he had watched covertly from a window mounted policemen trying to hem it in at a crossing. Behind him he had been aware of vague, solid furniture, dead flowers in a succession of tall, tarnished silver vases, and thick ashtrays of amber-colored glass on metal stands. In one he had seen an ancient cigar butt. The bear suddenly bolted, knocking a horse down. He had later watched the bear being passively led on a leash by a policeman along Madison Avenue. The dream had ended confusedly with his two children dancing for him; a friend's mother, who had been dead a year, wearing a man's double-breasted suit and smoking a pipe; his father shouting.

In the morning, when Fielding opened the door of his bungalow, he smelled the ammonic odor of the garden. What he smelled was not the fragrant components of the flowers and plants but growth, as in other gardens one smells decay. Nothing was allowed to die here. As soon as a leaf began to yellow or droop, a flower to wither, a gardener snipped it off and took it away. Sooner than that; the gardeners seemed to anticipate death and worked in advance of it, so they forestalled even age. If a gardener had to step into a flower bed to use his shears, he then swept it clean with a broom, so that the earth never held for long the imprint of the birds or rain. Wasn't it the Eskimos, Fielding asked himself, who put their old people out in the snow, far from the igloos, to die?

Fielding crossed the walk to the outdoor office. Within, barely visible among the shadows and vines, was a man wearing a flashy sports coat. He hardly seemed to be a watchman or to belong to maintenance, but perhaps, Fielding thought, when you went up in that hierarchy this was the way they expected you to dress. But certainly they wouldn't ask someone in the top echelon to sit all day, not even considering all night, in such a damp, exposed place.

"I heard you typing last night," Fielding said.

"Not me," the man said.

"There was someone typing last night," Fielding said. "I'm sure it came from here."

"Did you see him?" the man asked. A breeze moved the vines, and sunlight illuminated his tie for an instant. It was excessively broad and out of fashion, and it was patterned with what looked like giant, warring paramecia.

"No," Fielding said. He now saw a typewriter on the counter.

"Where are you staying?" the man asked.

"Bungalow 11-G," Fielding said.

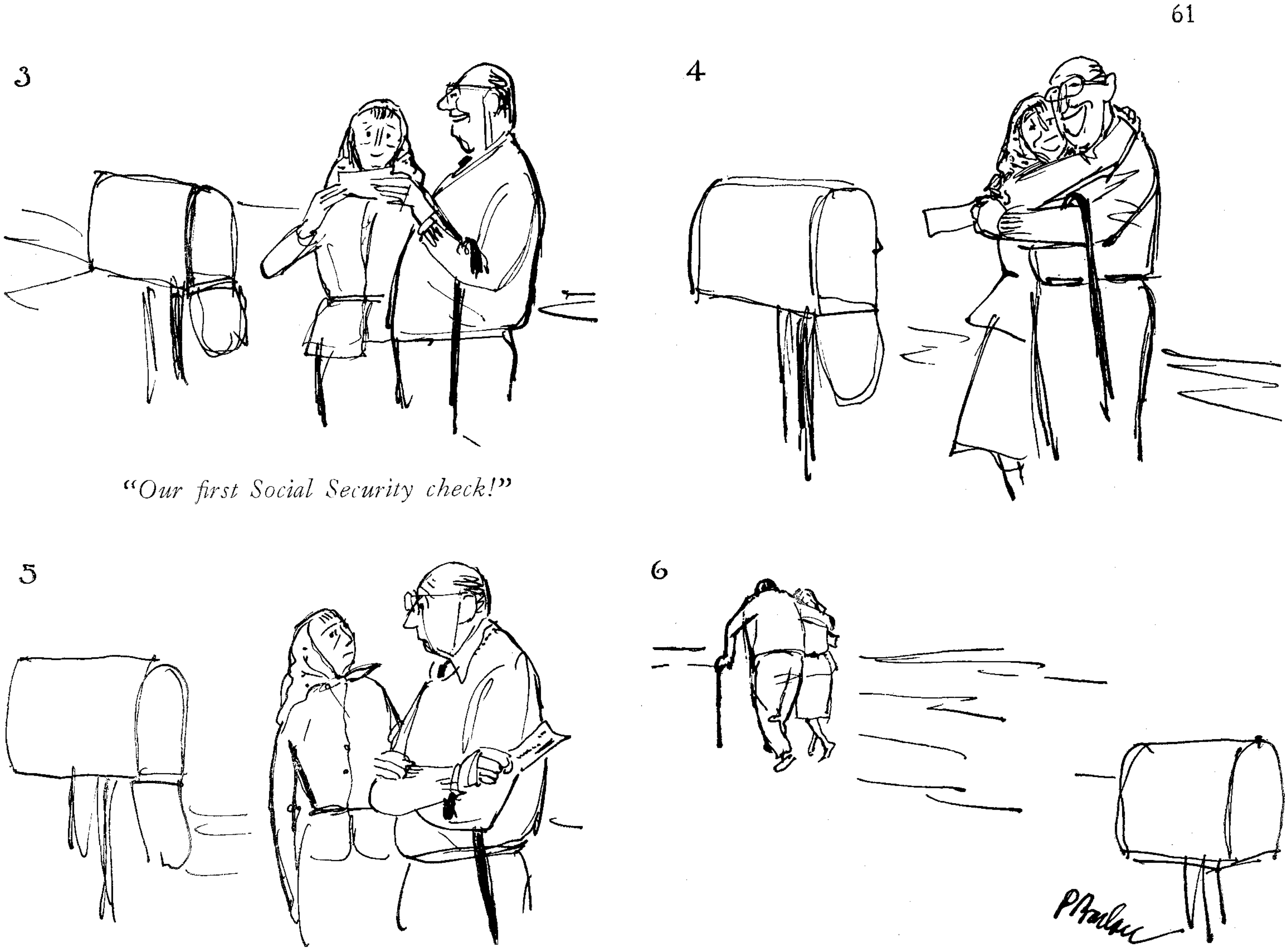
"Really," the man said. "They don't use that one very often. It must have been the fellow comes on nights you heard. We forget anyone stays there from time to time. I'll talk to him if he's disturbing you."

"He's not disturbing me," Fielding said.

"Oh," the man said. "Yes."

After breakfast, Fielding went to the pool and swam raptly back and forth until he had done a half mile. It was a ritual left over from an earlier religion—one he had practiced as a boy. A woman who was wearing many metal bracelets was in the pool with him. Her bracelets tonkled mournfully underwater and made her sound like an old bell cow. As he swam, Fielding thought he heard himself being repeatedly paged over the public-address system, but when he lifted his head out of the water it was either someone else whom they were summoning or, even more frequently, no one at all, and Fielding pondered the tricks, alarms, and ambiguities of the sea. He recalled swimming once in a clear tropical lagoon and fleeing, panic-stricken, at the approach of an ascending procession of white, globular jellyfish. Much later, he realized, but not entirely with relief, that what they were in fact was great bubbles created by his hands moving through the water. When he had finished swimming, an old, ponderous man lowered himself into the shallow end of the pool as if his body and age were burdens and began vigorously walking in circles, splashing himself with cupped hands and snorting. He told Fielding it was a water-pressure exercise and very salutary. Fielding lay back on a chaise longue and listened to the old man and the Muzak that was piped into the cabañas. He felt uneasy, debilitated, and clumsy. If the world ends violently, Fielding thought, there will still remain the tinny strains of Muzak and great cones, like slag heaps, of rusted razor blades that have been dropped down slots in medicine cabinets.

That evening, his second in Los Angeles, Fielding made up his mind to go out. He was restive, and wanted company; Fielding had learned long ago that what he was truly was a social hermit. But it rained heavily, the hotel driveway was jammed, and the doorman told him it would be hopeless to try to get a cab. He therefore ate alone in one of the hotel's majestic dining rooms. He was the only solitary diner. A strolling trio consisting of a violin, an accordion, and a bass played Strauss waltzes and tunes from "My Fair Lady." The food was wheeled to the tables on carts, where it was warmed over Sterno or theatrical-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"Our first Social Security check!"
4
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ly flamed. Fielding noticed the sweating, apprehensive waiters; the windups and flourishes of the captains as they presented a piece of sole or dashed armagnac into a saucepan; asparagus whizzing off plates onto the carpet; Cornish hens bounding under tables; hissed orders and reprimands; reverently kneeling busboys anxiously cleaning up among the diners' feet; the gay, undaunted smile of the bassist as he lugged his instrument between the tables; the purpling faces of the captains, who struggled to maintain an image of innocence in the perilous dining room. It was a scene of agitation and fury, but largely pantomimic. The few words the staff spoke were inaudible in the general roar of dinner conversation and the brave music—Fielding was reminded of the Titanic going down—of the trio. Fielding realized he was the only spectator, the only auditor. The diners were too busy shouting at one another, hitting and missing with their utensils, gobbling as though it were their last meal; the staff was too frantic to be aware of anything save the next swift and chancy movement. He felt he was witness to something that wasn't supposed to be seen, something, in fact, that no one ever saw in its panoramic entirety, like Hell. It became unbearable to attend; it was too charged with the portents of calamity. The dining room appeared to teeter on the brink of a holocaust. Why had *he* been selected to have this backstage view of the dinning, haphazard forces of history? After signing his check, Fielding ran through the rain to his bungalow and lay in bed listening to the soothing and monstrous dripping in the garden.

When Fielding had graduated from college, he went alone on a treacherous pilgrimage to Europe. He recalled now, listening to the rain, imagining it soundlessly joining the Pacific, a room he had stayed in at a second-class hotel in Florence. The hotel fronted on the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, where Fielding had once stood, late at night, watching a votive figure crouched over the trolley tracks in violet light, repairing them with an acetylene torch. The window of Fielding's room looked out on a narrow air shaft. Sometimes, when he awoke there, he thought it was raining—it never was—because there was a bathroom a half flight up the air shaft and the water in the pipes sounded like rain. Two button switches descended from wires down his headboard. One was for the electric light, the other summoned the maid. The first evening he was in Florence, Fielding intended to turn off the light but pushed the wrong button—they were indistinguishable—and then quickly pushed the other as he heard a bell clanging in the corridor like a fire alarm. He lay in panic upon his broad bed, awaiting the maid. When she knocked, he let her in, grinned foolishly in his embarrassment, gestured and shrugged at the two buttons. The maid smiled, said something he couldn't understand, and left. The following night, when Fielding was ready for bed, he started to turn off the light but realized he had forgotten which was the proper button. He looked up at the twisted wires, joined in part by ravelling friction tape, and, rather than take the risk of pushing the wrong button, went to sleep with the light on. In the morning, when he left the room, it was still burning. When he returned that night, it had been turned off. He undressed in the dark. From then on, he went to sleep in darkness and awoke in darkness. He forced himself, out of self-pity and devotion, to like his room, as a prisoner comes to endure the meanness of his cell for its minor, sour privacy in a life doomed to publicity. He returned to the room at night with affection, to grope for the sink and the towel, to undress and find the bed and sleep. It became his citadel in an alien continent, in a desolate and frightened life. On the ship home, Fielding saw a sea turtle sucked into the screws, presumably to be torn to bits. When he landed, he became engaged to the girl he subsequently married. Fielding often tried to figure out why he had got married. Fear was the most frequent answer. "Fear of what?" he then inquired of himself, and was unable to reply.

BEFORE DAWN

(To Old Friends)

Flippantly,
In the cinemas past sleep,
Their faces bloat—moons
On this skyline of wakefulness—
But they never speak. No need.
I've had the script
Before.

Let the brittle leaves
Scratching by below
Keep up the exquisite
Harmony.

My Lord, if I
Yield now at last,
Pray, turn to the soul—
As old men afraid
With sickness turn
To the Almighty's
Safety kit in terror
Of their sixtieth year—

Then let me be
Content with what will be,
And sleep. . . .

But the leaves left over
Scratch with claws at graves
Where rain and weeds
Would have surely made
Good earth, I thought. . . .

Did I wake them,
The whole set, to settle
Our old scores, and suffer
Their silence: Monica
And Mary, her mother, or Harry,
Or Jill, and Jill's brother?
As she of Carthage
In the shades below
Turns from a barren land,
Each turns from me,
Who flung firebrands
Into our granaries
Days without end.

But try, perhaps try
To take it to the Lord in prayer—
Miscreant in a whited sepulchre
With old men suddenly
Chewing our sins
Thick as rhinoceros skins,
In dead, repentant air.

Or better, have it out
In a weather, perhaps, of friends—
(God save this rout of leaves
Cascading up the drive!)
Sleep again, or wake all over
With an old incurable
Abscess of thought.
No knife, no surgeon
To cut it off.

Oh, I'll have it out
Now with all of them!
Have it out, fool!
Make their mouths
Talk, smile, wince,
As you did once—
Over and over again.

—Horace Hamilton

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THE third night that Fielding was in Los Angeles, he took a cab to a bar in Santa Monica. He had been there before on another visit to the Coast; he had designed a high-rise apartment building on Wilshire Boulevard. As he drank, he could smell the dark comforts and covenants of the sea through the screen door. It was as though the screen had strained out the terror of deep places, of monsters with bad eyesight that would suddenly bump into you in their devious cruises. Before closing, Fielding picked up a girl—he later realized that they had picked each other up out of habit, duty, and the gravitation of refugees. He had laboriously related his grievances against his wife and told the girl seriously of his ambition to go to Lisbon and promenade at evening; she had told him about her husband, who had abruptly left her to surf at Sunset Beach in Oahu. She took Fielding home to her apartment in El Segundo in a decrepit Fiat she called "my junk." Her surfboard was lashed above, her sleeping bag rolled up in back. She was a rough-water swimmer, and showed him the gilded trophies on marbled plastic bases she had won. They had a pushup contest, and she defeated him. He had gone first, and then watched her with love and amazement, her plentiful dark hair falling forward, hiding her face, already as anonymous as the faces of the girls of the lawns and lofts of his youth—this strapping creature, her suddenly great, bare arms pushing herself off the terrazzo over and over again, her breathing regular, powerful, and stimulating. She was naked, and her body dazzled with sweat. He sat in his blue oxford undershorts, bewildered and as much in love with this marvel as he had been with the enchanted woman who had once stood at a third-story window and, without a gesture, beckoned to him across the years and miles. Saddened by time's rejections, Fielding told the rough-water swimmer of his all-time personal pushup record—seventy-six—that he had set on the tiled floor of the communal bathroom of the Pensione Robert's in Capri one flushed evening when the island appeared to be so insubstantial it might have been suspended from the swallows that flew above it. Although the accumulated debris of subsequent days and nights had diminished the prominence of this solitary feat, building up about it the way the floor of a rain forest imperceptibly rises with its accretive load over the centuries, it still remained in Fielding's eyes the column that memorialized his progress. Lightheaded and exultant from his exertions on the bathroom floor, its tiles as cold, smooth, and shining as he imagined the surface of a glacier to be, Fielding had felt the floor of Robert's sliding slowly under him, carrying him—an exalted burden!—through the door he had locked in case a passerby had looked in and thought him engaged in some novel perversion, through the corridor that smelled of wet plaster, through the walls and out onto the steep and shadowed slopes of Capri to a distant, predicted, but unknowable moraine. But the flow and impetus, the feeling that he was being borne along by a glacier or, even, on the shoulders of an acclaiming mob, was only, he now realized, the momentum of his descent. He had crested that evening and begun to go downhill.

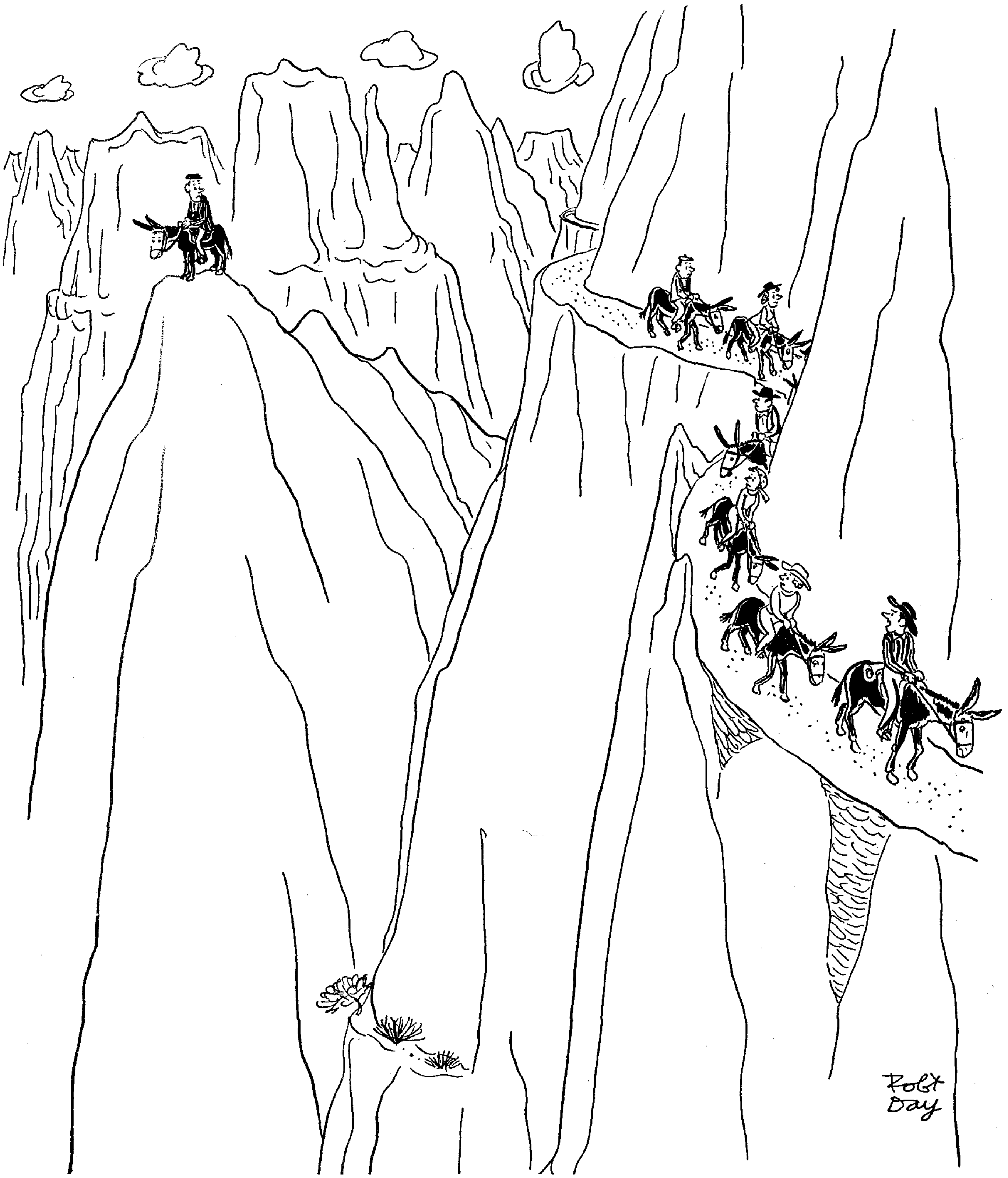
Fielding awoke in the girl's bed screaming "Mommy!" and found that he was slapping himself on his chest and arms. A number of small insects were rapidly crawling over him.

"What's the matter?" the girl asked, awakened by his desperate movements.

"Bugs," he said, in horror.

"Why don't you kill them?" she asked murmurously.

"I can't," he heard himself saying, with such clarity and understanding



“I told you to stay in line!”

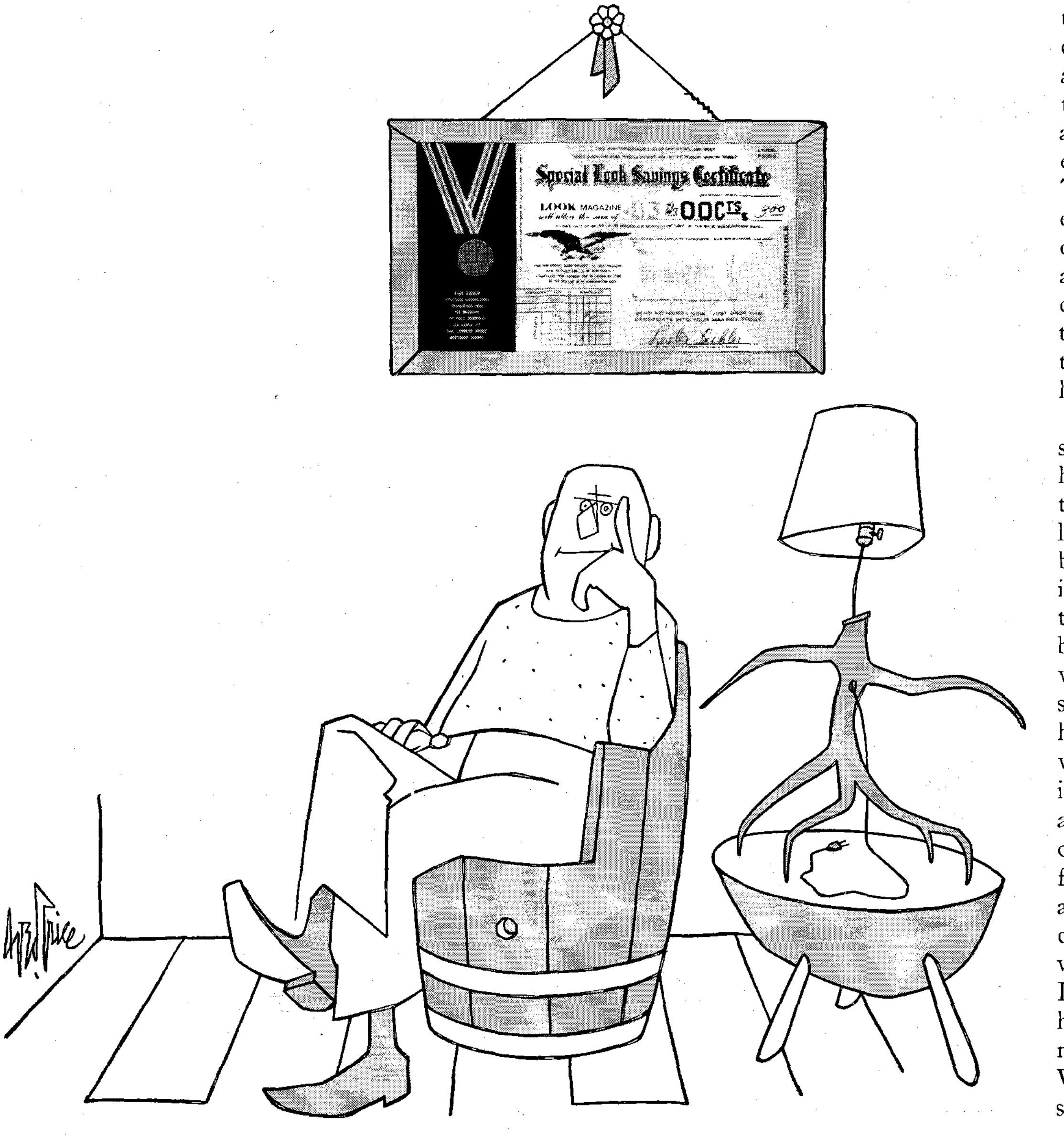
that he felt he was about to cry. “They’re imaginary.”

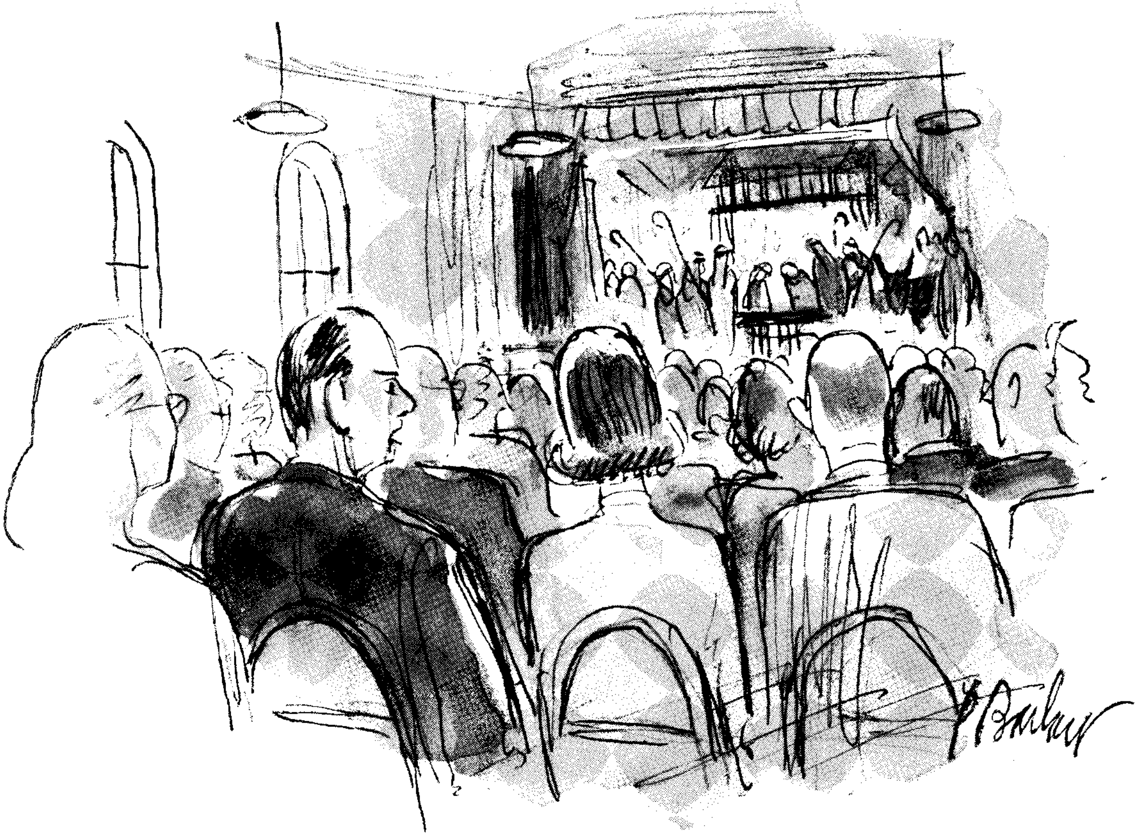
It had happened the year before, too, when he was working on a home in Dallas, the last time he had gone to bed with a stranger. On that occasion, there had been only one insect, large and rather sluggish. A cockroach, he had thought then. His wife had once told him that he could only make love to strangers—fantasy women, that was her phrase. I’ve got to see a neurologist, Fielding thought. He sat, trembling, on the edge of the bed, trying to get his feet into his shoes. His feet seemed too big, or were his shoes too small? He saw the rough-water swimmer’s broad, hard back, surrounded by the tumbled sheets. Innocent and exhausted, she had fallen asleep and was dreaming, Fielding imagined, of the steep waters toward Catalina, of twenty-foot waves at Makaha, of being wiped out in the surf’s rubble. What of his wife’s dreams and visions? While he had been building his boulevard in Lisbon, had she been furnishing a small apartment in Paris? Fielding called a cab. It had started to become light, a bleak, equivocal false dawn, and the trophies—the bent, golden swimmers poised eternally for dives that would never be completed—gathered glints. When he got up, hearing the cab's horn, and was going to the door, he turned and looked back. It seemed as if the girl were floating on the bed on a dark, undisturbed ocean, being carried softly by the prevailing northeasterlies, those gracious, dependable winds of the southern, summer Pacific, to some protected landfall.

During the long cab ride back to the hotel, Fielding mused about an old Nash he had once owned—the children called it the Gray Ghost—that piece by piece, part by part, had deteriorated around him. The brakes had gone one spring night when they were returning to the city from Peekskill, where his wife's father fed the pigs on his ramshackle farm the sweet stalks of sunflowers. This old man lived a hundred yards apart from his wife, surrounded by cases of raspberry soda; colored postcards depicting Pope Pius XII in profile and views of Italian harbors at sunset were thumbtacked about the clouded mirror that hung above his bureau. On the bureau were tinted studio photographs of his six daughters, and a chased-silver hairbrush that had belonged to his father. It was a relic; the old man hadn't had any hair to brush for years. He had been separated from his wife since the winter of 1935, the result, apparently, of an accumulation of arguments. Neither he nor his wife could recall any longer what they had argued about so long ago. Instead, they evolved, over the years, a great lore of mythic, rather melodramatic differences that seemed to suit their purposes and to set them free from any lingering regrets. In the safety of his kitchen the old man would pound on the oilcloth-covered table and say that his wife had been telling people that he had wept when she suggested he sell his pigs, which, she often noted, were depreciating and stinking up the property. "Grandma getting old," he would declaim, and wink so as to include Fielding in his cunning and conspiracy. He generally had dinner in her kitchen every evening, however, bearing before him as he approached, like a lantern in the storm, a bottle of raspberry soda. From where Grandma waited on her porch, screened by her climbing geraniums, she could see the soda irradiated by the light of the setting sun that passed through the bottle. In the winter, the soda cast its color on the snow. It was, Fielding thought, as though the old man had, in a moment of absent passion, blown on his heart like a coal.

The evening the brakes failed, Jimmy, Fielding's son, had wanted to take home from Peekskill a little pig he had named Pinky Puddles. Fielding had told him, in the patient, statesmanlike voice he reserved for such occasions, that it was against the law to keep little pigs—or, for that matter, big pigs—in the city, and Jimmy had cried. A few miles from Peekskill, Pinky Puddles was forgotten and Jimmy and his sister, Emily, were singing rounds in the back seat of the car: "Heigh-ho, nobody at home. Drink nor meat nor money have I none." It had seemed to Fielding that the road to the city was downhill all the way, and he had rushed along it in the dark feeling both dread and exhilaration, without slackening speed or shifting gears. The scent of honeysuckle that entered, almost palpably, the open windows, and the sweet, artless voices of his children, cast a benevolent spell about them all, until the Nash came to a miraculous, providential halt in front of their building.

On Sunday nights in the summer, Fielding would drop his wife and children off at their door and circle restlessly, vagrantly the silent, empty blocks, searching for a parking place. Sometimes it would take him as much as an hour before he found one, and he would become lulled by his slow, circular investigation. In his fatigue, he imagined he was in an eccentric orbit, being carried farther and farther away in increasingly vast circles, growing old and forgetful, at times losing his original, ancient purpose, at others recalling, paroxysmally, his wife waiting in front of the "Late Late Show," the pure faces of his children asleep in the diminished, distant apartment. When he finally found a space, he'd slump over the





“Every year a humble shepherd! Can’t he ever be one of the kings?”

• •

worn wheel, dizzy and depleted from his quest and the effort of parking, and listen to the small, expiring clicks and wheezes of the cooling engine—noises, he thought, that a beetle might make in the grass if you lay down and listened, ear up against shard, to its meticulous progress. Then the depressing miracle would occur. He would hear the steady ticking of the car clock. It was only on these occasions that he was reminded that it worked—one of the few bits of machinery in the Nash that still did, ticking away with some improbable time on its face, as though it had only a casual connection with the disintegrating car. Fielding was not altogether sure that the clock ran all the time—it couldn’t, as he only became aware of it at these late, mysterious hours. The functioning clock filled Fielding with anger and remorse; its perseverance was so pointless, wrong-headed. The Nash was a hopeless cause. It wasn’t fair. It was a reproach; he saw in it what he had seen long ago in the eyes of animals—woodchucks in upland pastures—that he had intended to kill but only wounded.

When Fielding returned to his bungalow, he lay rigidly in bed, waiting for sleep, as though it was an irresistible adversary with whom he was expected to wrestle and always lost. After a while, he heard the typing. It, like the clock, must have been, couldn’t have been, going on all the time. The fellow typed on and on, furiously, pausing only, it seemed, to insert a new page. I know what the bastard’s typing, Fielding suddenly realized, inspired. The bastard’s typing the story of my life.

ARTHUR FIELDING waited until exactly eight on the fourth evening he was in Los Angeles before calling his wife. It would be 11 P.M. in New York and she would be watching John K. M. McCaffery; the children would be sleeping. Their telephone rang many times.

“Hell-o.”

Fielding heard the sullen, uncommitted syllables of one of his two children. For some reason, he thought, children develop a special telephone voice. It is neutral, and more awed than apprehensive, as if they expected some challenging authority to be on the other end of the line—their principal or a white-bearded God whimsically awarding gold stars from his throne.

“Hello,” Fielding said.

“Art-bo,” the child said.

“Jesus Christ,” Fielding said under his breath.

“You’ll have to speak up, old boy,” the child said.

Fielding could never tell Jimmy from Emily at first.

“Where are you calling from, Art-bo?”

“Los Angeles.”

“Working on a house?”

She hadn’t explained his absence. Right? Wrong? What would he have done? “Yes,” Fielding said. Why not, for now?

“That’s logical,” the child said. “It’s a bit chilly in New York, with a slight breeze. Did you know, Art-bo, that birds go south in the autumn and come north in the spring? We learned that at school today. I saw one.”

“One what?” Was it Jimmy?

“One going south.”

“Where’s Ma?” Fielding asked.

“In the medicine cabinet.”

It was Jimmy. That was one of his secret phrases. He would never say where he picked them up or what they meant. Fielding reflected that children have many more secrets than adults do, and keep them, often, forever. No, they lose them when they grow up, not giving them away but forgetting them. What secrets had Fielding mislaid? That one night, through a pair of mother-of-pearl opera glasses with which his mother had once watched Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady, he had spied on a naked lady carefully making her bed across the street? She was wearing glasses and had made, he recalled, hospital corners. He crouched, trembling, in the farthest, darkest corner of his room, as though cornered by his guilt. At moments, as he peered through the opera glasses, his eyes watering, her image becoming unfocussed, it had appeared as though the lady were looking at *him*, with amusement and some scorn. Once, when she disappeared from his field of vision, he imagined that she had gone to the phone to call up his parents, and he waited in dread for the phone to ring, the footfalls as his parents came down the corridor in their robes. At the next opportunity, which was a few nights later, he looked for her, but her windows were dark. The following morning, he saw that her apartment was empty, the familiar bed gone. The floor was lighter where it had stood. She must have moved away, and he felt cheated and bereft.

“Jimmy, where the hell is she?” Fielding said.

“Don’t get flustered,” Jimmy said. “In the Adagio, I told you.”

The Adagio was a neighborhood bar that she had taken him to on one of their first dates. Although they went there often, he could never get accustomed to the name. Affettuoso; why not the Affettuoso? At times when, for one reason or another, he had failed to make love to his wife when she expected him to, she would get up, dress, and go down to the Adagio. It had preceded him. It was her home base. She felt safe there. From what? Did he menace her with his indifference? With his egoistic, self-commiserating, tiresome search? He saw, in a fresh moment of horror, the blowfish, the allusive threat of the gay photographer. The hydrangeas had wilted and looked like old foam on a beach; it had been a dry, barren summer in Lisbon. Why was he so grave and cautious, bending enough to believe but never enough to be carried away? She would return from the Adagio while he was sleeping, and in the morning they would look at each other accusingly across the debris of the breakfast table. The fire hadn't gone out. It was banked, banked against some long, unexpected, and improbable winter.

"What's she doing there?" he asked, hoping wildly for an appeasing, miraculous answer. What?

"She's on the bottle," Jimmy said.

"Stop horsing around, kid," Fielding said.

"Give 'em hell, Art-bo," the boy said.

"Jesus Christ," Fielding said.

"Don't swear in front of us kids."

"What you been doing, Jimmy?" Fielding asked.

"We were up at Grandma's. She told Ma I should be baptized."

"What did Ma say?"

"She told Grandma to take me downtown and get me baptized if it made her happy. Emily's saving her allowance to buy a Bible. I think we should all go to church every Sunday and confess."

"Confess?" said Fielding.

Heigh-ho, nobody at home. He couldn't get it out of his head. Confess. What ever happened to Pinky Puddles? Why wasn't she at home when that was where she was supposed to be?

"Emily and me played with rocks," Jimmy said. "And Grandpa let us build things out of wood. Let's move to the country. It's awful in New York. Everywhere you look there's a big thing in front of you. There's a big thing this way and a big thing that way. You're surrounded."

"Where's Emily?" Fielding asked wearily.

"She's sleeping."

"Is Ma really in the Adagio?"

"I told you. I got the number in case there's a forest fire or a tidal wave or something."

"Oh."

"I forgot to take my pill," Jimmy said.

"Your pill?"

"My little lover pill."

"What?"

"Dr. Wacky's Little Lover Pills for Promotion of Love Bug Bites. Do you want to hear the ingredients? Sugar, licorice, gum arabic, flour, artificial color and flavoring, net weight."

"Yes," Fielding said.

"I got to go back to sleep now, Art-bo, so I can watch more birds go south tomorrow. Whyn't you come home and build a middle-income project, so you can look with me? Ma loaned me Grandma Fielding's pearly binoculars. You can see everything up close."

"Yes," said Fielding.

"Bye, Daddy."

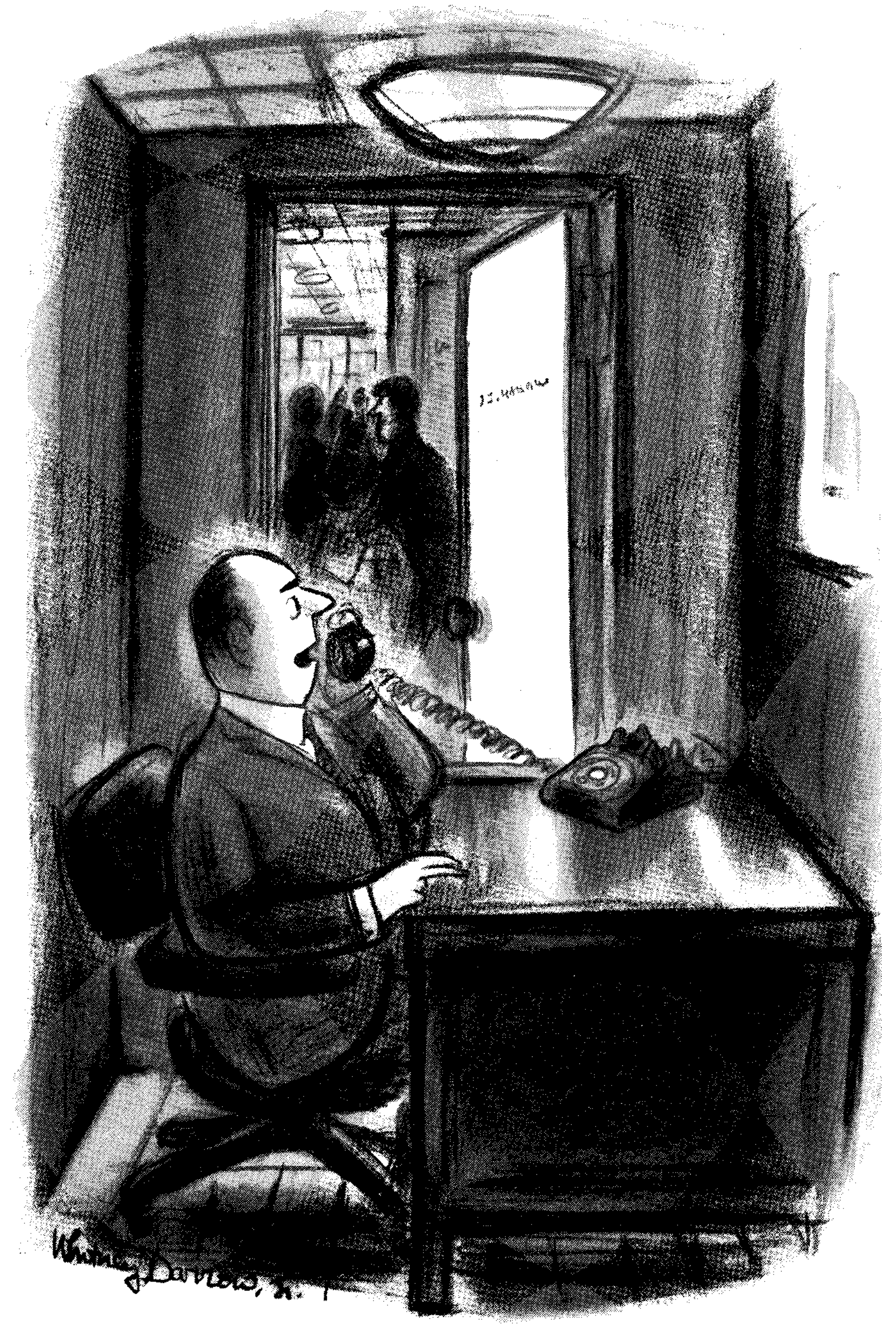
Fielding looked in the phone book, then dialled a number.

"American Airlines. Reservations. Miss Endicott speaking. May I help you?"

Dark hair? Wearing one of those white blouses that button in the back. You can see the brassière through it.

". . . help," Fielding repeated, tonelessly.

—GILBERT ROGIN



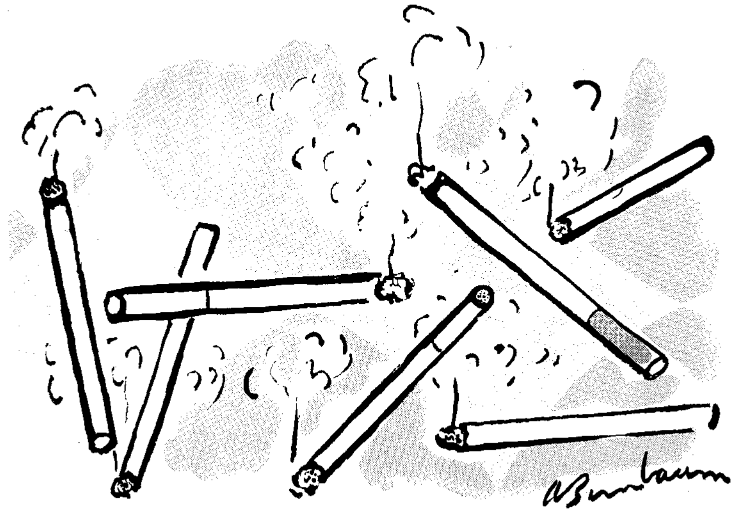
"I've got my new office, Marge, and I'm afraid I'm no longer on the way up."

OUTSTANDING opportunity for cook. Experienced in management. Must be soluble and sober.—*Adv. in the Houston Chronicle.*

You must mean "voluble."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A CLOUD OF SMOKE



WHEN a manufactured product that most consumers accept as useful or pleasurable comes under strong suspicion of being harmful to certain users, a number of acute problems confront the manufacturer. To solve them, he can do one of several things. If he is quite satisfied that his product presents no risk, he can do his best to reassure the public—and, if the sale of his product is subject to official regulation, the government—of its harmlessness. If he recognizes that a risk exists for certain users, he can try to modify his product, in order to render it as harmless as he knows how, or he can warn buyers of the nature of the risk, or he can withdraw the product from the market until its safety is firmly established. Whichever course he follows, the nature of the difficulty before him is not only technical and economic but moral. Such moral dilemmas are recurrent in American industry. At present, one of the most serious of them involves the tobacco business—the oldest industry in the country. During the past decade and a half, a number of medical people have produced an increasing weight of evidence showing that an association exists between people's smoking habits and the incidence of various diseases, including coronary heart disease, chronic bronchitis, emphysema, and lung cancer.

Of all the associations alleged to exist between smoking and disease, none has received more public attention than that between smoking and lung cancer. During the last half century, the annual death rate from all causes in this country has declined, but the death rate from lung cancer, once looked upon as a rare disease, is known to have increased strikingly. Between 1935 and 1962, deaths from lung cancer in the United States rose from four thousand to forty-one thousand, and while some of this increase is accounted for by population growth, the rate, standardized for age, is still about ten times what it was in the mid-thirties. Among men, who are seven times as likely to die of the disease as women, cancer of the lung has come to be the predominant form of fatal cancer in this country.

The extraordinary increase in the lung-cancer death rate first became the subject of intensive investigation among medical people in the late forties, and at that time (as subsequently) a number of possible causes were considered—among them the increase in various kinds of air pollution and the increase in the habit of cigarette smoking. The role of cigarette smoking attracted particular interest because of the rapid growth of the habit since the early part of the century, when most tobacco was smoked in pipes or chewed. Cigarettes became popular during the First World War, and between 1920 and 1948 the annual consumption of them rose from a rate of about seven hundred and fifty for each adult in the population to about twenty-four hundred. In 1949, Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, reporting to the American Cancer Society on trends in cancer mortality, pointed to a strong statistical connection between heavy cigarette smoking and the incidence of lung cancer. Since then, scientific studies have been undertaken in various countries—the most elaborate of them in the United States being conducted by Dr. Hammond and Dr. Daniel Horn, and, in England, by Dr. W. R. Doll and Dr. A. B. Hill—and their principal result has been to implicate cigarette smoking as a factor intimately associated with lung cancer. In 1960, the Board of Directors of the American Cancer Society, having reviewed a number of these studies, gave as its judgment that "the clinical, epidemiological, experimental, chemical, and pathological evidence presented by the many studies reported in recent years indicates beyond reasonable doubt that cigarette smoking is the major cause of the unprecedented increase in lung cancer." In 1962, the Royal College of Physicians, in Britain, issued an extensive review of the subject. It concluded that "cigarette smoking is the most likely cause of the worldwide increase in deaths from lung cancer," and that the habit probably also contributed to the development of coronary heart disease, chronic bronchitis, and lesser diseases. Both societies have asserted that while lung cancer is rare among nonsmokers—and almost nonexistent among nonsmokers in rural areas—it is less rare among cigar and pipe smokers, and its incidence among cigarette smokers varies in direct ratio to the number of cigarettes smoked and the amount of smoke inhaled. And both organizations have concluded that ordinary urban air pollution seems to be a comparatively minor factor in the incidence of lung cancer, although the disease can be induced by prolonged exposure to certain industrial dusts and fumes. According to a summary made by the American Cancer Society earlier this year, the death rate from lung cancer—death certificates being taken at face value—is seven times as great for people who smoke less than half a pack a day as it is for nonsmokers, while for those who smoke two or more packs a day, it is more than twenty times as great.

As a consequence of these and other assertions, which were accompanied by widespread publicity, the American tobacco industry has had to cope with a lot of trouble. The trouble began to be very noticeable in 1953. In that year, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* carried an article by Dr. Alton Ochsner—a physician who had been warning his colleagues for at least seventeen years of a suspicious relationship between smoking and lung cancer—in which he flatly called smoking a principal cause of the disease. Also in that year, an article appeared in *Cancer Research* reporting on the results of a study of the possible carcinogenic effects of tobacco smoke by Dr. Ernest L. Wynder and Dr. Evarts Graham, who concluded that cancer could be induced on the skin of mice by tobacco-tar condensates, and yet another article, entitled "Cancer by the Carton," appeared in *Reader's Digest*. Following this publicity, cigarette sales declined for the first time in twenty-one years. The situation was perturbing enough to induce the major tobacco manufacturing and handling companies to take full-page display ads in the press at the beginning of 1954; these announced that the industry, while it had full confidence that its products were not injurious to health, was "pledging aid and assistance to the research effort into all phases of tobacco use and health," and had set up a Tobacco Industry Research Committee, to be directed by "a scientist of unimpeachable integrity and national repute," which would have available the services of "an Advisory Board of scientists disinterested in the cigarette industry." The scientific director appointed was Dr. Clarence Cook Little, an eminent geneticist and cancer specialist, who was then director of the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory, at Bar Harbor, Maine, and who had formerly been managing director of the American Society for Control of Cancer, the predecessor of the American Cancer Society. Since its formation, the Tobacco Industry Research Committee has spent over six million dollars, contributed by tobacco manufacturers, for the support of research by various medical groups into various aspects of smoking and cancer and other diseases. In the nearly ten years that the committee has been at work, Dr. Little has consistently maintained that the relationship between smoking and health has been insufficiently investigated and is too complex to warrant a conclusion that smoking is a cause of lung cancer or of other diseases; that it remains to be seen whether genetic, hormonal, emotional, or other differences between smokers and nonsmokers—as well as differences in their external environment—afford clues to their differing health risks; and that the cause of lung cancer, as of cancer in general, is still unknown.

Several eminent medical men agree with Dr. Little. However, various governments abroad have considered the weight of the evidence associating cigarette smoking with lung cancer so impressive that they have adopted a policy of discouraging cigarette smoking, especially among younger people. In Britain, where the lung-cancer death rate is even higher than in the United States, the Ministry of Health, acting on a recommendation of the Royal College of Physicians, has been engaging for the past year in an extensive publicity campaign to warn people that cigarette smoking is dangerous to health, and so far about a million posters—a typical one entitled "Before You Smoke, THINK: Cigarettes Cause Lung Cancer"—have been distributed to British schools, clinics, and post offices, and put up in various public places. As a result of the government's approach to the problem, the Independent Television Authority, the group that governs commercial television in Britain, has come to an agreement with British cigarette manufacturers to restrict the showing of cigarette commercials to the hours after 9 P.M., in order to minimize children's exposure to them. In Canada, too, after the Canadian Medical Association issued a report that characterized cigarette smoking as "a grave and extensive health problem," cigarette commercials have been voluntarily restricted to late-evening hours. Various restrictions on cigarette advertising have been put into effect by the governments of West Germany and Denmark, and even the Soviet Union has mounted a poster campaign asserting that smoking is an unhealthy habit. In the United States, the American Medical Association has not yet taken an official stand on the nature of the association between smoking and lung cancer. Nor has the United States government. But in October of last year, largely as a result of a letter sent

"Mr. Bliss, it was really sweet of you to ask me to your Thanksgiving dinner."

Royal Secret

FRAGRANCE

to make your bath pure luxury . . .
your body a scented column of silken smoothness
. . . and your presence a sheer delight!

BATH PERFUME · SPRAY MIST · BATH POWDER
BATH FOAM · SOAP

Royal Secret
BATH PERFUME
Germaine Monteil

Germaine Monteil

to the President jointly by the American Cancer Society, the American Heart Association, the American Public Health Association, and the National Tuberculosis Association asking that a committee be appointed to examine "the social responsibilities" of business and government in protecting the health of the public, the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service announced that he had appointed an Advisory Committee on Smoking and Health to "make a comprehensive review of all available data on smoking and other factors in the environment that may affect health." This review, he said, would be followed by recommendations for action, if necessary. The first phase of the study is now nearly completed, and it is expected to be finished and published before the end of this year.

The American cigarette industry, while it has suffered some hard blows, has by no means been laid low by them. If one were to match the weight of all the unfavorable publicity about smoking against the weight of cigarette advertising campaigns, advertising and smoking would unquestionably triumph. The initial drop in cigarette sales has long since been recovered. Since 1953, the number of cigarettes smoked in this country in a year has risen from three hundred and eighty-seven billion to more than half a trillion. Only part of this increase can be accounted for by the expansion of the population; on an adult per-capita basis, the figures have risen from 3,559 cigarettes in 1953 to 4,005 this year. In England, cigarette sales dipped about four per cent in the year following the Royal College report on smoking, but the drop has since been recovered and the English tobacco manufacturers are now selling more cigarettes than ever. As for the American cigarette industry, its prosperity, whatever its difficulties, is greater than at any other period in its history.

In growing to its present state of affluence, the industry has undergone considerable changes in its patterns of cigarette merchandising over the last few years. The most noticeable changes have been, of course, the introduction of many new brand names and the rise in the popularity of filter cigarettes. Twelve years ago, there were five big brands—Lucky Strike, Camel, Chesterfield, Old Gold, and Philip Morris—which accounted for ninety-five per cent of all cigarette sales in the country. Now fifteen brands account for roughly the same percentage. The large cigarette companies of that day and this—R. J. Reynolds, American Tobacco, Liggett & Myers, Philip Morris, P. Loril-

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Pair Earclips $1500*
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Made in France
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two sectioned trays.
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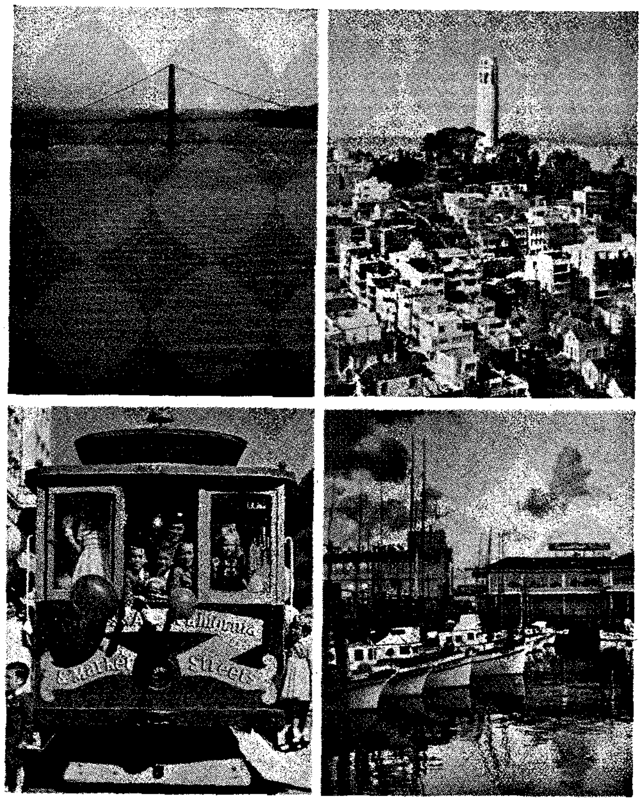

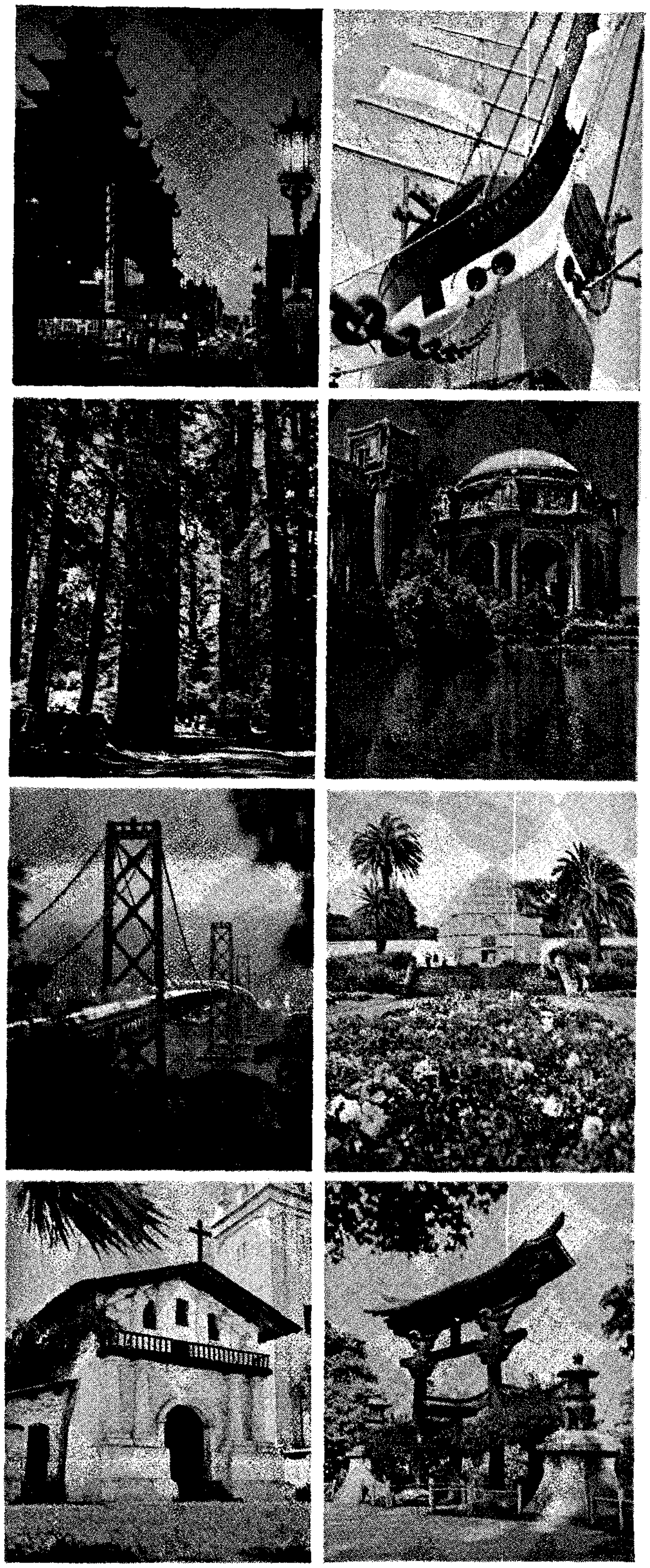

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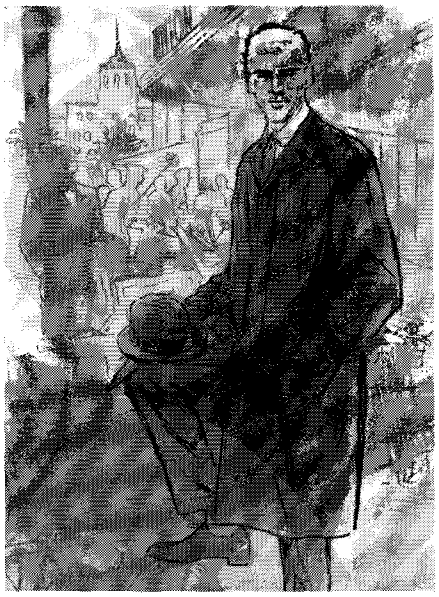
lard, and Brown & Williamson—are now manufacturing fifty-one different brands, in sixty-nine sizes and packages. The familiarity of some brand names, like Philip Morris and Old Gold, has faded in the public consciousness; now the big names include Kent, Winston, Marlboro, and L & M, and nobody can get through an evening of television without encountering showers of commercials for such newer brands as Newport, Salem, Spring, Montclair, Belair, and Alpine. Among these newer brands, the majority are filter cigarettes of one length or another. The filter has perhaps been the principal merchandising device used by tobacco manufacturers in their attempt to reassure smokers about possible health hazards. In the early fifties, filter cigarettes constituted barely one per cent of all cigarettes sold; now they account for almost fifty-five per cent. Presumably, the function of a filter is to trap condensates—including nicotine and the so-called tars—from the smoke of a cigarette. The first filter cigarette to be promoted here in a big way was Kent, which was put on the market, at a premium price, by Lorillard, the makers of Old Gold, in 1952. At the time, the only other filter cigarettes were Brown & Williamson's Viceroy, which had a crêpe-paper filter, and Benson & Hedges' Parliament, which had a filter packed with a tuft of cotton. Lorillard, which had been failing with Old Gold and needed something new, introduced Kent with a great fanfare over its "exclusive Micronite filter," made of stuff that had been "developed by researchers in atomic-energy plants." In 1953, when the question of smoking and health had become a matter of general public discussion, the prospects for Kent, helped along by hygienic-sounding advertising about the material in the Micronite filter ("so safe, so pure, it's used to filter the air in leading hospitals"), looked promising to its makers. But Kent sales slumped not long thereafter, partly because many smokers found it so hard to draw smoke through the filter that they scarcely had the sensation of smoking at all. Nevertheless, Lorillard's competitors were all hard at work on filter cigarettes of their own. Brown & Williamson put new infusions of advertising money into promoting its Viceroy. Philip Morris not only bought out Benson & Hedges in order to get the cotton-filtered Parliament but proceeded to develop a filter cigarette of its own from one of its old properties, Marlboro. Reynolds, the makers of Camel, came along with Winston. American Tobacco, which already had

Make him happy
Christmas Day.
Keep him happy every day.

YOUR ALLIGATOR GOES WITH YOU EVERYWHERE


Alligator Gold Label—America's most wanted gabardine—fine all wool worsted in your favorite styles and colors—$45.75. With zip-in all wool warmer—$58.75.

Alligator Stormwind®—most outstanding value in finely woven cotton poplin. Handsome styling—smart colors. With zip-in luxurious acrylic pile warmer—$28.50.

Alligator Samthur®—extra fine cotton gabardine—smart new styling, good looking colors—$20.95. Also models with zip-in luxurious acrylic pile warmer slightly higher.

Alligator Galetone®—finest imported yarn dyed cottons in plain and fancy weaves and smart woven patterns. Many smart styles and colors—$29.95. Slightly higher with zip-in warmers.

Other Alligator coats in a wide choice of fine fabrics, smart styles and colors
$11.95 to $71.75 at better stores everywhere.

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THE BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR
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suddenly new, infinitely alluring in Ole Borden's skimmy cotton lace dress with its own slip lined with rayon® sibonne. Black or red, 6 to 16. In the Town Shop—50.00

At all Lord & Taylor stores

the cork-tipped, king-size Herbert Tareyton, now dressed it up with a "new Selective Filter," featuring "an entirely new concept in cigarette filtration—a filter tip of purified cellulose, incorporating *Activated Charcoal*, a filtering substance world famous as a purifying agent." Liggett & Myers put out L & M, with a "Pure White Miracle Tip of Alpha-Cellulose" ("Just what the doctor ordered"). By 1955, the filter boom was on in earnest, with each tobacco company striving to outdo the others in claims for the efficiency of its particular filters. It was the beginning of an era known in the business as the Tar Derby. The boom was a great gift to the industry in that it counteracted many of the injurious effects that publicity about smoking and health had been having on sales. It was also a gift to the industry in that while most of the manufacturers charged premium prices for filter cigarettes, the filters actually cost less to produce than the tobacco they displaced. The filters used in some brands were capable of reducing, to some extent, the amount of tar and nicotine normally inhaled per cigarette, but the ones used in several other brands, in spite of their loudly proclaimed merits, weren't. According to Dr. Hammond, some of the filters actually strained out less tar and nicotine than the tobacco they displaced would have done. Furthermore, as time went on, most of the tobacco manufacturers compensated for the filter's reduction of flavor by packing their cigarettes with stronger-flavored grades of tobacco, some of which had a higher tar and nicotine content than before. Also, as time went on, they added, for reasons of economy, "reconstituted" or "homogenized" material, including tobacco remnants that in less efficient days would have been discarded. And, in order to let the customer know that he was indeed smoking a cigarette, several of the manufacturers began loosening up their filters. The net result of such changes was that smokers who switched from regular cigarettes to filters in the belief that they were reducing the risk to their health were sometimes exposing themselves to greater amounts of tar and nicotine than ever. (To take a couple of examples derived from a report published in 1958 by a congressional investigating committee and based on laboratory tests conducted by Consumers Union: A smoker of Lorillard's Old Gold who in 1953 switched to Lorillard's Kent in order to cut down on tar and nicotine would have accomplished his aim in that year, but by 1957, if he was still smoking Kent, he would have been inhaling, through the atomic-

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All the qualities that have made Van Cleef & Arpels world-famous are found in our Boutique jewels.

Daisy ensemble, with delicately ribbed petals of gold and diamonds. Clip . . . $695. Earclips . . . $750.

Winking owl, with gold feathers and perch, emerald eye and diamond eyelids . . . $375.

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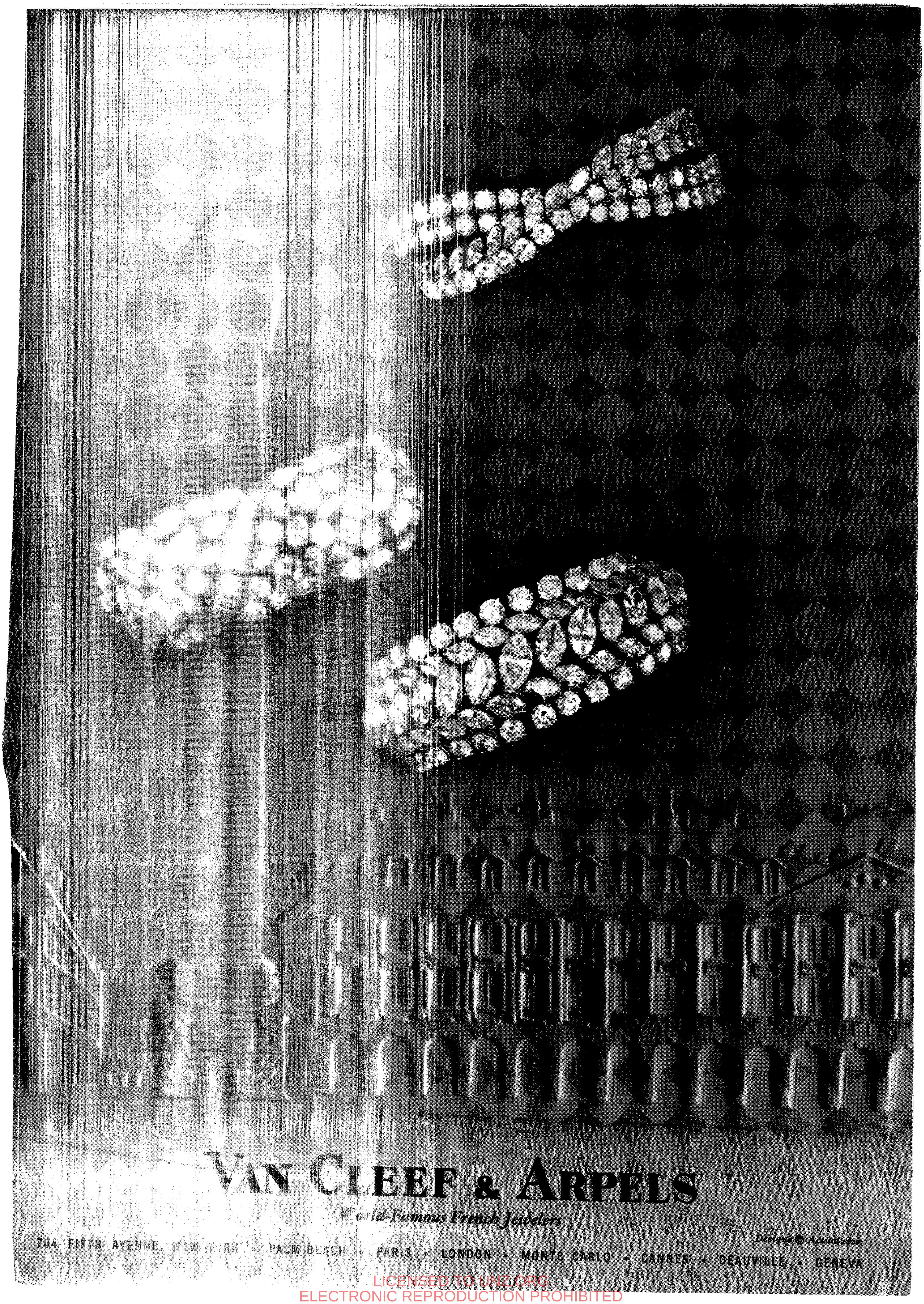

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World-Famous French Jewelers

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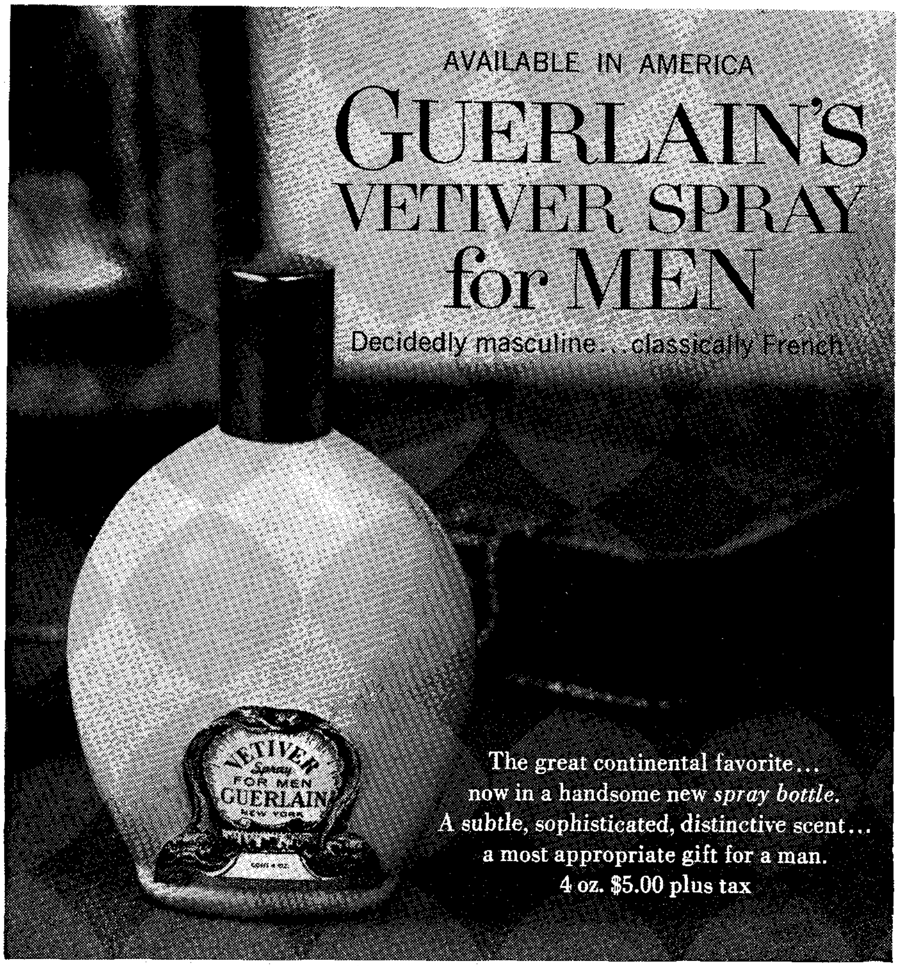
744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • PALM BEACH • PARIS • LONDON • MONTE CARLO • CANNES • DEAUVILLE • GENEVA

age Micronite filter, six per cent more tar and twenty-six per cent more nicotine per cigarette than he had inhaled when he smoked Old Gold in 1953; in the intervening years, Lorillard, to increase sales of Kent, had loosened the Micronite filter. Again, if a 1955 smoker of Reynolds' Camel switched to the same company's Winston, he would have found that in 1957 he was taking in sixteen per cent more nicotine and twenty-three per cent more tar than he had been with Camel. Of course, it might be argued that a Winston, being king-size and considerably longer than a Camel, would contain more tobacco, and hence more nicotine and tar, but in 1956 the president of Reynolds conceded to a Senate-House committee that a Winston actually contained eight per cent less tobacco than a Camel. In any case, it should be added that today the tar-and-nicotine content of all cigarettes—filtered and unfiltered—has been markedly lowered.)

The furious Tar Derby reached its climax in 1960, when the Federal Trade Commission, which hitherto had had little success in trying to get the tobacco manufacturers to moderate their claims for filter cigarettes, put its foot down and announced that no more tar-and-nicotine claims would be permitted in cigarette advertising, and that the tobacco companies had made a "voluntary" agreement to this effect. Since that time, cigarette advertising has carried on without making specific, as distinct from implied, claims about the effectiveness of filters. Nowadays, most of the overt claims made about the advantages of particular cigarettes revolve around considerations that are entirely subjective and beyond the reach of measure—considerations of "taste," "flavor," "mildness," and the like. Yet the issue of health seems to underlie cigarette advertising as strongly today as it ever did during the Tar Derby. In their glow of supreme physical well-being, the models in the cigarette ads—whether the man and the girl snuggling up to each other on the deck of a yacht and lighting up each other's Tareytons ("The Tareyton ring marks the real thing") or the champion water skier celebrating an exhibition of his skill by puffing away at a Camel ("Every inch a real smoke")—certainly seem to be living refutations of any theory that smoking might have something unhealthy about it. In the last few years, smoking—and romance between smoking couples—seems to have moved outdoors from more stuffy surroundings. This impression is reinforced by the ads



AVAILABLE IN AMERICA
GUERLAIN'S
VETIVER SPRAY
for MEN
Decidedly masculine... classically French
The great continental favorite...
now in a handsome new *spray bottle.*
A subtle, sophisticated, distinctive scent...
a most appropriate gift for a man.
4 oz. $5.00 plus tax

THE IMPERIAL is the finest expression of Florsheim quality materials and workmanship... for the man who never settles for less than the very finest.

FLORSHEIM

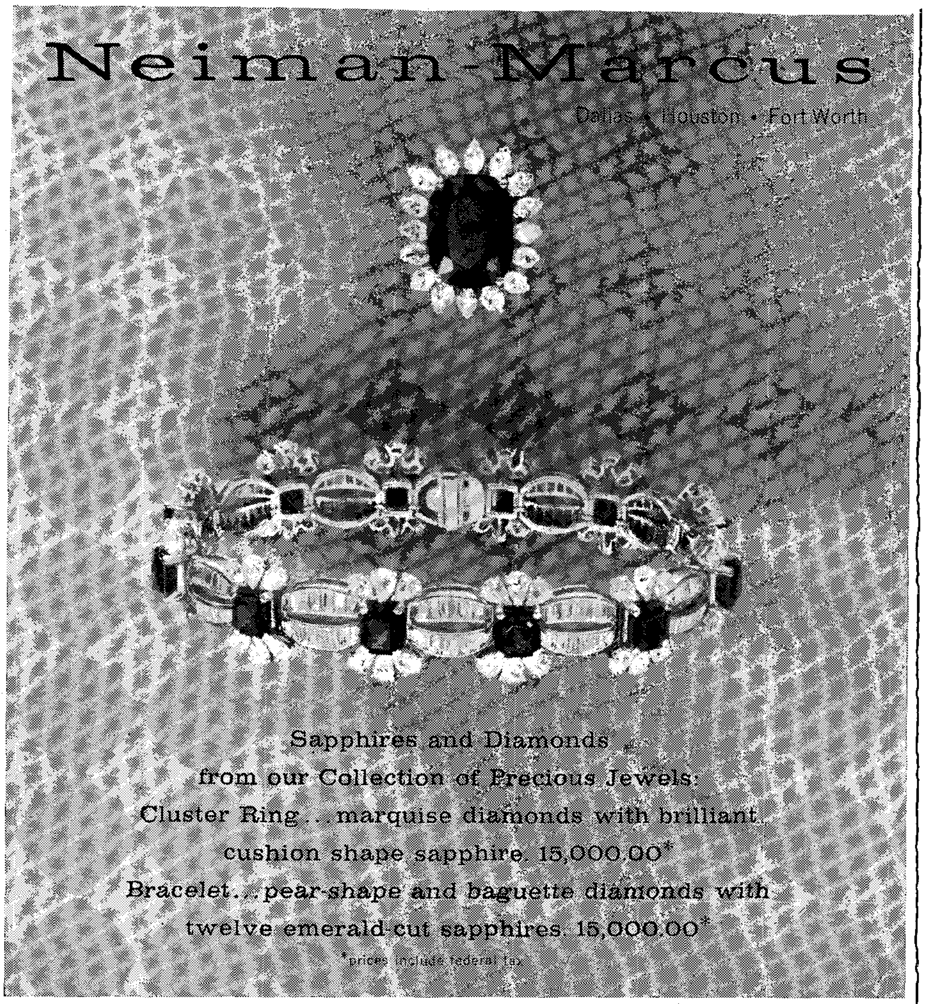
The SUMMIT, 92613, hand sewn run-around wall pattern, three-eyelet blucher in black calf, $32.95.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

SWEATERS & SOCKS
MADE IN ENGLAND

Byford

NEW YORK 350 FIFTH AVENUE **LONDON** 18, BOLTON STREET, W. 1


Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

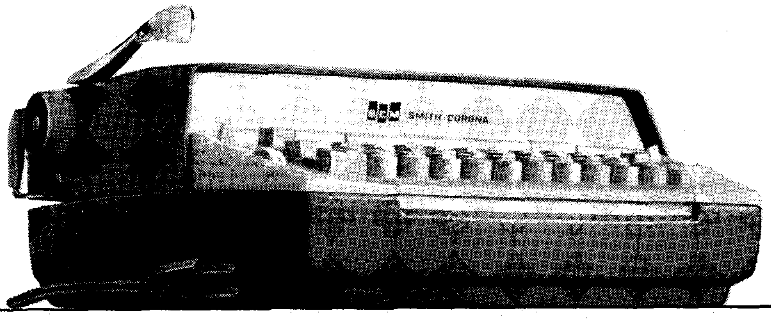
Sapphires and Diamonds
from our Collection of Precious Jewels:
Cluster Ring . . . marquise diamonds with brilliant
cushion shape sapphire. 15,000.00*
Bracelet . . . pear-shape and baguette diamonds with
twelve emerald-cut sapphires. 15,000.00*
*prices include federal tax

JUNGLE GARDENIA
Favorite fragrance of the world's most beautiful woman!
JUNGLE GARDENIA
TUVACHÉ
Spray Mist $5.00
Perfume
$3.00, $8.00, $15.00
Skin Perfume
$3.50, $6.00, $9.00
TUVACHÉ
RARE PERFUMES
730 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

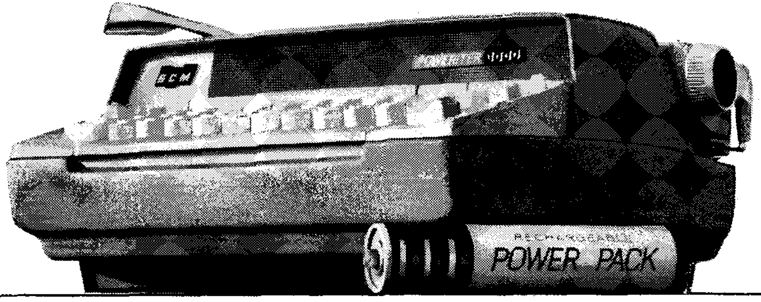
for menthol-flavored cigarettes. Since 1957 or so, menthol cigarettes have become the fastest-growing segment of the business. They have been promoted for their "cool" or "fresh" taste, and the millions of smokers who have switched to them—partly, perhaps, in the understandable, if mistaken, belief that their smoke is somehow cleaner than that of other cigarettes—may have had this belief strengthened by gazing at some of the countless television commercials and four-color ads showing couples plunging in and out of the surf on Caribbean-looking shores ("Newport smokes fresher") or dallying by waterfalls or covered bridges surrounded by delicate greenery ("It's springtime every time you light up a Salem!"). And as the cigarette-ad models seem to have taken en masse to fresh air (in some commercials air itself seems to have become almost a commodity—as in Salem's claim that "Salem's high-porosity paper air-softens every puff"), so do they seem to have acquired the habit of inhaling. Fifteen years ago, when network television was just getting started and visual cigarette advertising was pretty much confined to the printed media, tobacco ads did not even go as far as to show the models in the act of smoking, let alone inhaling; the cigarettes were merely held near the mouth. In the early television commercials, some of the girl models, while they were smokers, all right, didn't really inhale and weren't required to blow much smoke around. Now the tobacco companies require as a matter of course that models be able to inhale properly, and even the youngest-looking of the girls seem to be able to do so pretty deeply. (Dr. Hammond, in an article surveying a number of studies on smoking and health: "In relation to total death rates, the degree of inhalation is as important, perhaps more important, than the amount of smoking.") While specific claims about the value of filters in dissipating the effects of inhaling may be taboo, the filters themselves are very much in evidence in cigarette ads and commercials. Whatever uneasiness about his habit may lie in the mind of a smoker, he can always look to the ads for some kind of reassurance, and no doubt somewhere he can find it. A Parliament smoker, for example, might take comfort in hearing and seeing in commercial after commercial that "Parliament gives you Extra Margin." He can have little doubt that the Extra Margin is essentially one of safety, even though the word "safety" is never mentioned; Parliament commercials with the "Extra Margin" theme are keyed to activities that involve physical danger, such

Most people think portables are pretty much alike... until they ask to see an electric

They'll see the Smith-Corona Coronet, the world's first electric portable.



Or they'll see the Smith-Corona Poweriter. It goes Coronet one better, has portable electricity!



THAT'S ALL! SORRY! NEIN! NON ESISTE!
(That is, no other American or European manufacturer makes an electric portable.)

Smith-Corona's patented key action let us put electricity to work in portables. And you'll be amazed what electricity does for your typing. You won't have to pound. Electricity does the work. You can underline a whole row just by holding down the underline key. Electricity also repeats dots, dashes, spaces and the letter "X." Automatically! Even hunt-and-peck typing looks expert, because electricity strikes each letter with the same stroke. You can enjoy electric typing with the Smith-Corona Coronet for only a few dollars more than a good manual. Or you might prefer the new Poweriter. It types electrically anywhere...without a cord on its rechargeable energy cell or plugged into any outlet (110 volts AC). Like all American-made Smith-Coronas, both Poweriter and Coronet are built to last. No wonder Smith-Corona portable parts are guaranteed 5 years.

GUARANTEE: Any Smith-Corona branch office or dealer will replace without charge (except for labor and shipping) any part that proves defective within 5 years of purchase date. No labor charge within 90 days of purchase. Warranty covers all parts except motor, rubber parts, energy cell, charger, or damage from accident or misuse, and extends only to original purchaser when Warranty Card is mailed within 10 days of purchase.

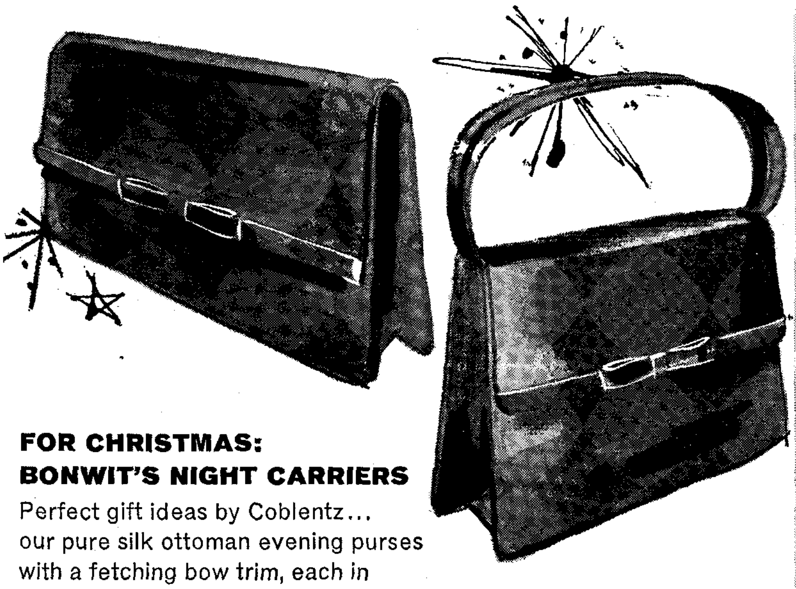
SCM CORPORATION, 410 PARK AVE., N. Y. 22, N. Y. SCM®

SMITH-CORONA® PORTABLES

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

BONNIE LASSIE
Our long dinner skirt
of all wool plaid.
White or red background
with blue, red and black crossbars.
Sizes 8-14 **25.00**
White silk blouse: **17.00**
(PLEASE ADD 75c FOR SHIPPING)

545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

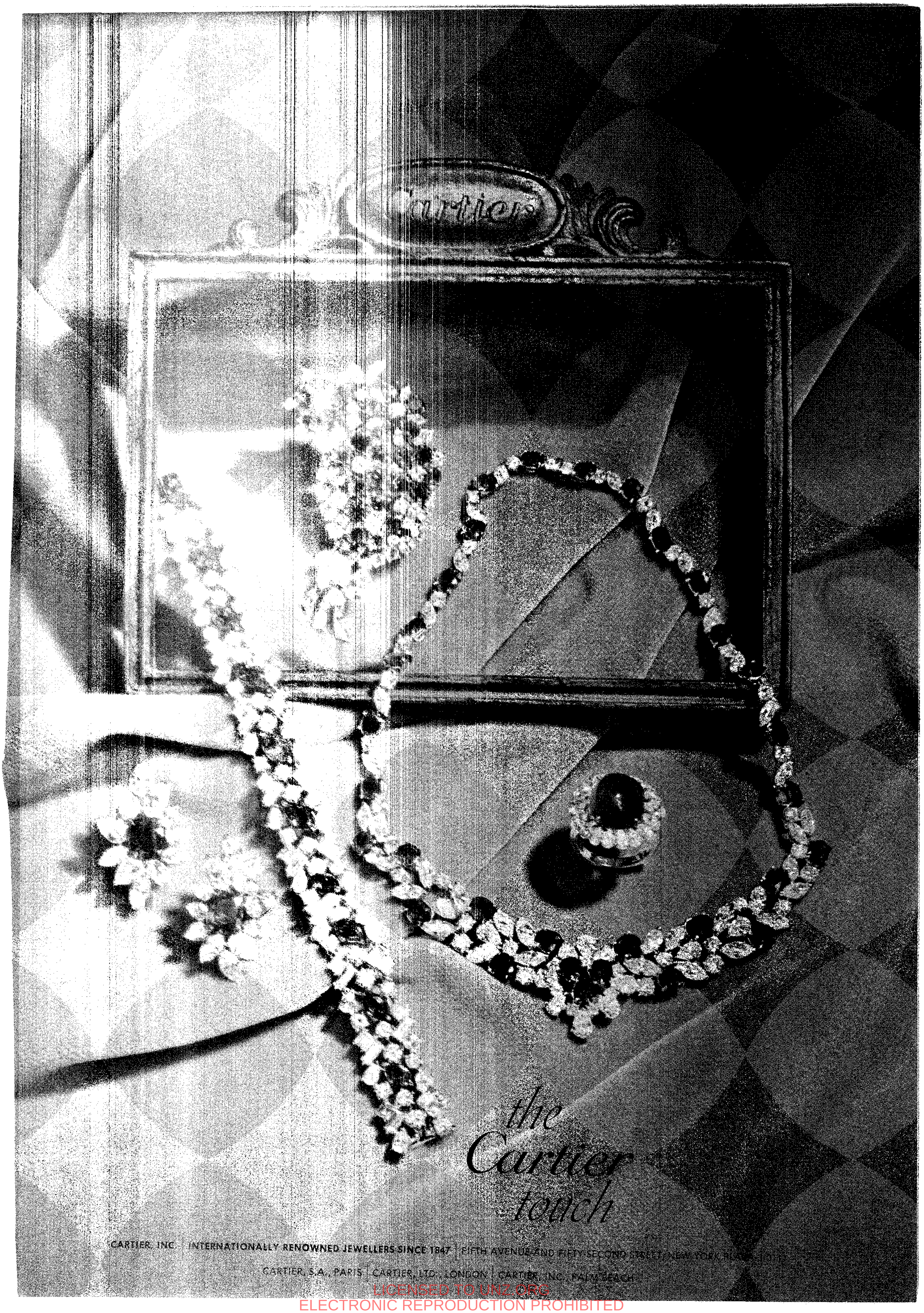


FOR CHRISTMAS:
BONWIT'S NIGHT CARRIERS
Perfect gift ideas by Coblentz...
our pure silk ottoman evening purses
with a fetching bow trim, each in
black or navy. Double Handle,
8¼" x 6¼", 23.00 Clutch, 9" x 5¼", 21.00
Prices plus fed. tax.
Mail and phone orders.
Handbags
Fifth Ave. at 56th Street, New York
Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

BONWIT TELLER

as speedboat racing, parachute jumping, bobsledding, and ice hockey, and the viewer is led to equate the cigarette with such safety devices as protective goggles, crash helmets, and life preservers. However, if Parliament with its recessed filter is indeed something like a life preserver, Parliament advertising is silent on the nature of any danger that the smoker is being preserved against. That issue is clouded in smoke, perhaps very like the smoke called for in a recent "story board," or illustrated script for a proposed Parliament commercial. A boy and a girl, looking happy and secure with the Extra Margins of seat belts and Parliaments, are jolting along in a jeep over sand dunes: "THEY LAUGH AS THEY SMOKE. CUT TO HER REACTING: LAUGHS AS SHE TAKES IN DEEP, DELICIOUS DRAG ON CIGARETTE. STAY ON HER AS SHE REMOVES CIG... LOOKS AT FILTER WITH QUIET APPROVAL. CUT TO HIM FAST. HE BLOWS OUT SMOKE SO YOU KNOW HE THINKS PARLIAMENTS ARE GREAT."

THE scale on which cigarette advertising is conducted is enormous and is expanding steadily. During the last ten years, the tobacco companies have increased their annual expenditures on television commercials from forty million dollars in 1957 to about a hundred and fifteen million dollars last year, and as the number of brands on the market has increased, so has the competition between them—a struggle in which battalions of water skiers, airplane pilots, and speedboat racers are deployed to overwhelm the opposition and assure the fidelity of the public to a particular brand. A good deal of earnest conferring among the strategists of the tobacco wars involves considerations of "brand loyalty" and "brand image." The creation of a brand image involves the manufacture and assembly of prepackaged elements of a sort of daydream—a set of visual and aural associations that will be launched from Madison Avenue into the minds of scores of millions of actual and potential smokers, there to be kept orbiting incessantly around the periphery of consciousness. "Tremendous loyalties are built up for a product as personal as a cigarette," the vice-president of an advertising agency in charge of a big cigarette account says. "The food a man eats, the toothpaste he uses, the socks he wears are all pretty personal matters to him, but none of these things tend to be as personal to him as the cigarette he smokes. It attaches a tremendous personal significance. He has it on display all day long. He has it on


Cartier
the Cartier touch

CARTIER, INC. | INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED JEWELLERS SINCE 1847 | FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY SECOND STREET, NEW YORK

CARTIER, S.A., PARIS | CARTIER, LTD., LONDON | CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH

L'Air du Temps the romantic perfume by Nina Ricci, paris

L'Air du Temps Perfume, made and sealed in France. 85.00 to 10.50. Shown: Crystal bird bottle by Lalique. Eau de Toilette, Sprays, Dusting Powder, 20.00 to 6.00. Plus tax.

his person. He has it in his mouth. He draws its smoke into his lungs. It is safe to say that many cigarettes have a satisfactory taste, but the principal thing is the personal identification with the brand."

A good example of the creation of a brand image occurred in the promotion of Philip Morris's Marlboro filter cigarette. It was introduced into the cigarette market on a national scale in 1955, when the filter boom was just getting under way. At that time, the use of filter cigarettes was still associated to a considerable extent with women. Furthermore, Marlboro itself, up to then, had been a woman's cigarette, available with either an ivory or a ruby tip, but no filter. When the Philip Morris people decided to go into the filter business, they picked the Marlboro name, with the help of market research, as a promising one, and then abandoned the old brand except for the name. In promoting the new filter Marlboro, they resolved to strike at the prevailing notion that "there was something sissy about smoking filter cigarettes," as a Philip Morris executive recently put it. "We decided to go in for male-oriented imagery," he said. The result was a barrage of Marlboro ads showing the filter brand being smoked by determined-looking males with tattoos on their arms. "The image of the Marlboro man that we projected was one of the successful, up-the-hard-way sort of guy, who got himself tattooed somewhere along the line," the same Philip Morris executive said. "Gray, mature, rugged—the wealthy-rancher type rather than the Arrow Collar type. The brand personality of Marlboro was altogether different from the personality of, say, our Parliament, which was a sort of friendly, gregarious spirit—a fella-and-girl kind of warmth. The Marlboro approach has been a kind of male, mood thing. Marlboro advertising uses women only secondarily. On TV, we do use Julie London—she sits and sings the Marlboro Song, 'You Get a Lot to Like with a Marlboro,' to a guy in a night club or in the back seat of a limousine—but, generally speaking, the Marlboro man is *alone*. He is reflective as he relaxes with the cigarette. There is masculinity, and I would even say moodiness, rather than just mood—although not fickle moodiness. This brand personality is very important to us. The consumer who lights up the product—we've conditioned him. We've told him what kind of product he's got." Within two or three years after its introduction, Marlboro, pushed by vigorous advertis-

*The STANDARD Micronic Ruby Eight, Model SR-H437, has true superheterodyne circuitry. Its 10 semi-conductors even include 1 diode, 1 thermistor. Automatic gain control. Tunes wide range of stations. Weighs only 4-1/5 ounces. Comes complete with chain and fob...external antenna cord for optional stepped-up volume...standard earphone for private listening...2 long-life mercury batteries. In jewel gift-case, **$39.95**.*

STANDARD
ACTUAL SIZE

Your ear would never suspect

it's the world's tiniest 8-transistor radio!

Those pure tones, that room-filling volume, actually come pouring out of a dainty, jewel-like radio *you can hold in the hollow of your hand!*

But only your eyes would tell you so. To the ear, this STANDARD 8-transistor precision instrument plays like a full-size model.

New in concept, here is a marvel of micro-miniaturization, *electronic years ahead* of other portable types.

Like all seven STANDARD radios, this elegant receiver brings you a *written* warranty.

Reputable stores the world over have been chosen to demonstrate STANDARD radios to you.

SR STANDARD®

SIX MORE PORTABLE TRANSISTOR RADIOS BY STANDARD RADIO CORP. ARE SHOWN AT SELECTED STORES OF HIGH STANDING NEAR YOU:

Companion **MODEL SR-G430**, the Micronic Ruby, world's tiniest 7-transistor portable .... **$29.95**.

MODEL SR-J715F, 10-transistor, FM only... **$49.95**.

MODEL SR-J716F, both FM and AM .... **$54.95**.

MODEL SR-J800F, receives all 3 bands, FM, AM, and SW (latter includes marine band) .... **$89.95**.

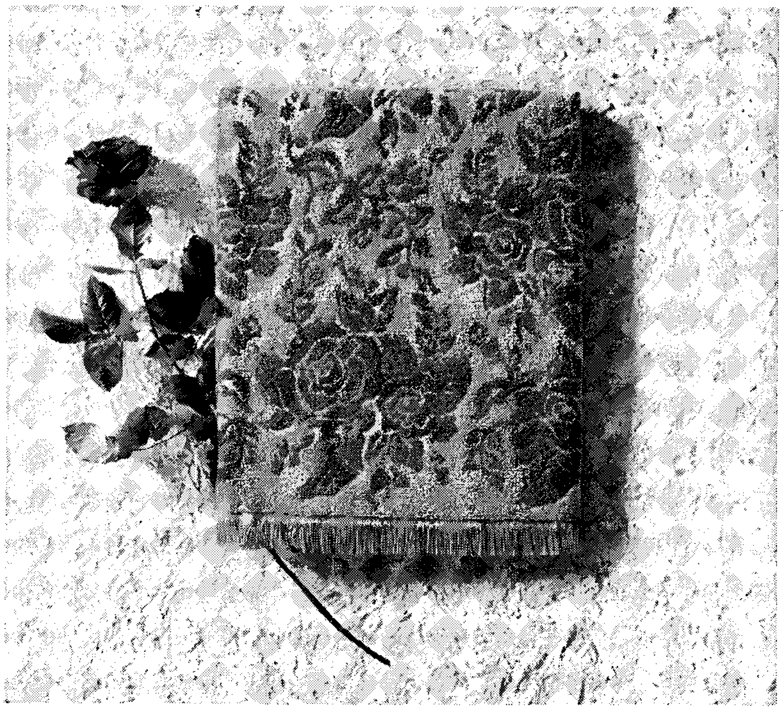
MODEL SR-J832F, FM and AM, extremely free from distortion .... **$59.95**.

MODEL SR-Q10X, practical 2-way communication, in pairs .... **$149.95**.

ing campaigns, became one of the best-selling filter cigarettes on the market. And, thanks to a big chunk of the thirty million dollars that Philip Morris is estimated to spend annually on advertising, it still is. In an average week, perhaps ninety million people are exposed to Marlboro—or, in the language of Madison Avenue, "delivered" to the advertisers, at a certain cost per thousand viewers.

For all the manipulative air of such talk, it would be quite incorrect to assume that any given force of advertising automatically assures a given degree of success in persuading the public to buy a particular brand of cigarette. Of the fourteen new brands that the tobacco companies have introduced with extensive advertising and on a national scale in the last five years, very few have been taken up by the smoking public in a way that their manufacturers have considered satisfactory. The market place has been littered with what the merchandisers sadly refer to as "brand failures"—makes with names like Hit Parade, Brandon, Oasis, and Duke of Durham. "You never can count on what's going to happen when you introduce a brand, even with the best planning," a tobacco executive has said. "Let's say you see a niche in the market for a new product and you think you can put out something that will fill it. You go to your experts, who come up with acceptable combinations of tobacco blends and filters. You test these out on consumer panels, just as you do everything else—the color of the package, the design, the brand names you have in mind, and so on—and eventually you start manufacture and put the product on sale in a regional test market. You ask yourself questions: Is the media weight you're putting behind it sufficient? Is this an item acceptable to the retailers? Is it going to get repeats—you're getting the tryers, but are they coming back? Is the taste of the product more satisfying? You listen to consumer reaction—to the things they play back to you. If you have a package innovation, is that playing back? How much do you need to remold your advertising to fit the things that play back? You need the answers to these and other questions before you make a commitment to go national. If you get a positive answer, you put it in the corporate mix and you're ready to go. Once you've committed yourself to going national, you've committed yourself to a multimillion-dollar decision."

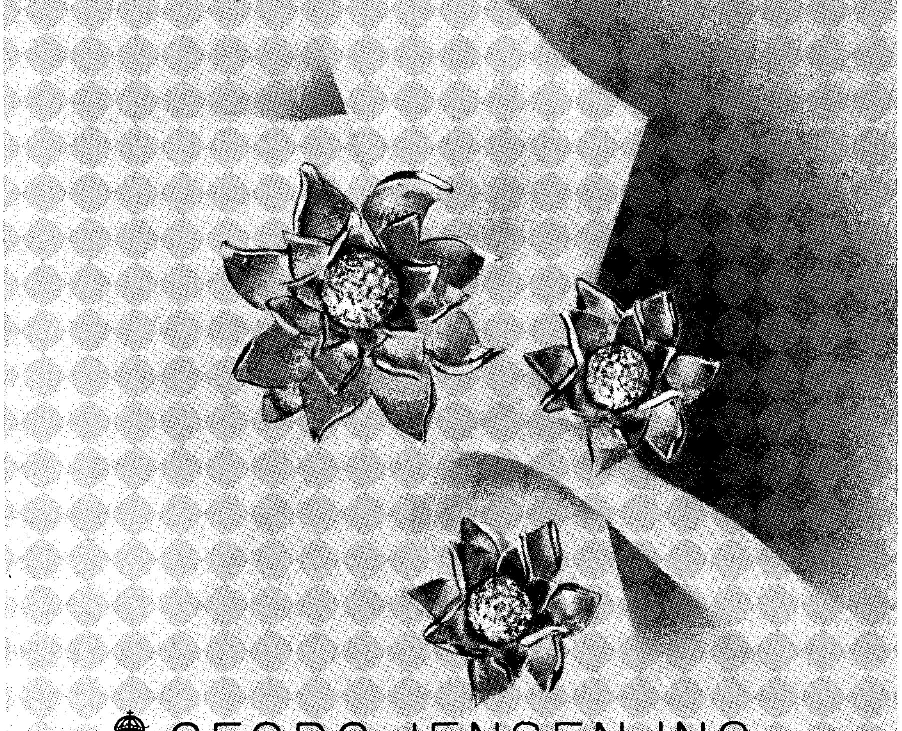
The introduction of new and competing brands of cigarettes on a national



Mantilla
from the España Collection by Callaway

The beauty and delicacy of Spanish lace...the warm, rich colors of the fiesta...the freshness of a rose in bloom inspired Callaway's *Mantilla.* This thick, soft "Label of Luxury"® towel by Callaway is available in nine brilliant colors at Lord & Taylor and other fine stores everywhere. Callaway Mills, Inc., La Grange, Ga.

Our Lotus Brooch . . . in 18 kt. gold, its delicate petals unfolding around a cluster of diamonds. $600. Matching earrings, $700. Federal Tax included. Shown actual size. Mail and phone orders invited. Send for free 1963 Christmas Gift Portfolio.



GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. PL 1-2400
Scarsdale Millburn Manhasset

HAL REIFF

When you have 'nothing to wear' try on Je Reviens* Perfume by WORTH

You'll scarcely need anything more. Je Reviens perfume is a unique concentration of the world's finest scented oils, blended with the care of the original House of Worth (circa 1859). Your wardrobe can contain Perfume, Cologne, Talc, Bath Oil, Soap and Powder, all made and sealed in France. From $15 to [illegible] plus tax. At stores of distinction.

Parfums Worth, 5 East 57 St., New York

*('JUH RUH-V-YEN')

Gano-Downs
Denver, Colorado

福 • GOOD LUCK
祿 • WEALTH
壽 • LONG LIFE
禧 • HAPPINESS

Our reversible silk sheath leads two lives. Solid color Fuji silk reverses to silk brocade. Embroidered Oriental motif in contrast color appears on both sides. Designed by Royal Lynne and jetted from Hong Kong by B.O.A.C. Royal/Jade, Pink/Olive, Coral/Black. Sizes 8 to 16. $40 (add 55¢ for mail orders).

**Gano-Downs . . . 16th at Stout
Denver 2, Colorado**

scale resembles a game of chance in which the ante required for each player begins at something like eight million dollars and playing the game itself can be far more costly than that; the American Tobacco Company is estimated to have put between twenty and thirty million dollars into the promotion of its Hit Parade brand before it gave it up as a lost cause. However, the possible winnings are enough to insure no shortage of players, and hardly a season passes without the entry of some new brand from the test markets into the arena of full-scale national promotion. The competition being what it is, the contenders seldom pass up an opportunity to seize on a promotional point that they think may give them an edge, however slight, on their opponents—whether the edge is a newly coined word for a filter or a new and hygienic-looking set of surroundings for the television-commercial models to smoke in. Cigarette merchandisers are constantly concerned with "dimensions of difference" ("At that time, the brand's dimension of difference was provided by the flip-top box") and "product differences" ("Then Newport came along and added 'A Hint of Mint' and that was the product difference"). So far this year, no fewer than three new filter brands—Montclair, Paxton, and Lark—have been shot out of the corporate mix and into the national market, and their promoters have made the most of whatever differences exist between them. Montclair, with "a unique development in compound filters," is the only cigarette that "puts the menthol in the filter, where it cannot burn" and "makes the last puff taste as fresh as the first puff." Paxton, the "first menthol cigarette to meet the challenge of today's smoking needs," features a "new Humiflex pack" and a "new team of filters back to back," one of the filters being "fortified with Pecton." Lark features a "three-piece Keith filter" that contains "two modern outer filters plus an inner filter of charcoal granules—a basic material science uses to purify air."

What impurities, if any, these and other such portentously described filtering devices are actually supposed to filter out remains unexplained in the ads. In fact, it is difficult to find a tobacco manufacturer who will concede that cigarettes contain anything impure enough to require filtering out at all.

THE fact that the tobacco industry never deals overtly in its advertising with the issue of smoking and health does not mean that it has no pronounce-

ALEXANDRITE
OF REGAL BEAUTY

BREATHES A HERITAGE OF THE COURTLY SPLENDOR OF BYGONE DAYS THAT LIVE FOREVER IN THIS MAGNIFICENT GEM. EXQUISITELY MOUNTED IN PLATINUM, SUPPORTED BY TIERS OF FINE BROCK & CO. DIAMONDS

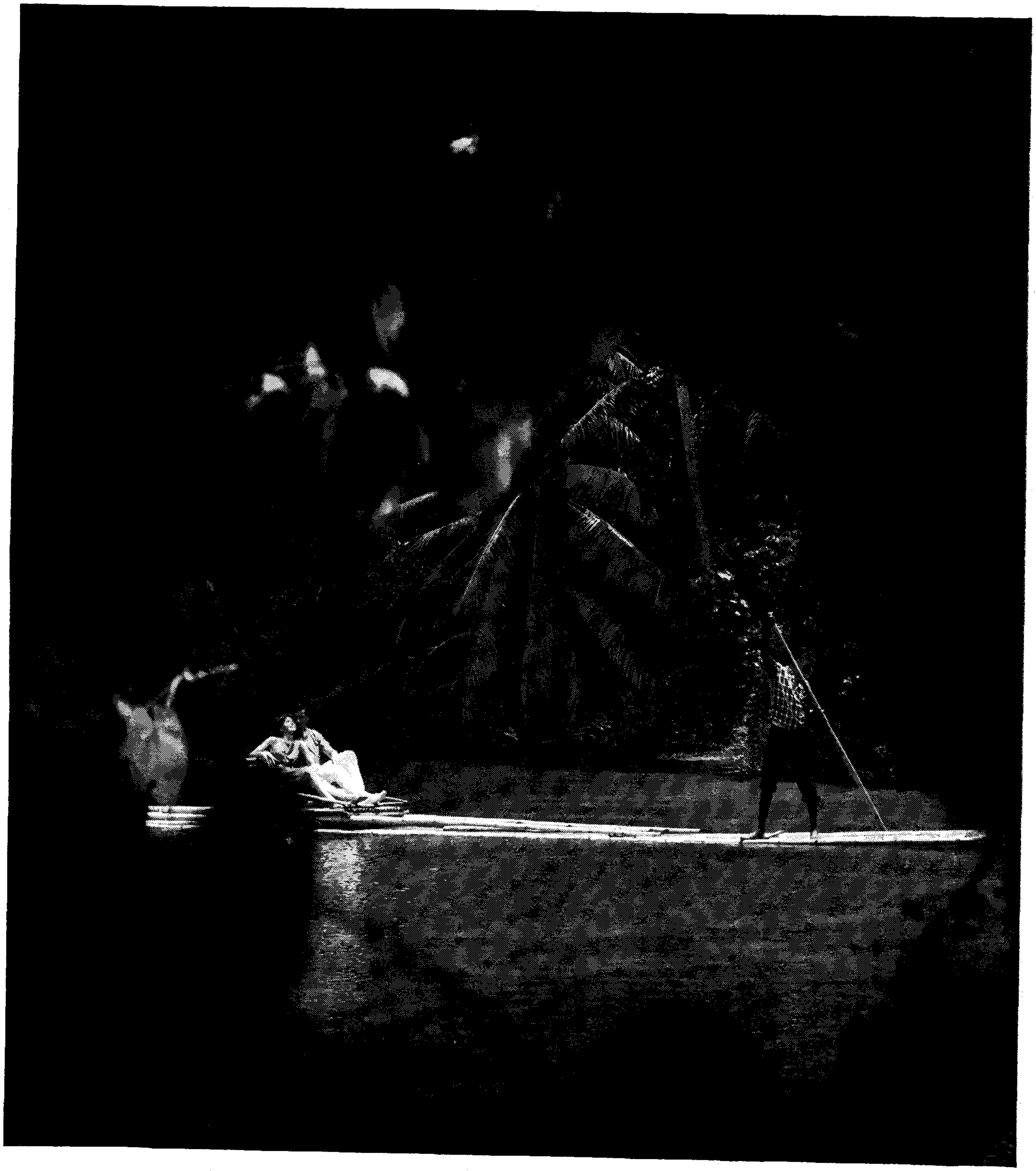
8800.00 F.T.I.

A Distinctive Brock Creation

BROCK AND CO
515 WEST SEVENTH STREET
LOS ANGELES

Lord & Taylor

Italian casual—
handbag for tweeds and knits—imported just for Lord & Taylor in black or tan cowhide with a band of striped canvas!
26.00 plus Fed. tax.
At all Lord & Taylor stores



What a way to Winter

And now almost anybody can, thanks to BOAC's daily Rolls-Royce 707 fan-jet service and new On-Season Excursion Fares. In Jamaica for just $199* round-trip. Or in Nassau, for only $147* round-trip. Both fares from New York, any Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday. And BOAC always pampers you so.

All over the world
B·O·A·C
takes good care of you

*17-day Economy Excursion Fares Effective Dec. 16th • See your Travel Agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation

ments to make on the subject. Most of its pronouncements are issued by the Tobacco Institute, Inc., a trade organization that was formed by the major tobacco manufacturers in 1958 to look after some of their common interests. (It is independent of Dr. Little's Tobacco Industry Research Committee.) The Tobacco Institute, which has its headquarters in Washington, is headed by George V. Allen, the former director of the United States Information Agency, and Mr. Allen, in speeches before various organizations, has set forth its position by saying that the answers to questions about smoking and health are unknown, that the whole subject remains a speculative one, and that while some statistical studies have pointed the way to further research, they have not provided answers to the original questions. "We are not on a crusade either for or against tobacco," Allen has been quoted as saying. "If we have a crusade, it is a crusade for research." During the pursuit of such research, he has called for a "respite from theories, resolutions, and emotional statements" about smoking and health. The Tobacco Institute, in fact, is quite vocal on the subject of research, and, with the help of Hill & Knowlton, a big public-relations outfit with headquarters in New York, it sends more than a hundred thousand physicians around the country a quarterly publication called *Tobacco and Health Research*, a summary and compendium of items having to do with research on these subjects. The items are presented under such headings as "Autopsy Study Fails to Support Smoking Tie to Vascular Ills," "Lung Cancer Deaths 20% Overstated," and "Experts Differ on Royal College Report."

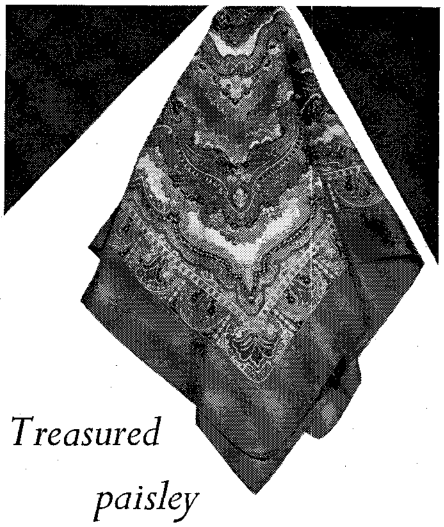
Besides pointing out to doctors what it considers the statistical fallacies and misconceptions in the studies that have drawn a causal connection between smoking and certain diseases, the Institute has had to contend with public criticism not only of the industry's own use of statistics in the past ("More Doctors Smoke Camels Than Any Other Cigarette") but of the manner in which it has continued to promote its products, particularly among young people. In England, the advertising of cigarettes on commercial television—as here, the principal medium used—is governed by a quite elaborate set of "guidance notes," drawn up by the television companies and subscribed to by the tobacco manufacturers. They provide, among other things, that "advertisements should not encourage people, and young people in particular, to believe that they will have any advantage romantically, physically,

urban or suburban...
swing along with

Serbin

Sweater Dress...perfect around-the-clock and around-the-seasons! The serene, clean, look of a white sheath...a care-free 100% acetate sharkskin knit. Short-sleeved and accented with a navy grosgrain belt. Topped with a navy, bulky Orlon cardigan bordered in red-white- and blue. Sizes 8-18 .... **$25**
Slightly higher on west coast.

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S.W. First St., Miami 35, Florida

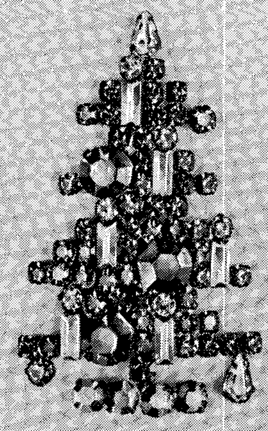


From England, hand-printed pure silk scarf with red, blue, green, gold, brown or teal border. 27" square, about $8.50. Other sizes from $3.50.

Liberty
of London

In New York: **B. Altman & Co.;** *Indianapolis:* **L. S. Ayres & Co.;** *Cleveland:* **The Halle Bros. Co.** *For names of other fine stores, please write to: Liberty of London Inc., 452 Fifth Ave., New York*

PIN
NOËL

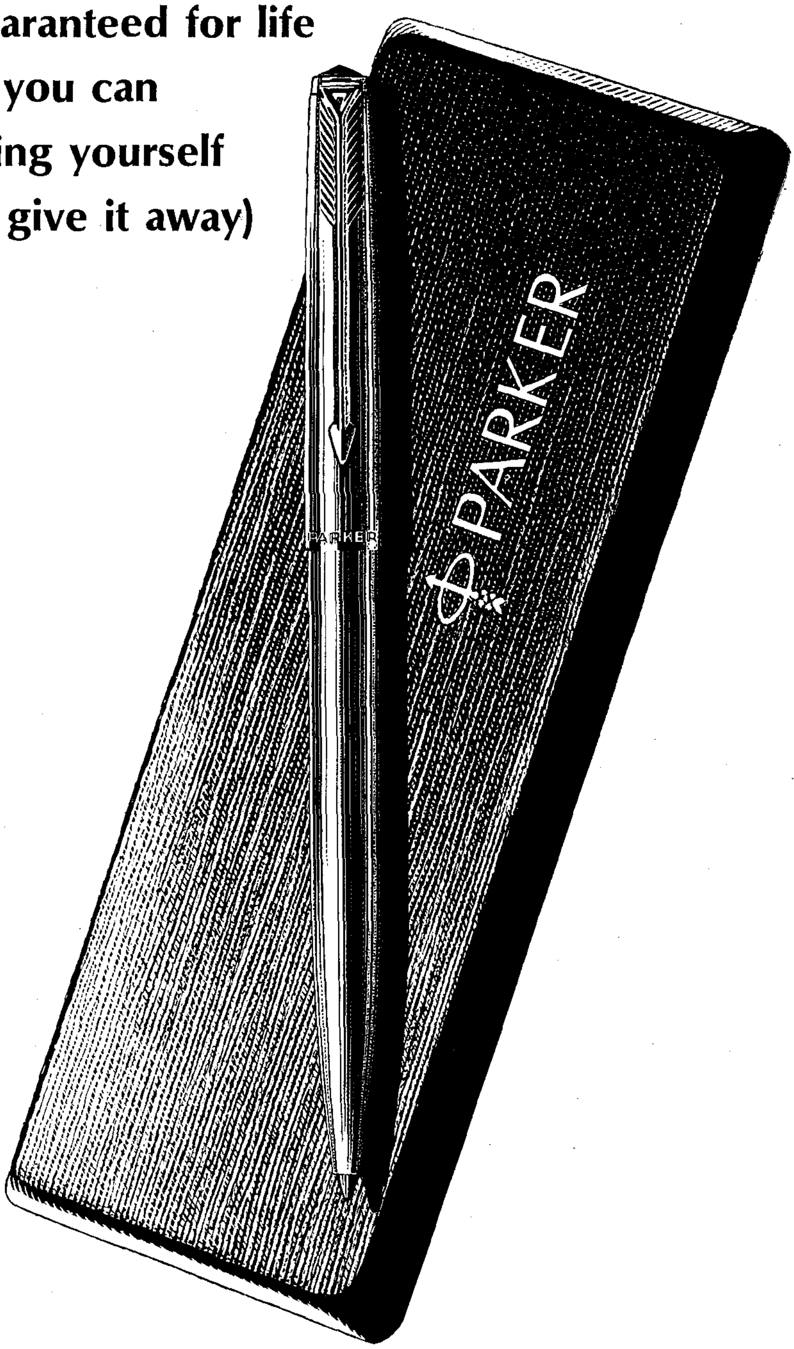


Since you can't wear the tree, wear this clever replica. Tree, candles, decorations handsomely blended in gay holiday colors. $5.00 plus tax.
Pin by Albert Weiss
For the store nearest you write: Albert Weiss & Co., 15 W. 37th St., N. Y. 18

socially, or in their jobs if they smoke." Among the specific appeals to be avoided are:

> "Hero appeal" and the appeal to "manliness."
>
> The appeal of social success, or the suggestion that smoking is part of the modern, smart, sophisticated, or fashionable way of life. . . .
>
> The creation of a romantic atmosphere in which it is implied that cigarettes are an essential ingredient.
>
> An impression of exaggerated satisfaction; e.g., deep inhaling or expressions of intense enjoyment associated with smoking.
>
> The use in advertisements of young people *unmistakably* under the age of twenty-one.
>
> The suggestion that cigarettes overcome "nerves" or strain, [or are] an aid to relaxation or concentration.

Nothing like this set of restraints exists in cigarette advertising on television here, of course, and nothing remotely as thoroughgoing seems to have been urged upon the American tobacco industry or the television broadcasters by their critics. However, last November, LeRoy Collins, the former Governor of Florida and the current president of the National Association of Broadcasters, who has the reputation of being a maverick in the broadcasting business, made a speech before a group of broadcasters in Portland, Oregon, in which he suggested that, because of what he called "mounting evidence that tobacco provides a serious hazard to health," broadcasters had a moral responsibility to consider taking "corrective action" against the televising of some types of cigarette commercials, notably those featuring well-known athletes and those expressly designed to influence young people. The reaction of the broadcasting industry to Collins' remarks was not at all favorable, and for a while there was talk that Collins would be asked to resign from his job. Nonetheless, his speech did have the effect of stirring up questions about the wisdom of aiming cigarette advertising at young people, and last June the Tobacco Institute, responding to this pressure, issued a statement declaring that the tobacco industry had always taken the position that "smoking is a custom for adults," and that, in conformity with this belief, a number of companies had decided to discontinue advertising in college publications and engaging in other campus promotional activities. For years, most of the tobacco companies had been conducting campaigns to persuade college students to smoke their particular brands, both through placing advertising in college publications (the cigarette



Give the gift that's guaranteed for life (if you can bring yourself to give it away)

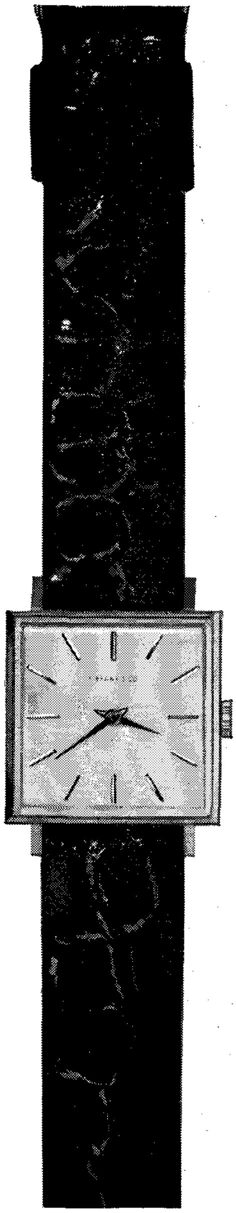
When you give or get a Parker International Jotter, it is guaranteed for life with normal refill replacement. If this ball pen ever stops writing perfectly we replace it with the same or a newer model without charge. ■ Our refill, incidentally, outlasts ordinary ones up to five times. Its textured ball spins in a stainless steel socket and is impregnated with costly diamond dust. Prevents skipping. It will write beautifully without bearing down. ■ Magnificent gifts from $5 to $75 (the latter in solid 14K gold).

PARKER—*At 75 years—Maker of the world's most wanted pens*

PARKER INTERNATIONAL JOTTER

FIVE TO SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

GUARANTEE VALID ONLY IN U.S.A. AND CANADA.
©1963 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

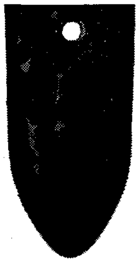


CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Man's watch of eighteen
karat gold with seventeen jewel
Girard Perregaux movement.
Alligator strap.
One hundred fifty dollars,
including federal tax.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO · HOUSTON



industry became the biggest single source of revenue for many such publications) and through the promotional activities of paid "campus representatives" among the student body, to whom they gave quantities of sample packs for free distribution.

The Institute's declaration that smoking was "a custom for adults," and thus, presumably, not one for non-adults, did have one result that applied on a broader basis than merely the college-publication level. This fall, the American Tobacco Company began an extensive campaign for Lucky Strike cigarettes in which the advertising copy contained the statement that "smoking is a pleasure meant for adults." This sentiment appeared under a headline, spread over two pages, that asserted, "Lucky Strike Separates the Men from the Boys . . . But Not from the Girls." On the left-hand page, the first part of the headline was illustrated by a photograph of a helmeted, Lucky Strike-smoking racing-car driver who is smilingly flourishing a winner's cup as he receives the adulatory glances of youths pressing close behind him; on the right-hand page, the second part of the headline was illustrated by a shot of the same model—still equipped with his cigarette, smile, and cup but minus the young male fans—being hugged by a girl admirer. Unfortunately, the ad men, having presumably set out to illustrate the theme that cigarettes are not for boys, thus achieved just the opposite effect by making the smoking of Lucky Strike appear to be the act that turns a boy into a man. But such mistakes can happen in cigarette advertising. It is even possible that they will happen more frequently in the future. With the growth rate of the cigarette market slowing down and the competition between manufacturers becoming increasingly heavy, there is really only one way for the industry to maintain its rate of expansion, and that is by doing business with the great mass of young people who reach smoking age each year. This is a potential market that is literally getting bigger by the minute. Over the past decade, the number of people between eighteen and twenty-four in this country increased by only two per cent, owing to the low birth rate of the depression years, but over the next decade their number, owing to the high birth rate of the postwar boom period, will increase by fifty-two per cent. And in the young-adult population bulge ahead the eighteen-year-olds of 1966 are the fifteen-year-olds of 1963. As these fifteen-year-olds are maturing, so is the tobacco for them to smoke, as it lies waiting in millions of

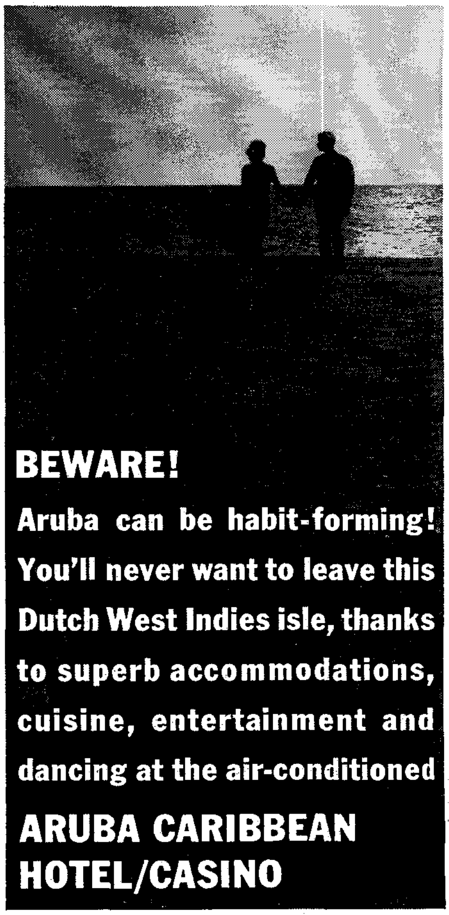
$18.50

Gentleman's Scarf
FROM ITALY

Rich quality printed silk. Hand combed fringe. Length 52 inches

NAVY WITH RED. BLACK WITH GOLD.
NAVY WITH WHITE. BLACK WITH WHITE
MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK



BEWARE!
Aruba can be habit-forming! You'll never want to leave this Dutch West Indies isle, thanks to superb accommodations, cuisine, entertainment and dancing at the air-conditioned
ARUBA CARIBBEAN HOTEL/CASINO

For reservations, call your Travel Agent or Utell Int. in N.Y. JU 2-3780. Or write Aruba Caribbean Hotel-Casino, Suite 219—160 Central Park So., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

What does
a Scotsman
wear over
his kilt?
A Heatherrr Tweed
Sportcoat
by
HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX

HS&M sportcoats from $59.95 to $110.

We [illegible] buy [illegible] Twe[illegible] [illegible] be s[illegible] Cost[illegible] [illegible] though.

Why?

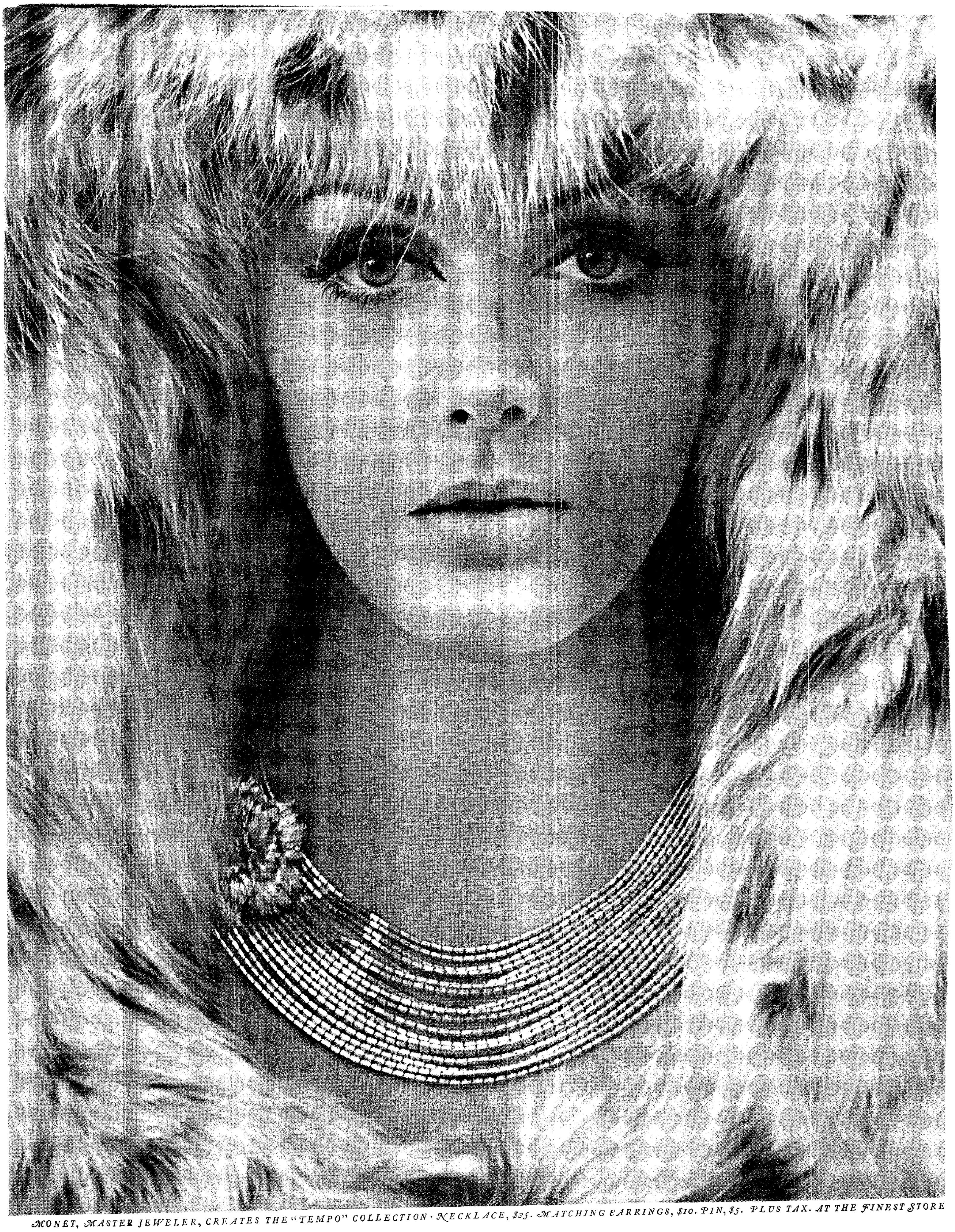
Take the lapels, for [illegible] your fingers behind one. Flip it forward. Notice how [illegible] back. Lies flat every time. Secret's [illegible] the seams.

Row upon row of interloop stitching inside each lapel.

Cost more than ordinary sportcoats. Lapels behave. Won't curl.

You can't see it when you buy it. Like the under-pressings *inside* the jacket. Every inside seam is pressed. This shapes and moulds the coat *during* the tailoring. Not afterward. The smooth fit you buy is the one you keep. It's the precious stuff called "Quality." Precious because it lasts.

As we said, "A thrrrifty buy."



MONET, MASTER JEWELER, CREATES THE "TEMPO" COLLECTION · NECKLACE, $25. MATCHING EARRINGS, $10. PIN, $5. PLUS TAX. AT THE FINEST STORE

jewelry in the golden manner of **Monet**

hogsheads in the curing warehouses of the tobacco manufacturers.

BECAUSE of my interest in the dilemma confronting the tobacco industry, and because it seemed to me too bad that, owing to the relative anonymity of so many of the responsible people in the industry, their personal views on the issue of smoking and health—as distinct from the formally phrased announcements issued on their collective behalf—should be so little known, I set out recently to interview several people who are concerned with the merchandising of cigarettes. While I cannot say that there was any great eagerness to see me and talk about this touchy subject, I must say that when I was received, it was always with great courtesy and attentiveness.

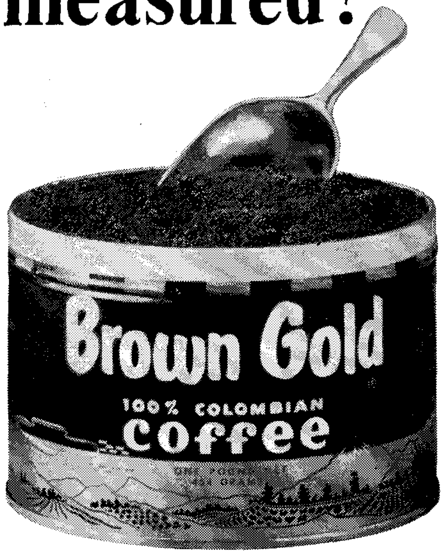
My first call was upon James C. Bowling, who is assistant to Joseph F. Cullman III, the president of Philip Morris, Inc., at the Philip Morris headquarters on Park Avenue—a very smart set of offices. Bowling is a well-dressed, round-faced man in his middle thirties who talks smoothly and equably in a Southern accent. He has spent all his working life with Philip Morris. Even when he was attending the University of Louisville, he worked for the company as a campus representative, and after his graduation he worked for it as a tobacco salesman and then as a supervisor of campus representatives, making his way up through the ranks to his present position. Bowling was smoking from a pack of his company's new Paxton cigarettes—the ones with the team of filters back to back—and, like every other executive I encountered, he seemed to smoke almost incessantly. I asked him for his views on the connection that has been said to exist between smoking and disease, and he told me that, like all his colleagues, he had given the matter a good deal of serious thought. "We believe that there is no connection, or we wouldn't be in the business," he said earnestly, and, in a phrase that was to become familiar to me, he went on to characterize the issue as "the health scare." "I remember a speaker last year at the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of America's first tobacco crop at Jamestown telling of the trials that the tobacco industry had at that time," he said. "They had a health scare at the inception of the industry in America. And the scare goes further back than that—King James issued his 'Counterblaste to Tobacco' in 1604. We've had these trials from time to time, and each time the industry has come through

Even in the dark you'd know...

Réplique

PERFUME • TOILET WATER • BATH OIL • SOAP • DUSTING POWDER • TALC

Can the warmth of a gift be measured?



Yes.

If you let us send each on your gift list 10 one pound cans of the world's richest coffee: Brown Gold. Only $12.50 postpaid and giftwrapped, anywhere in the U.S.A.

Brown Gold is not only 100% Colombian coffee; it is the choicest of all Colombian coffees, with the richest aroma and taste.

When you give Brown Gold, be prepared to receive compliments on your thoughtfulness and good taste.

Isn't it nice for once to give something that's warm and personal, without having to know sizes and special interests? Use this coupon to order:

ANDES COFFEE CO.
30 WEST RUBY AVENUE
PALISADES PARK, NEW JERSEY

Gentlemen:
Please send 10 one-pound cans of all-purpose grind, vacuum packed Brown Gold Coffee to each on the attached list. (Please print or type the names and addresses of your gift list carefully on a separate sheet of paper). I have enclosed a check or money order for $12.50 for each 10 cans I have ordered.

YOUR NAME________________

ADDRESS________________

CITY________ZONE____STATE______

All orders are sent postpaid and gift wrapped.

Brown Gold
CHOICEST OF ALL THE COFFEES OF COLOMBIA

stronger, because people have demonstrated conclusively that they want to smoke. When the health scare hit in 1952 or '53, we were all staggered, though. The matter was put forward not as a thesis but as an absolute fact. Yet it was clear to us—and to a few eminent statisticians, like the late Sir Ronald Fisher—that the case was far from proved, and the industry did the correct thing by taking the attitude that nothing could or should be done until the facts were in. The work of the Tobacco Industry Research Committee has been under way for ten years, and it has required a great deal of patience for the industry not to answer the attacks on tobacco during that time, while the research has been going on. It has required a great deal of restraint not to lash back at the anti-cigarette forces. The people on the T.I.R.C. are eminent people. We in the industry have no contact with them, but we read all we can about the research they're doing. Everybody in the industry has been forced to become an authority in his peer group on the subject. It's impossible for me, for example, to go somewhere without meeting someone who wants to talk about it. I wonder how many conversations about it take place without a full understanding of the facts. Gosh, we're awed at how a story can be told and retold by the anti-cigarette people, and how little attention is given in the press to claims *for* cigarettes. But I'm also impressed with the way many people are sifting the facts for themselves and coming up with the conclusion that the case against tobacco is not proved."

Bowling lit up another Paxton and went on, "It surprises people sometimes that we should take it so seriously. I don't know why we should take it lightly. I'm from Kentucky, and I know what tobacco has meant to that one state. Some people who attack the industry don't stop to think that we're *people*—and people with a social conscience. Just as I feel I'm personally committed in this business, so do other people. I don't know of one executive who has resigned as a result of the health scare. The purveyor of pleasure-feeling may have been put in some jeopardy by the attacks of the anti-cigarette people, and the attacks may have made us more than a trifle self-conscious, but we believe that we're right, and that history will show this to be so. Meanwhile, people are smoking and enjoying it. An eminent physician sat in the chair you're sitting in not so long ago, and he said that if people were to stop smoking, there had better be something pretty powerful to

wonderful... pure pork SAUSAGE

JONES
JONES
Little Sausages

Choice cuts of pork—loins, shoulders, hams—seasoned with just the right touch of pure *natural* spices to bring out that wonderful flavor that everyone loves in Jones Dairy Farm Sausage.

JONES
DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

At Your Favorite Market

JONES DAIRY FARM · Ft. Atkinson, Wisconsin

Colorful Takahashi "old fashioned" enamelware make exciting additions to your home and holiday gift list. Coffee pots, mugs, and collanders are in 8 sparkling colors from 75¢ to $5.00. This symbol is found on Takahashi's 30-piece selection of quality enamelware sold at fine stores everywhere.

Takahashi
33 MAIN STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

This is a Salton Hotray®

...it gives you the leisure time to be yourself

It is your faithful servant...

when you entertain

- Relax, enjoy leisurely cocktails and hors d'oeuvres with your guests

when you are cooking

- Keep ready dishes hot while slow ones are still cooking

when you are serving

- Keep second helpings hot and handy at the table

when husband is late

- Dishwashing will be finished before his arrival. His meals will taste just-cooked later, too

when time is short

- Cook early . . . keep entire meals hot . . . serve when convenient

At these and other fine stores in U.S.A. and Canada

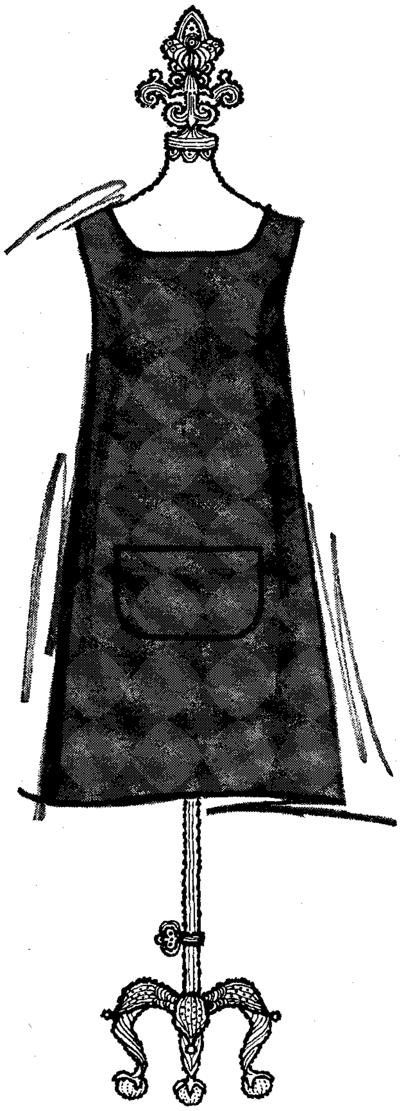
Bloomingdale's, *New York City;* Emporium, *San Francisco;* Abercrombie & Fitch, *Chicago;* J. W. Robinson, *Los Angeles;* Jordan Marsh, *Miami;* D. H. Holmes, *New Orleans.*

Your Salton Hotray keeps food at its proper serving heat . . . electrically . . . automatically . . . without overcooking, without changing flavors or textures. Its patented radiant glass surface provides uniform controlled heat transfer...the built in "Flavour Guard" thermostatic controls guarantee it. Beautifully styled, shatter-, dent-and alcohol-proof heating surface. Write today for new, free recipe booklet and catalog. Salton, Inc., 511A East 72nd St., New York 21, N.Y.

UL, CSA approved. Unconditionally guaranteed. Many electric Hotray models to choose for yourself, for gift giving. From $5.95 to $59.50. Hotable serving carts with electric Hotray tops, from $69.50 to $200. Shown above: Patio Master $27.50.

SALTON HOTRAY® and HOTABLE®

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Marsupial

This, in vigorous Vycron polyester and cotton, is one of the breeziest things a VILLAGER® collector could collect. Its pocket was designed by 'possums and kangaroos for carrying their young. When not holding infant marsupials, it holds a reversible kerchief handy for signalling yachts. Celery trimmed with Blueberry and Blueberry trimmed with Celery. Sizes 6 to 16.

About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1963

take its place or there would be more wife-beating and job dissatisfaction than people's natures could tolerate."

From Bowling's office I went on to see John T. Landry, a tall, clear-faced, curly-haired man who, at thirty-nine, is the company's director of brand management, which means that he is responsible for the advertising of all its brands. Landry came to Philip Morris in 1956; previously, he had been the advertising manager for the Blue Coal Corporation, in New York, and before that he was in the advertising-research department of *Newsweek*. He made it clear to me that he really enjoyed being in the tobacco business. "It's hectic, it's competitive, and there are a lot of easier ways to live, but it's a great business," he said. "It's a real big business, a very responsible and honest business." Although Landry had a pack of Paxtons on his desk, the cigarette he was smoking was a Marlboro. The executive in charge of the promotion of a particular brand of cigarette is expected to smoke that brand, but Landry, being in charge of all Philip Morris's brands, could smoke any of them with propriety, and he told me that his personal preference was for Marlboro. After some discussion of brand promotion, I brought the conversation around to the issue of smoking and health. "We all assume that, as Mr. Cullman, the president of our company, said at the last annual meeting, cigarettes will ultimately be exonerated," Landry told me with conviction. "We all feel that way or we wouldn't be selling them. We're parents, citizens, members of society, you know. This business has been a respectable business for hundreds of years. I frequently get asked by people I come across about my attitude toward cigarettes. I've seen our research facilities in Richmond, and I know that other companies have facilities just as big, and up to this point nobody has ever shown anything conclusive about cigarettes and health—lung cancer and all that. It just hasn't been proved. I think if it were proved I would give up smoking. I also think I'd get the heck out of the business. Not because the business would be hurt but because I would not like to sell a product that was harmful. Even now, I wouldn't try to convince anyone that cigarettes are physically good for him, but from an emotional point of view smoking eases tension, and if I didn't smoke I'd probably develop a tic or something. My wife smokes, I smoke, and we certainly don't have any fear of it. I don't think that cigarettes will ever be found to contain anything dangerous to health. The problem is be-

Three hotels for the price of one

Surely you've heard of these three deluxe Jamaica hotels: The Montego Beach and The Royal Caribbean in Montego Bay, and The Jamaica Inn in Ocho Rios.

Well, now you may interchange accommodations to your heart's content at all three; mingle with the pink gin crowd at one hotel, join the beach worshippers at another, relax in the club-like intimacy of the third.

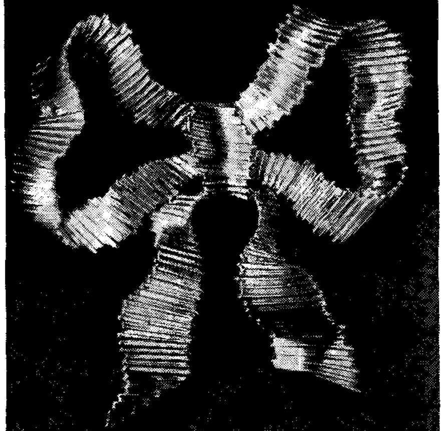
All three are directly on the Caribbean, all have private beaches, continental cuisine, dancing and entertainment, the full gamut of sports facilities including automatic membership in golf and tennis clubs.

Stay at any or all for a slim $16 per day per person, double occupancy, breakfast and dinner included.

You'll find all this and more

in Jamaica.

See your travel agent or call Ray Morrow, 51 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y. OX 7-2340.



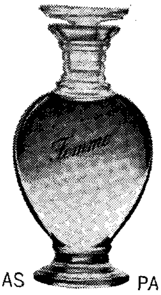
CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Tiffany Bow pin of ribbed eighteen karat gold. One hundred forty four dollars, including federal tax.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO • HOUSTON

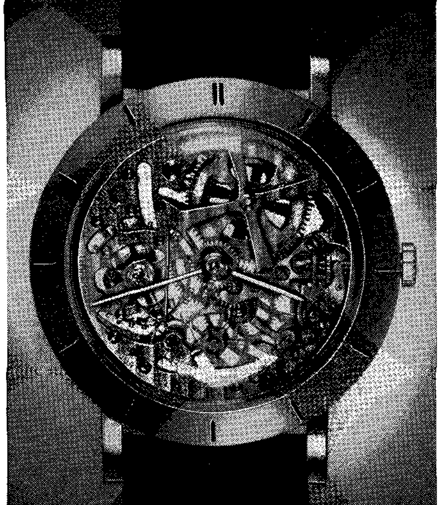
COMMENT DIT-ON FEMME EN ANGLAIS?

Femme.



PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS AND NEW YORK

For those
who
have the taste
as well
as the means



AUDEMARS
PIGUET

Genève

Audemars Piguet & Co Inc.
665 Fifth Avenue
New York 22 N.Y.

Illustrated: "Skeleton" wrist watch

ing worked on, and in the meantime I am very happy in this business."

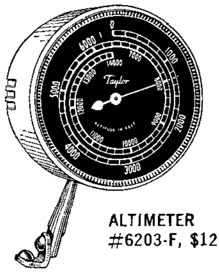
From the offices of Philip Morris I went to those of Benton & Bowles, the advertising agency that prepares the ads for about half of the company's products, where I had an appointment with Henry Pattison, the chairman of the agency's executive committee. Pattison, who has direct charge of the Philip Morris account, is a highly experienced advertising man, and has been with Benton & Bowles in an executive role for more than twenty years. He is a big man in his fifties, with a rather cherubic face and an affable manner, and he received me not from behind a desk but at a small, round table, topped with polished, tooled leather that was decorated with sample packages of Philip Morris products. He was smoking from a pack of Parliaments. After some talk about the merchandising of cigarettes, we got around to my main question. "I think that if it were ever conclusively shown that there was some connection between smoking and, say, lung cancer, most agencies would not be advertising cigarettes," he said. "But it's easy to get stampeded, and the tobacco industry is being very much maligned. Fifty years ago, when I was a boy, my grandfather was a druggist in Alexandria, and I remember how Coca-Cola was then under the worst attack you could conceive of. People used to spread the rumor that it was a dope—the most unbelievable stories, all completely without foundation. The same thing has happened to the tobacco industry, which has been under attack for a couple of hundred years. People have been *shot*. Now the industry has been presented as a bunch of ogres trying to corrupt American youth. The fact is that I have never met a finer group in my life than the people in the tobacco industry—I'll stack them up against *any* other group for morals, ethics, and beliefs. And tobacco has given pleasure to an awful lot of people. You should not act on hunches, suspicions, and stir-ups. This cancer business, now—nobody knows about it. I have to accept that there is some connection between smoking and health, but just what it is we don't know. You can concentrate on the negative side—build a negative case for cigarettes' being banned—and ignore the positive case. Some people may be immoderate users. But I don't think any industry should be persecuted for the immoderation of its users, provided the industry hasn't promoted immoderation—and certainly the tobacco industry hasn't. You won't find anybody in the cigarette business telling you to smoke

Christmas is here...
It's in our hearts looking forward to this glad time of year. And, too, it's in the anticipation of *reveillon* on Christmas Eve and the cheer and sumptuous feasting of the Yuletide. You'll find our holiday celebrations and traditions are so different from back home. Come and enjoy them with us.

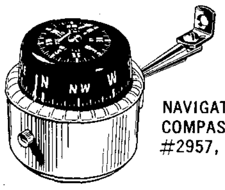
Hotel Queen Elizabeth
...in gay Montreal

Premium paid on U.S. currency
Family Plan • Free Garage for room guests • Single from $10 • Double from $14 • See Travel Agent or Call N.Y. Res. Off. • LO 3-6900 • or any Hilton Hotel
A CN HOTEL OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

BRIGHT GIFT IDEA



ALTIMETER
#6203-F, $12.50



NAVIGATOR
COMPASS
#2957, $6.95

For the motorist: New UNI/MAG* ALTIMETER tells altitude of hills and valleys mile by mile with amazing sensitivity. NAVIGATOR COMPASS keeps you on course day or night. Push-button night lighting. Easily installed. Other sports instruments from $1.49 to $99.95. At finer automotive, hardware and sporting goods stores. *TRADE MARK

BY Taylor

two and a half packs a day. I was having lunch the other day with a doctor, and he said, '*There's* the biggest killer in the United States! What we're doing—eating!' This anti-cigarette campaign is not a haphazard thing; it's a well-conceived, well-directed campaign from some over-all headquarters—from the timing of releases to everything else. Some of what is being put out goes so far overboard that it makes me almost sure it isn't true. They say that sixteen thousand people died last year of lung cancer. The obvious conclusion is that they were victims of cigarettes. But nothing is said about how many would die of lung cancer if all cigarette smoking stopped. If *we* pulled that trick in the advertising business, we'd be put in jail."

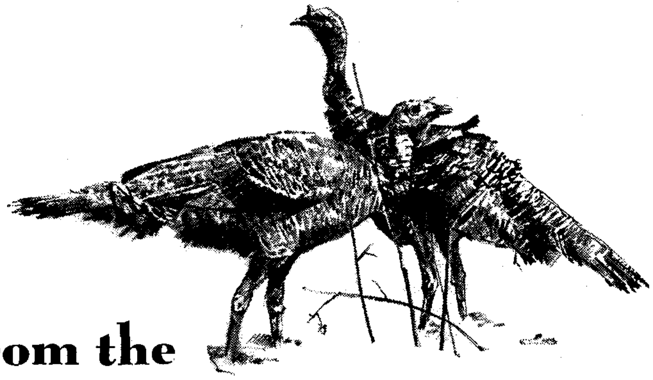
I remarked that I had been wondering whether Parliament's claim about Extra Margin didn't presuppose, to some degree, an element of danger to smokers.

"I have a theory that everything around us has an element of danger," Pattison said. "Your swimming pool can kill you. Cars can kill you. Coffee can kill you. Justice Holmes said that security is not the logical end of man."

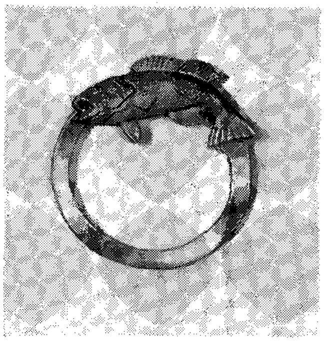
AT the Ted Bates advertising agency, Howard Black is one of the executives in charge of the Brown & Williamson cigarette accounts—Kool, Viceroy, Life, and a couple of other brands. In discussing his attitude toward smoking and health, he said that the position of the tobacco manufacturers was analogous to that of an automobile manufacturer confronted by statistics about automobile accidents. "I don't think that the tobacco industry would think of disbanding because one per cent—or whatever the figure is—of heavy smokers died of lung cancer any more than the automobile manufacturers would think of going out of business because five hundred people get killed in auto accidents on the Fourth of July," he said. "The automobile industry is going to go on. So is the tobacco industry."

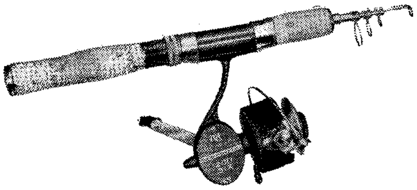
The president of Brown & Williamson is William S. Cutchins, a courteous, gray-haired Southerner, who took me to lunch at the Barclay Hotel and spoke to me of his philosophy. "I went into the tobacco industry years ago, because it was a perfectly honorable business, and I set out to reap the rewards of free enterprise," he said. "I'm doing what I'm doing today because of the rewards that the free-enterprise system has to offer." He went on to say that he was as anxious as anyone else to see a well-reasoned solution to the questions that had been

A&F THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD



From the A&F Christmas Trail





Telescopic Spin Rod. Extends from 13" to 6'. Beryllium copper with cork handle, screw-lock reel seat. **19.50**

Monogram® 200-Six Spin Reel. 200 yds., 8-lb. monofilament capacity. Folding handle with right or left-hand wind. **24.95**

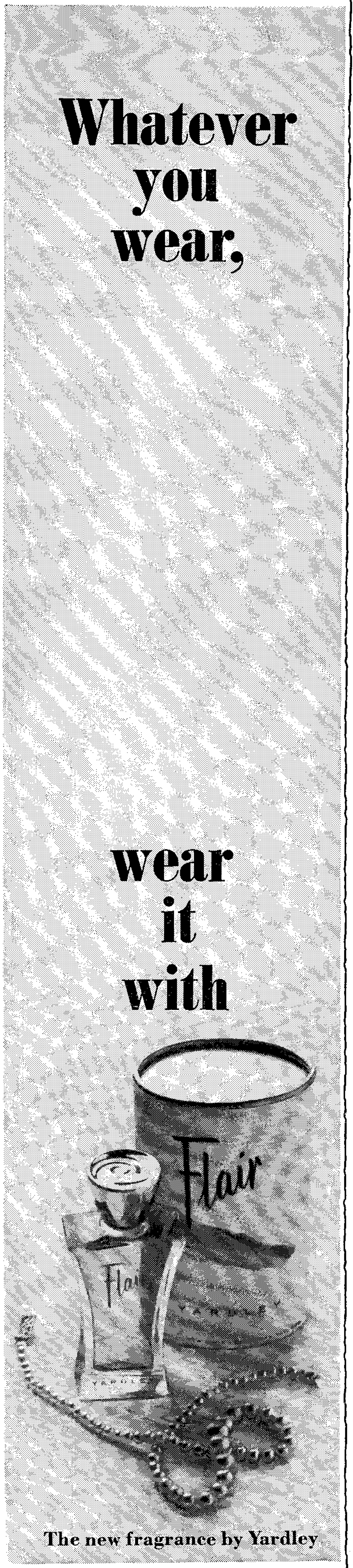
A&F Key Ring. Open mouth of full-bodied fish serves as clasp. Solid Silver. . . **11.00***
**Federal tax included*

Lambskin Suede Cardigan. From Austria. Back, collar-and-button panel and sleeves are matching wool knit. Rayon-lined. In tan, green or charcoal gray suede. S, M, L, XL. **65.00**

Silver Raccoon Parka. Luxurious silver raccoon skins, nylon-lined with wind cuffs. Small or medium. . . **341.00***
**Federal tax included*

Send for the A&F Christmas Trail Catalogue

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRINGS SHORT HILLS
SARASOTA BAY HEAD


Whatever you wear, wear it with
The new fragrance by Yardley

raised in connection with smoking and health, adding that some of the attacks on the tobacco industry were entirely unjustified, and that while many of the scientists who held "anti-cigarette views" were absolutely sincere, he did not think that the case for cigarettes had been presented to the public as it deserved to be.

I asked Cutchins what he would do if he came to accept the position that there was a connection between smoking and certain diseases.

"The first thing I'd try to do would be to correct it," he said. "A fundamental of common decency as well as of enlightened self-interest." He advised me to read a red-covered booklet—a copy of which he had with him—called "Headline Hunting with Statistics," which was a reprint of a speech given before a group of security analysts by Robert K. Heimann, assistant to the president of the American Tobacco Company. Later, I did so. It was a full-scale attack on what the author called "the anti-cigarette crusade," and sharply questioned the statistical validity of various studies that have found a link between smoking and disease. One section of the speech wound up, "Not all of the questions are scientific ones. You might well ask whether the American Cancer Society would be spending so much time and money propagandizing anti-tobacco statistics if the millions of dollars they have solicited from the public for so many years had shed any light on the causes of cancer."

SOME time later, I again encountered Heimann's name, in an article in the *Times* headlined "2 DOUBT SMOKING IS CANCER CAUSE." Here he was identified as "Dr. Robert K. Heimann, a sociologist and statistician" of the American Tobacco Company, but when I went to call on him, I saw him not in his capacity as a sociologist and statistician but in his capacity as assistant to the president of the American Tobacco Company in charge of public relations. He is a slightly built, rather poker-faced man, who was once the editor of *Forbes Magazine*. Among other things, he told me, with emphasis, that experiments using cigarette smoke had never induced lung cancer in an animal. (Dr. Hammond has said, with equal emphasis, that experimental animals have so little tolerance for cigarette smoke forced into their lungs that they do not live long enough for further investigation.)

A day or so later, Heimann arranged to have me meet his chief, Robert B. Walker, who in April of this year suc-

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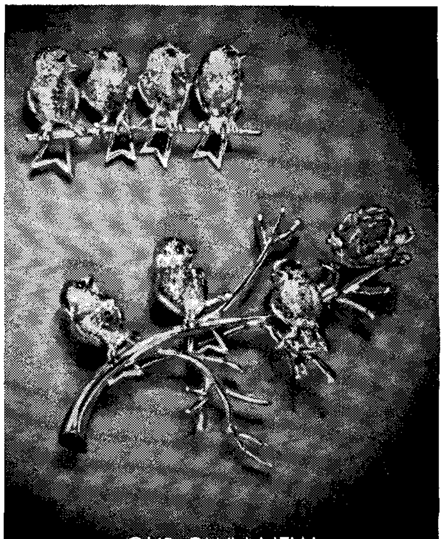
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The synergistic action of Irish Coffee is a wonderful conversation piece. But do insist on John Jameson. It is *all* pot still whiskey—matured 7 years in oak casks.

HOW TO MAKE IRISH COFFEE

Into prewarmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet, put jigger of John Jameson Irish whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Stir in *strong* black coffee to ½ inch of top. Carefully float *chilled* whipped cream to brim. Drink *through* the cream.

P.S. *A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.*

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JOHN JAMESON & SON
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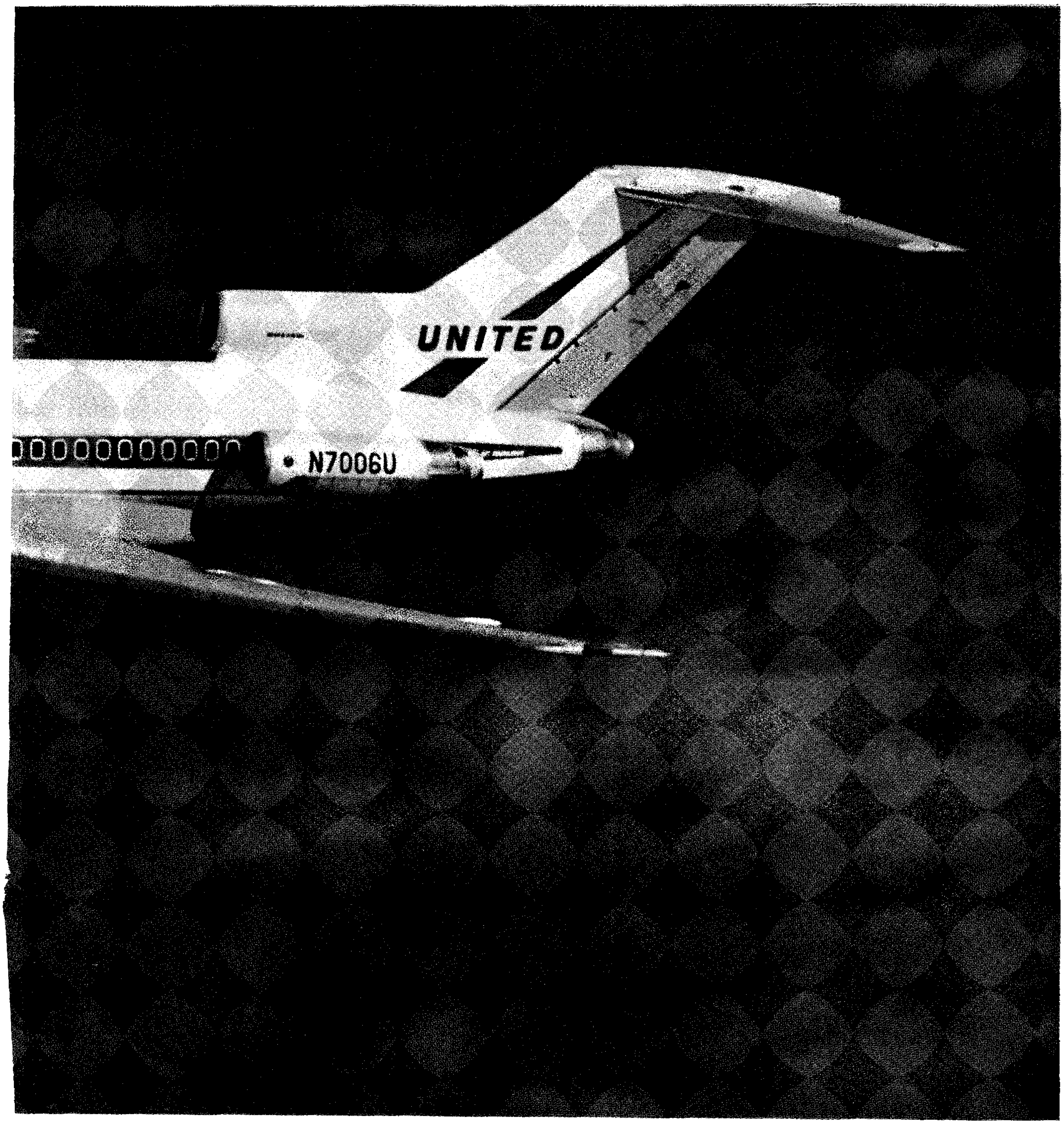
This newest jet comes to you backed by a 30-million-dollar test program. It's fast . . . with its three advanced-design fan-jet engines, it can climb faster than any other commercial jetliner. Yet its cabin is extremely quiet because the engines are mounted in the rear . . . to leave the sound behind.



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Colony Park

MERCURY . . . THE CAR THAT MADE THE STATION WAGON BEAUTIFUL

At one time you had to sacrifice beauty to gain the extra room in a wagon. Over the years, Mercury led the way in changing that. The room was kept, in fact increased (now 99.2 cu. ft. — just about the biggest there is). But Mercury knew that with most owners the station wagon is their only car. It has to do triple duty...as a family car, a "dress-up" car, and a cargo carrier. Mercury made it beautiful...luxurious inside. Just how beautiful you can see in the picture above. LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford MOTOR COMPANY **MERCURY... The Wagon Specialist** ceeded the late Paul Hahn as president of American Tobacco. In contrast to the New York headquarters of the other tobacco companies I visited—all of them very modern-looking, with lots of formica and blocks of colors—the offices of the American Tobacco Company have a certain grand, old-fashioned air, and the furniture there looks just as it must have looked in the days of the late George Washington Hill, the great tobacco-empire builder. The secretaries' filing cabinets, desks, and chairs are all made of solid oak, and on each desk is a small silver plate engraved with its occupant's name. Here and there are plaques bearing various office slogans devised by Hill, such as "Quality of Product Is Essential to Continuing Success" and "Get Your O.K. in Writing." The offices of nearly all the executives are equipped with solid-mahogany desks and chairs, and the office of the president is on an even more solid scale—a vast room, with panelled walls of bleached mahogany, chairs of mahogany and black leather, a couple of black leather sofas, and a huge desk of unbleached mahogany. When Heimann escorted me into this office, Walker, a masterful-looking, gray-haired man of fifty with a pink rose in his buttonhole, was sitting behind his great desk in what looked like a judge's chair. It was indeed a judge's chair, he told me when he got up to greet me; it had belonged to Judge Gary, the first chairman of the United States Steel Corporation.

Getting down to the purpose of my interview, Walker said, "We are facing some rough seas. But I am thoroughly convinced that the tobacco industry will survive and flourish. The people in this industry are loyal, dedicated people—people dedicated to the good of the country, people who have made a contribution to humanity. I don't want to paraphrase Winston Churchill, but I will. I don't think that any industry has given so much pleasure to so many people for so many centuries, and is so deserving of more consideration and fair play than it is now getting." Having said this, he looked across at Heimann, who was sitting on a sofa to one side of him, and remarked appraisingly, "That's pretty good. 'So much pleasure to so many people for so many centuries.' " He lit up a Lucky Strike and puffed at it with pleasure.

I said that some people felt there was a mounting weight of evidence implicating cigarettes as the source of some danger to health, and he replied, "There isn't a mounting weight of evidence. There's a mounting wave of propaganda. The hypothesis about smoking

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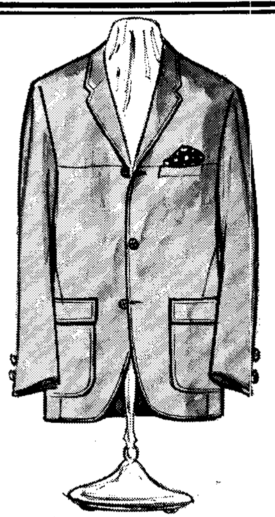
has not been proved. Now, under our American system everybody is innocent until proved guilty, and even then the verdict is subject to appeal and reappeal. This is not the case here. Many doctors subscribe to the cholesterol theory that we've all heard so much about. Cholesterol may be the killer of us all. But until it's proved, should the whole dairy industry be condemned? Should everybody give up ice cream even if it takes a few hours off your life? Some doctors say that we don't have the answers about cholesterol, and some say that we don't have the answers about tobacco. Is it fair to condemn the tobacco industry under the present circumstances? This is a seven-billion-dollar business, and the taxes on the tobacco industry last year could pay for the whole space program for a year."

OF all the tobacco-manufacturing people I talked to, Morgan J. Cramer, president of the P. Lorillard Company, which manufactures Kent and Newport cigarettes, was distinctive, for a couple of reasons. For one, he was the only executive who even mentioned (although he certainly did not elaborate on) an issue that I understood was troubling the tobacco industry—the pending lawsuits brought against individual tobacco companies by the heirs of victims of lung cancer. For another, he was the only man to concede that cigarettes might possibly contain substances worth filtering out. He didn't say that these substances were harmful, but he did say that "certain things in smoking that don't affect taste, enjoyment, or pleasure can be removed, and since there has been some question about them, they're better out than in." To that end, he said, his company had come up with a new filter that would remove phenol from the smoke. (In the available literature on smoking and health, it seems to be commonly recognized that phenol is one—but only one—of the many substances in tobacco smoke that are suspected of playing a carcinogenic role.) But beyond this I found no compromise. "I don't believe that cigarettes are causing all these diseases," he said. "Cigarette smoking has been in existence a long time, and we consider that we have a serious responsibility to the smoking public. If we were convinced that cigarettes were harmful, we wouldn't be in the cigarette business."

Did he think, I asked, that cigarette companies should inform the public—by labelling or by other means—of the statistical association that is supposed



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This is one gift he will prefer to all others. Our supple suede leather jacket is tailored to perfection with patch-flap pockets and three leather buttons. In a rustic tone of tobacco brown and in a complete range of sizes. Men's Shop.

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Individually, ALL-PURPOSE
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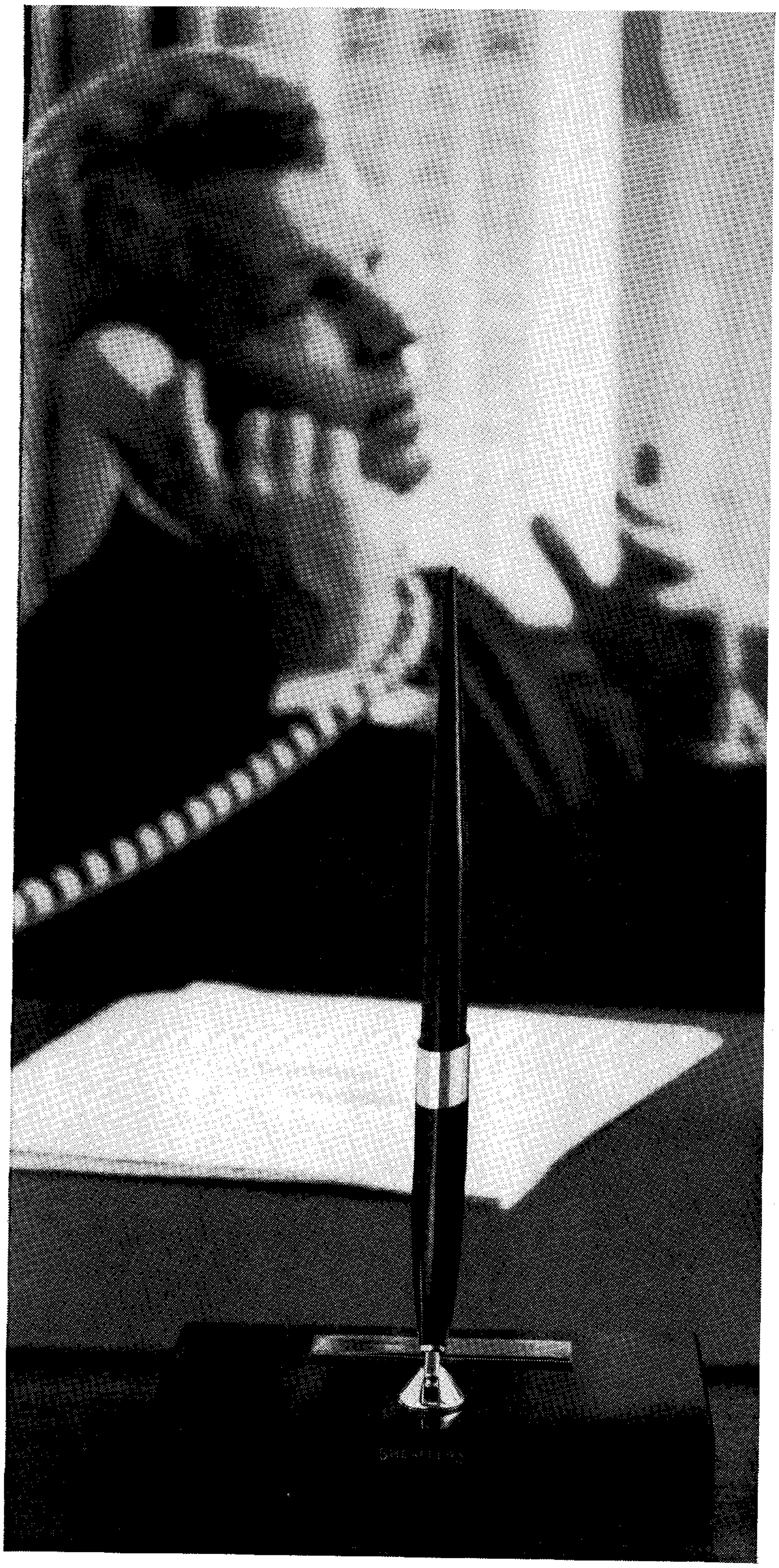
How to make a Jr. Executive feel like the Chairman of the Board



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Attractively priced.
Pullover, about $30.
Classic cardigan, about $37.50.
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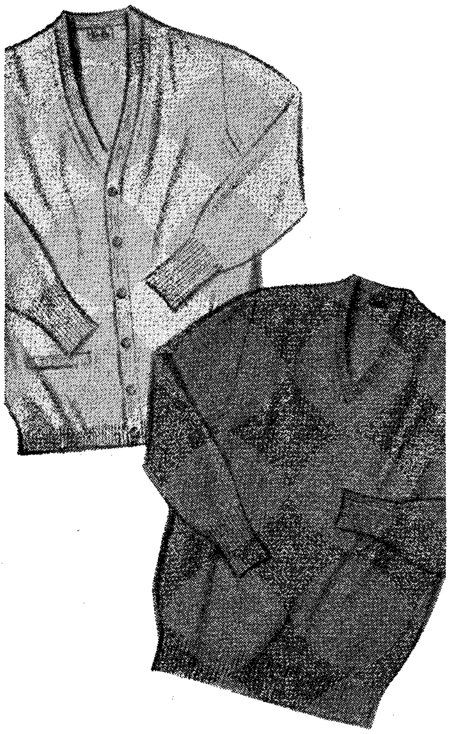

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St. Louis, Mo	Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Antonio, Texas	Frank Bros.
San Francisco, Calif	City of Paris
Schenectady, N. Y	Dall's
Summit, N. J	Root's
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to exist between smoking and disease.

"The public has been informed," he replied. "The public knows all about it."

My final interview was with Adolph J. Toigo, the president of Lennen & Newell, the advertising agency that handles the ads and commercials for most of Lorillard's cigarette brands. Lennen & Newell annually handles about thirty million dollars' worth of Lorillard advertising. After the comparative frankness of Cramer on certain aspects of the issue of smoking and health, I hoped that Toigo might be equally informative. He is a short, gray-looking man, with graying hair, a gray mustache, and a rather pale face. He was wearing a gray suit. As we talked about the cigarette business in his big, panelled office, I found my hopes fading. "Kent has grown more than any other filter cigarette," he said. "We believe the right combination of filter and tobacco is responsible. That reflects our current campaign. Lorillard has spent a lot of money anticipating consumer requirements. There's a lot of idealism in the big corporations. I have quite an aversion to the opposite interpretation."

After a while, I asked him what he thought about the cigarette-health question.

"Well, I think it's a controversial subject on which there is no proof—no established proof—of cigarettes' being harmful," he said. "What's more, I think it's *beneficial* to smoke. Otherwise they wouldn't be doing it."

As I left Toigo's office—and the offices of Cramer, Bowling, Landry, Pattison, Black, Heimann, and Walker before him—I could have no doubt but that the lines had been drawn and the battle joined. And I could no more foresee an accommodation between the opposing forces than I could before I started.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

•

BOLTON — Placing four out of the first five runners in a ten man race, Nashoba Regional High cross country team defeated Groton High 17-54 in a dual meet yesterday.

By winning Nashoba registered its fourth victory in seven tries this season. The order of finish and their times were: Malcom Clouter (N) 16.22, Robert Day (N) 17.05, George Sharkey (N) 17.14; Jay DeJongh (G) 17.16, Steve Dopp (N) 17.24, Walter Piecewicz (N), Larry Hamilton (N), Doug Ousley (N), three moose from Newfoundland.

—*Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.*

Unfair!

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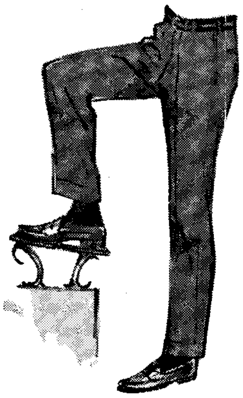

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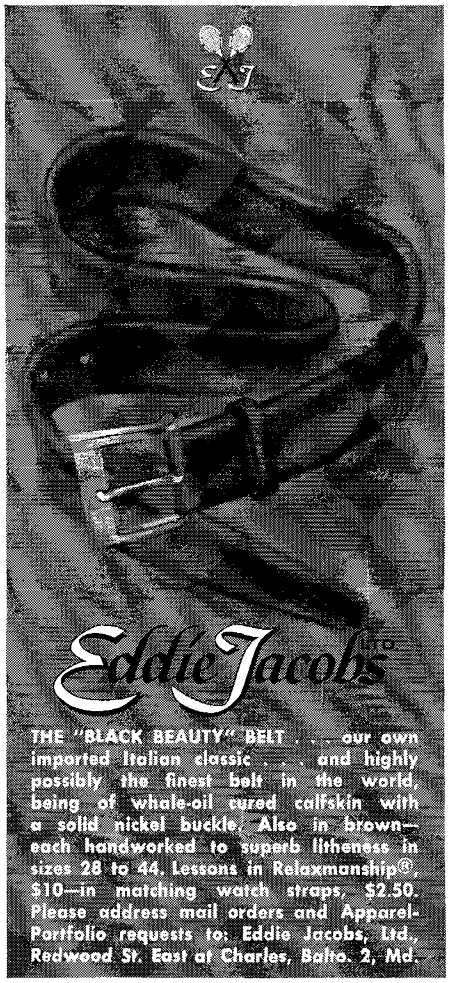

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE
QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION

COMMANDER LOSES

BOAKS v. SOUTH LONDON PRESS LTD.

Before MR. JUSTICE LAWTON and a jury

His LORDSHIP, on the verdict of the jury, entered judgment for the South London Press Ltd., in this action by Lieutenant-Commander George William Boaks, of Palace Road, S.W.2, for damages for libel contained in an article in the *South London Press* on March 27, 1962, under the title of "Heliport Bridge." The words complained of were: "Commander Boaks of Streatham whom I usually describe as nutty sends me a plan for Tower Bridge that I, for once, think brilliant."

The plaintiff, by his statement of claim, contended that he was the secretary and first founder of a society embodying in its full name its purpose, namely, the provision of nation-wide helicopter service. The society's name was the British National Airways National Heliport Network and Central London Airport and Aerodrome Association. The plaintiff, in a letter to the features column writer of the *South London Press*, put forward proposals for alleviating traffic delays arising from the opening of the bascules of Tower Bridge for passing steamers. The plaintiff contended that the letter formed the basis of comments giving rise to the words complained of.

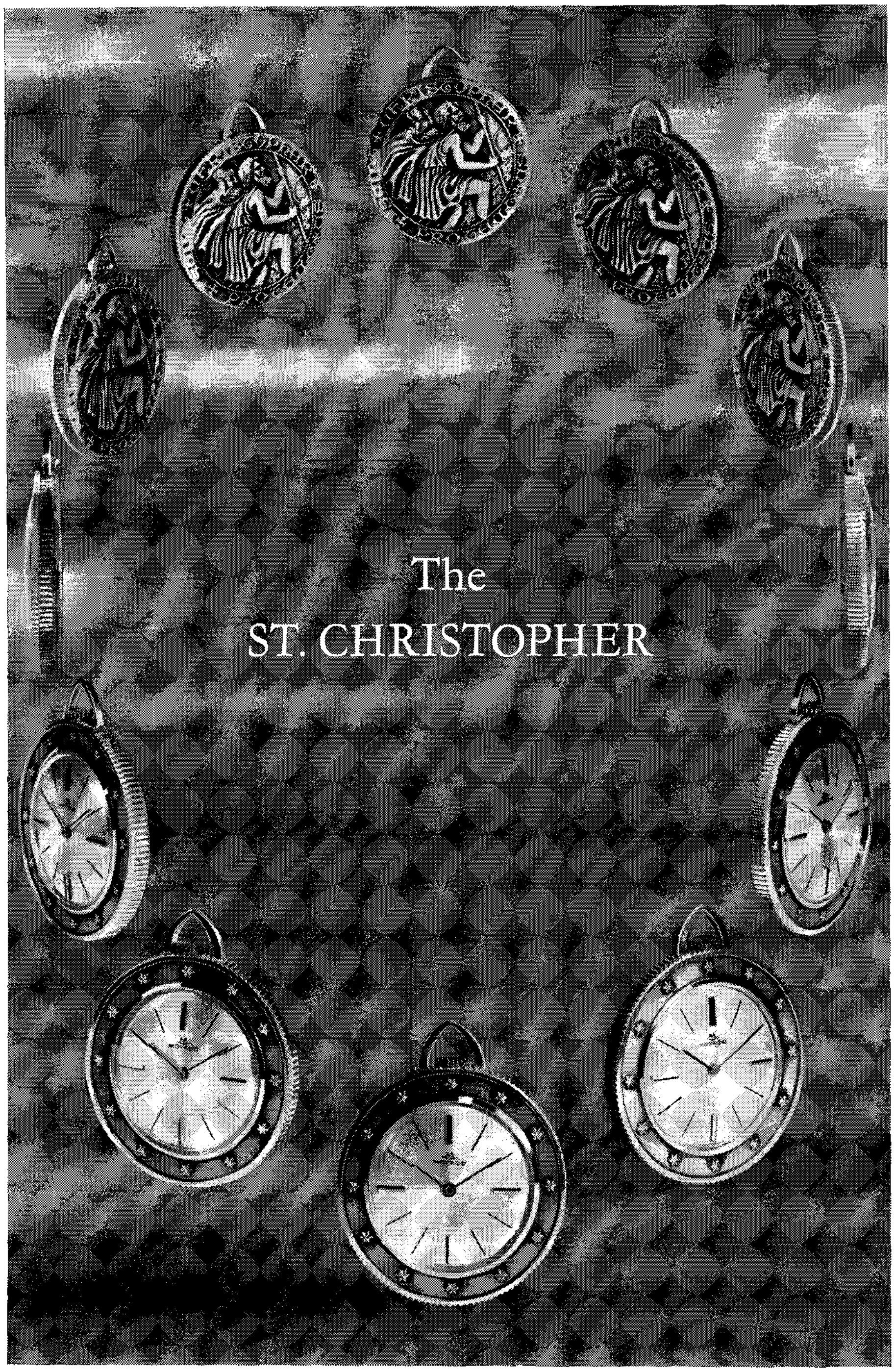
The defendants, by their defence, contended that the words were not defamatory in themselves and that they amounted to fair comment honestly made on a matter of public interest. The defendants contended, *inter alia*, that in April, 1959, the plaintiff announced his intention of contesting three Parliamentary seats at the next election and that in August, 1959, the plaintiff had applied for planning permission to moor H.M.S. Vanguard by Waterloo Bridge. It was further contended that in February, 1961, the plaintiff had asked for planning permission to use his garden as a helicopter station and in September, 1961, had asked the London County Council to use his house as a museum.

The plantiff appeared in person; Mr. Colin Duncan for the defendants.

SUMMING-UP

His LORDSHIP, in the course of his summing-up to the jury, said that the defendants stated that they had merely expressed an opinion that the plaintiff was nutty, while the plaintiff could have maintained that they had intended it as a statement of fact. If a newspaper stated that a man had stolen 10s. from his grandmother, had struck his mother and seduced his girlfriend, and then concluded that the man was a cad, it would be for the jury to say whether that was a fair comment in the context in which it was made. If the jury were of the opinion that the statement was defamatory of the plaintiff, then it was for them to assess a reasonable sum by way of damages.

Solicitors.—Messrs. Oswald Hickson, Collier & Co.



Unique Pocket or Fob Watch

This strikingly handsome timepiece, exclusively Movado, is as thin as a coin. It is embossed with a beautiful St. Christopher (patron saint of travellers) medallion. The MOVADO movement is exceptionally accurate. It can be worn either as a Fob watch — it comes with its own plaited leather thong and stitched leather case — or with a chain as a pocket watch. It makes a particularly tasteful gift — is an eloquent way to wish "good fortune" to someone dear. The St. Christopher. 14K Gold—$175. Sterling Silver—$115. Fed. Tax Incl.

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THE THEATRE

NO THANKS

A COUPLE of turkeys came temporarily to roost on Broadway last week, in time for the Thanksgiving festival, but as they fluffed and preened I found nothing to be thankful for. The first of these attractions, at the Lyceum, was entitled "The Golden Age" and was made up of recitations and songs of Elizabethan England. As rendered by Douglas Campbell, Nancy Wickwire, Douglas Rain, and Lester Rawlins, the recitations reminded me of the sort of thing that was considered a grand parlor divertissement in the days when middle-aged baritones kept lining out "Boots, Boots, Boots, Boots." When the bard had finished his Kipling, it was customary for a female pianist to run through a gypsy-dance-type velocity exercise on the old upright, and a chap who knew how to lay into a few sanguinary passages from "The Dream of Eugene Aram" with all the stops out could make a fairly rousing evening of it. But enough of all that. "The Golden Age," even though it had musicians playing such sweet instruments as the virginal, the cittern, the lute, the tenor viol, and the recorder, never overcame the handicap of being hopelessly dishevelled. For the record, it was devised by Richard Johnson and directed by Mr. Campbell. Obviously, they meant well, but they missed the excellence of, say, last season's "The Hollow Crown" by many a rod.

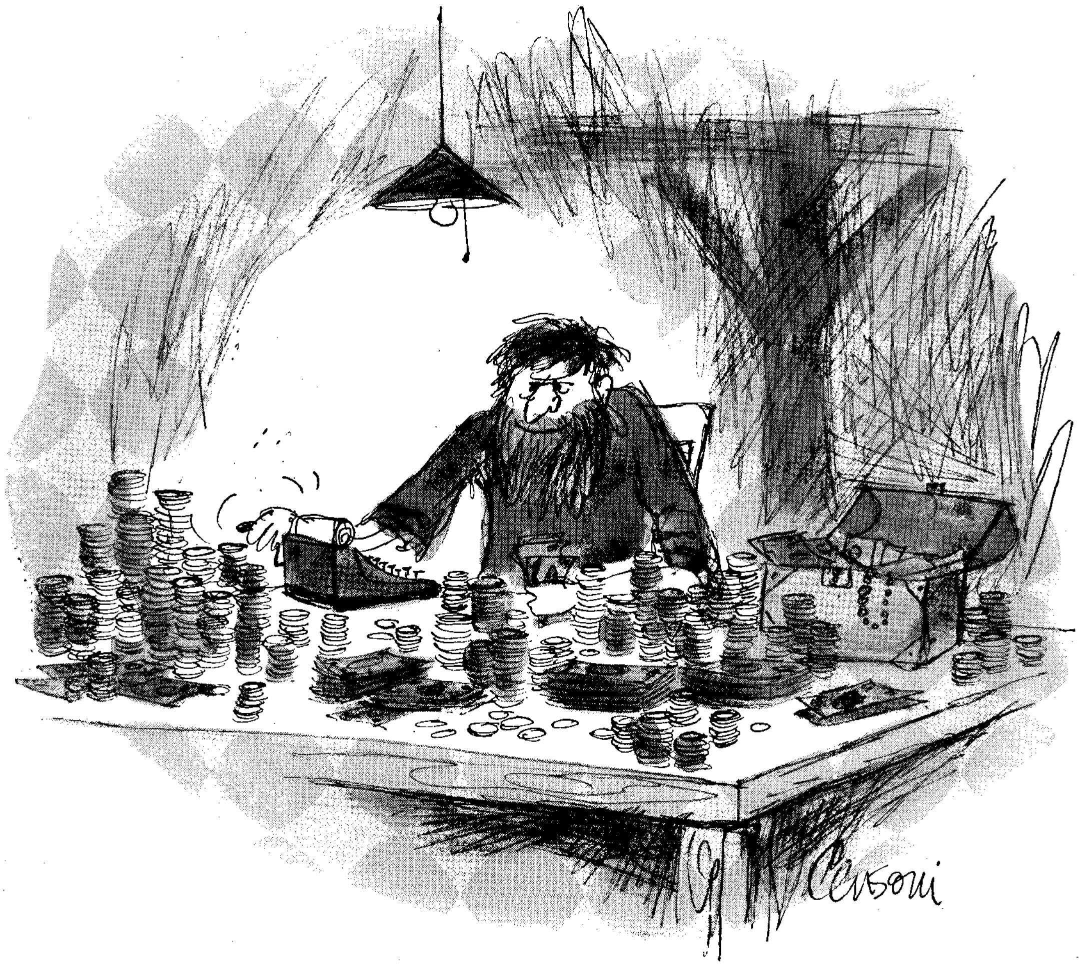
JUST give me a moment to get my thumb out of my mouth and I'll try to tell you about "Once for the Asking," which was apparently devised for the Kiddie-Koop set. Here we had, so help me, a fairy in the person of an old bag who dressed like someone accoutred at a rummage sale and who had the magical power to make anyone become what he really wanted to be for twenty-four hours. "Once for the Asking" was about as arch an endeavor as I have ever come upon, and I thought at one point that if the author introduced one more note of whimsicality I would storm the stage. Among the types on view were a Madison Avenue man who was crazy to become the most persuasive copywriter in the world, a Madison Avenue man who wanted to be the reincarnation of his sister, and a small girl who wanted to be a goldfish. There were more, but these will do. The play was performed by Scott McKay, Jan Sterling, Ralph Dunn, Russell Nype, and assorted others. They showed a commendable, if inexplicable, enthusiasm for their leaden chores.

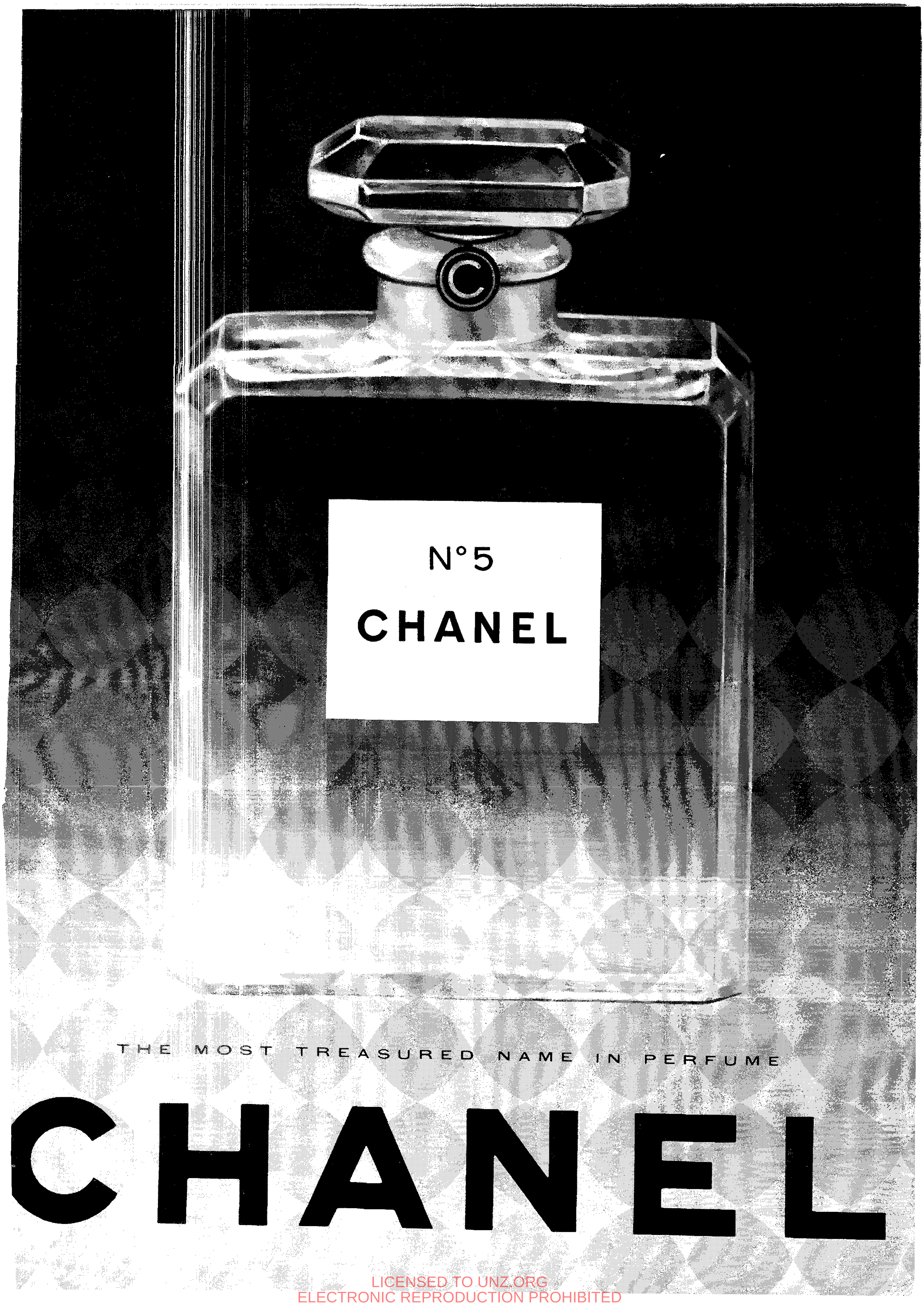
—John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

The Non-Taming of the Nymph

I HAD a kind of good time at Gudrun Powers' "Thistle in My Bed," lately at the Gramercy Arts, and even laughed out loud quite a bit. The nearest I can come to describing it is to say that it was about—in the loosest sort of way—fun among the peasantry of nineteenth-century England, and, more immediately, about a woodsy, independent girl who marries a milksop of thirty-four, and his unsuccessful efforts to domesticate her. He is, to say the least, sexually unenterprising; she is anything but. Even having a baby doesn't make much difference to her (she puts it in a basket and sends it floating downstream), and his hiring of a cook to teach her household ways comes to nothing. She hides a talking bear in the house, she lures her husband's wispy nephew into her bed, she sports around with a handsome gypsy, and she angrily asserts that the only role open to a woman (back there and then) is whore or mother. As she gets further and further out of hand, her husband grows more and more matronly, and the end finds him sitting up in bed, having just given birth to twins. My synopsis—plus that tiresome final gag—makes it all sound quite unpromising, but there was talent and originality in the play, and some larky humor, and the author's ideas—verbal and visual, some good, some bum—almost burst the tiny stage. Howard Da Silva, the director, and Richard Casler,




N°5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

why I am
MAD
at "they"

"They" are always improving something right out of existence. Like the station wagon. "They" improved it to the point where it's a sort of sedan with the trunk inside.

"They" don't understand that a station wagon ought to carry things. All kinds of things. Like a pack of Bassets or a Duncan Phyfe desk.

"They" don't realize that a station wagon ought to be tough enough to *go* anywhere—yet good looking enough to *show* anywhere.

Lucky there is one station wagon that isn't made by "They". It's called the 'Jeep' Wagoneer. And it is and does all the things that the others aren't and don't.

It's high wide and handsome. And it has 4-wheel Drive-power to take you anywhere. Come mud, sand or snow. On the road or off.

So if you're among the enlightened people who think a wagon should be, well—a *wagon*—go see the 'Jeep' Wagoneer at your nearest 'Jeep' Dealer's. This is one that makes a demonstration worthwhile.

ALL NEW
'JEEP'
WAGONEER

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION Toledo 1, Ohio

who did the scenery and the lighting, made the most of that tiny stage, duplicating in every way the ramshackle atmosphere and wild energy of the play. The actors did pretty well, chiefly Joanna Merlin, as the wife (the name of the character was Dawnthea, I'm sorry to report, and Miss Merlin mysteriously spoke her lines in a brogue); John Cullum, as the timid husband (Southern accent); Sam Waterston, as the nephew (non-regional American); and David Margulies, as a villager (also n.-r. A.). Barbara Waltuch, in a false nose, did some funny clowning as the cook, and Mark Bucci's incidental music was especially good. Well, too bad it has closed. It was indeed disorderly, but it was refreshing, too. At one point, the heroine demanded to be taught to read and write, so she could set down, in verse and in order, the words that went whirling around in her head. If "jokes" and "quirks" and "horseplay" had been added to "words," she could have been speaking for the author. (To complain about an excess of comic notions seems odd these days, when one or two, switched about or blown up, are considered enough for three acts.) Miss Powers, although some of her spurts of eloquence got me down, is in the right trade, I think, and I look forward to her next play.

THERE is considerable raving and breast-beating these nights at the Jan Hus, where a number of conscientious performers are appearing as Lot, his family, and other natural and supernatural creatures in old Sodom and Gomorrah. The drama, a high-tension, if largely incoherent, affair, is called "Burn Me to Ashes!" It is by Nikos Kazantzakis, the late self-winding Greek mystic. I went to see it, I must confess, partly out of curiosity, to find out whether his work was as annoying onstage as it is between covers, and it turned out to be even more so. Leo Kerz's setting, on the other hand, is impressive. —EDITH OLIVER

•

All female employees must wear closed-in shoes with low heels, and must be cleaned and polished daily.—*Manual for employees of the York County (Pa.) Hospital and Home.*

We'll go along with that.

•

SHORT SHORT STORY
[*Adv. in the Washington Post*]

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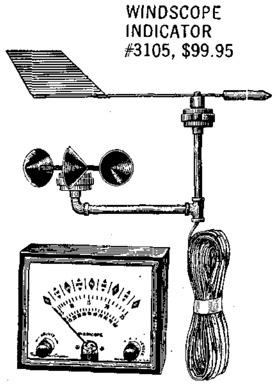

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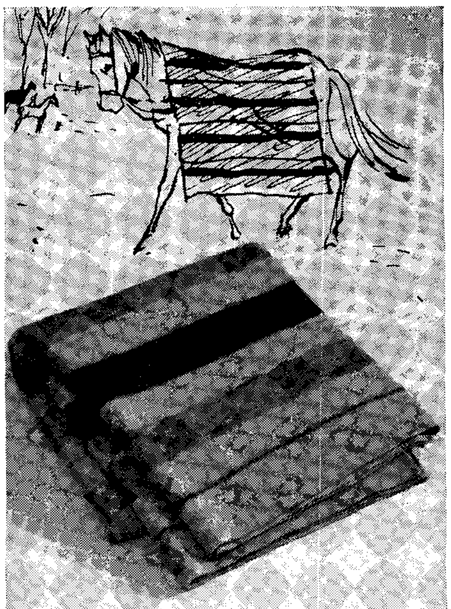

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that travels in the car, goes to the stadium. Ours alone from Paris—mustard wool striped with navy and red. 60" x 70", 35.00

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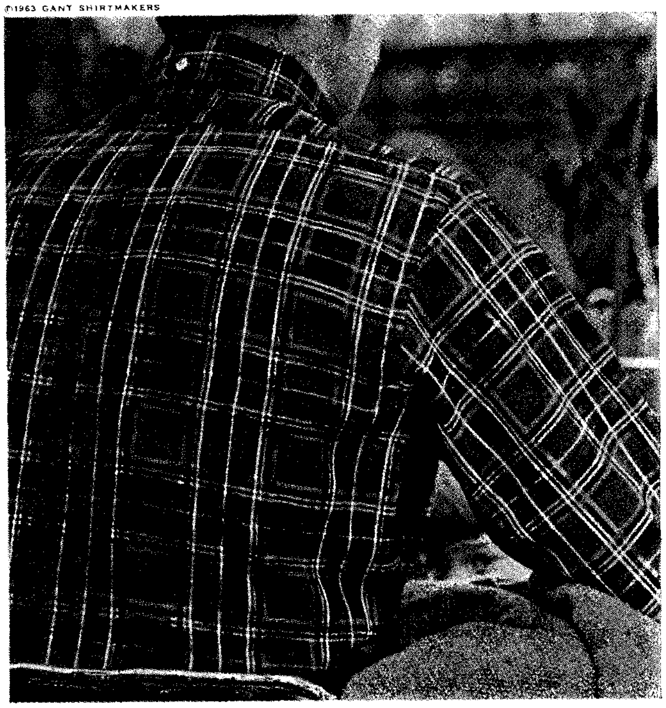
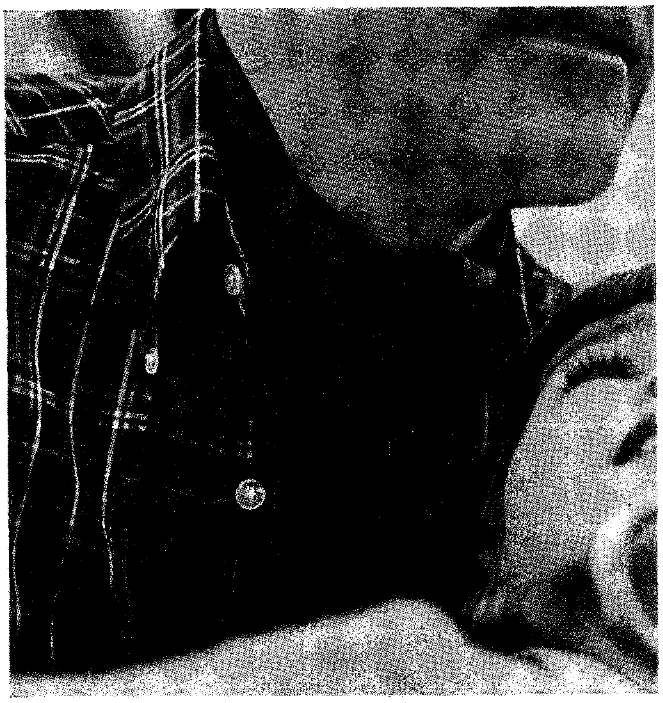
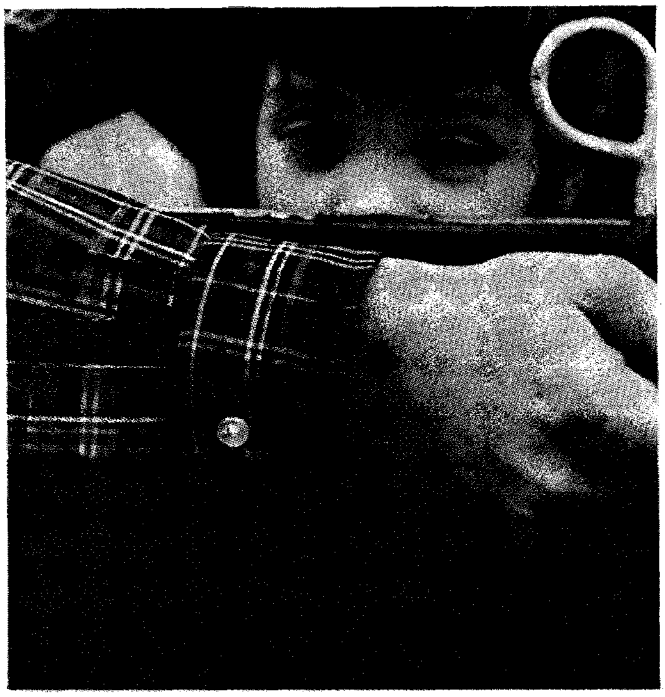


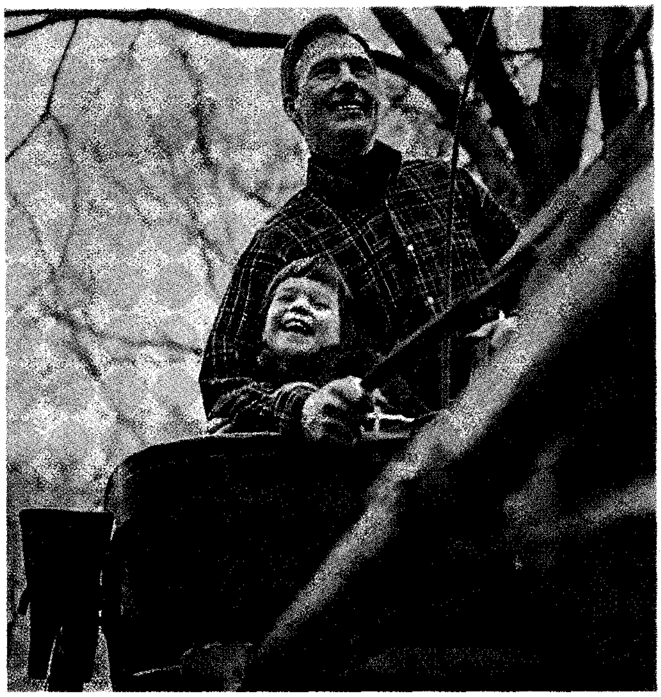
Swiss Woolcott...



a light-warm...



Gant shirt...



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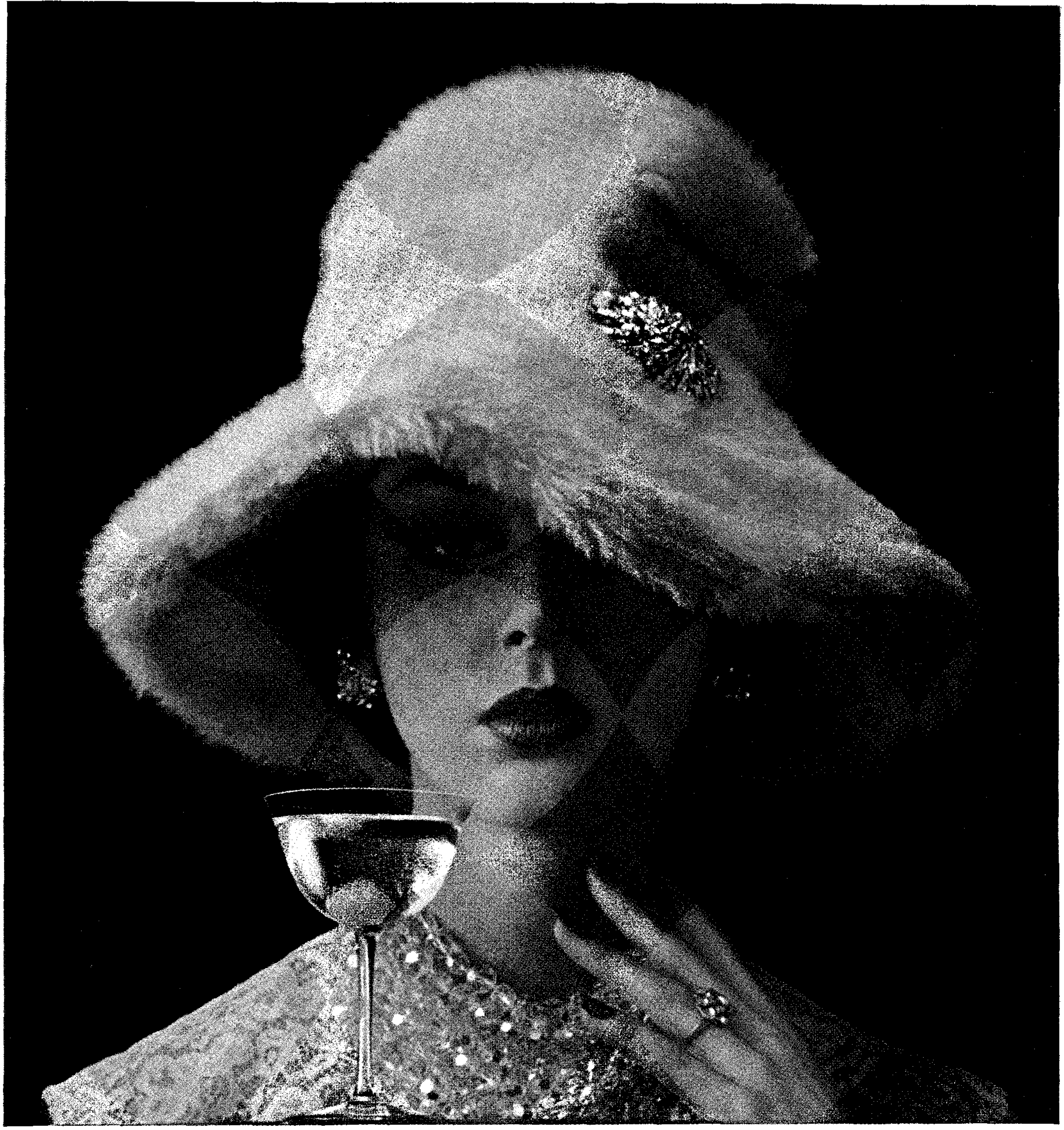

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smooth,
holiday spirited...

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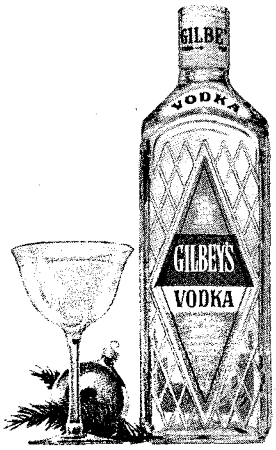
by the makers of Gilbey's Gin



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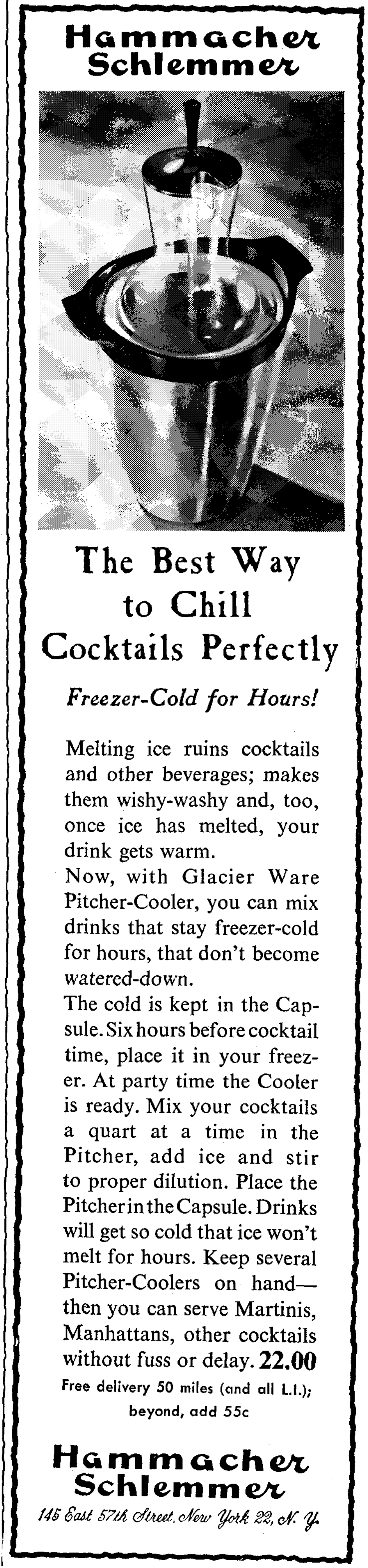
MARTINI (Basic) *—Stir 4 parts Gilbey's Vodka, 1 part Cinzano dry Vermouth in lots of ice. Pour into well-chilled Martini glass. Add onion, olive or twist of lemon peel, if desired.*

MEMOIRS OF A SHORT-WAVE PROPHET

THE town in Mississippi where I grew up sits tentatively on the edge of the great delta. It is half red hills, half black flatland, and about thirty miles from the river as the crow flies. Once, lounging in front of the Phillips station on the main street, which comes hellbent out of the hills as a U.S. highway, I watched a couple of tourists emerge from a Buick with Illinois plates; the woman of the pair paused for a second to look at the shrivelled vistas and whispered, "My God!" This was in the summer of my thirteenth year, in the late nineteen-forties, and although I knew even then that the town was not the cultural capital of Christendom, I had recently become aware that at least a quiet renaissance was occurring in the place—an intense religiosity, which later developed a finer and more mature edge, on the subject of baseball. Baseball was all-meaning; it was the link with the outside. A place known around town simply as the Store was the principal center of this intellectual ferment. The Store had sawdust on the floor and long shreds of flypaper hanging down from the ceiling. Its most familiar staples were Rexall supplies, oysters on the half shell, legal beer, and illegal whiskey, the latter served up, Mississippi bootleg fashion, by the bottle from a hidden shelf and costing not merely the price of the whiskey but the investment in gas required to go to Louisiana to fetch it. There was a long counter in the back. On one side of it, the Caucasian *petite bourgeoisie* congregated after working hours every afternoon to compare the day's scores and talk batting averages, and on the other side, also talking baseball, were the Negroes, juxtaposed in a face-to-face arrangement with their white brethren. The scores were chalked up on a blackboard hanging on a red and purple wall, and the conversations were carried on in fast, galloping shouts from one end of the room to the other. An intelligent white lad of twelve was even permitted, in that atmosphere of heady freedom before anyone knew the name of Justice Warren, a quasi-public position favoring the Dodgers, who had Jackie Robinson, Roy Campanella, and Don Newcombe—not to mention, so it was rumored, God knows how many Chinese and mulattoes being groomed in the minor leagues.

There were two firehouses in town, and on hot afternoons the firemen at both establishments sat outdoors in shirtsleeves, with the baseball broadcast turned up as loud as it would go. On his day off work, my father, who was a wholesale grocer, usually started with Firehouse No. 1 for the first few innings and then hit No. 2 before ending up at the Store for the usual post-game conversations. I usually accompanied him, and was thankful for these diversions, because in the summers the town was a bore—ten thousand souls and nothing doing. In the mornings, for instance, three or four of us boys might get together and play stud poker, but only for toothpicks. Once, by telephone, we managed to have six bottles of Kentucky bourbon delivered by the bootlegger himself to an afternoon meeting of the Women's Society of Christian Service. Sometimes we would have picnics in the cemetery, the coolest place in town and in many ways the most sensible, where we lunched on ham sandwiches, moonpies, and Nehi strawberry drink near the resting place of a couple of John Hancock's nephews, who died of some eccentric disease while passing through town many years before. These activities, however, were trivial, and plainly out of the mainstream.

I didn't try out for the American Legion Junior Baseball team that summer. Legion baseball was an important thing for country boys in those parts, but I was too young and skinny, and I had heard that the coach, a dirt farmer named Gentleman Joe, made his protégés lie flat on the infield while he walked on their stomachs; forced them to take three-mile runs down the main boulevards of the town; harangued them about going to church; and persuaded them to give up Coca-Colas. A couple of summers later, when I did go out for the team, I discovered that Gentleman Joe did in fact insist on these soul-strengthening rituals; because of them, we won the Mississippi state championship and a free trip to St. Louis to see the Cardinals play the Phillies. My main concern that earlier summer lay in the more academic aspects of the game, however, and I can now proudly say, with the judgment that almost sixteen years can bring, that I knew more about baseball, its technology and its ethos, than all the firemen and Store experts put together. Having read all its literature, I could give a fair-sized filibuster on the infield-fly rule alone, which only a thin minority of the townspeople knew existed. Gentleman Joe was held in high local esteem for his strategical sense, yet he was the only man I ever knew who could call for a sacrifice bunt with two men out



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and not have a bad conscience about it. I remember one dismaying moment that came to me while I was watching a country semi-pro game. The home team had runners on first and third, with one out, when the batter hit a ground ball to the first baseman, who stepped on first and then threw to second. The shortstop, covering second, stepped on the base but made no attempt to tag the runner. The man on third had crossed the plate, of course, but the umpire, a dirt farmer unfamiliar with the subtleties of the rules, signalled a double play. Sitting in the grandstand, I knew that it was not a double play at all and that the run had scored, but when I went down, out of my Christian duty, to tell the manager of the local team that he had just been done out of a run, he told me I was crazy. This was the kind of baseball brainpower I was up against.

That summer, the local radio station started a baseball quiz program. A razor-blade company offered free blades and the station chipped in a dollar, all of which went to the first listener to telephone with the correct answer to the day's baseball question. If there was no winner, the next day's pot would go up a dollar. At the end of a month, they had to close down the program because I was winning all the money. It became so monumentally easy, in fact, that I stopped phoning in the answers some afternoons, so that the pot could build up and make my winnings more spectacular. I netted about twenty-five dollars and a ten-year supply of double-edged, smooth-contact razor blades before they gave up. One day, when the jackpot was a mere two dollars, the announcer tried to confuse me. "Babe Ruth," he said, "hit sixty home runs in 1927 to set the major-league record. What man had the next-highest total?" I telephoned and said, "George Herman Ruth. He hit fifty-nine in another season." My adversary, who had developed a particularly avid dislike of me, said that was not the correct answer. He said it should have been *Babe* Ruth. This incident angered me, and I won for the next four days, just for the hell of it.

Every Sunday afternoon, my father and I went to see a game. Sometimes we drove out of town and along winding dirt roads to baseball fields that were little more than parched red clearings, the outfield sloping out of the woods and ending in some tortuous gully full of yellowed paper, old socks, and cow manure. One of the backwoods teams had a fastball pitcher named Eckhardt, who didn't have any teeth, and a fifty-

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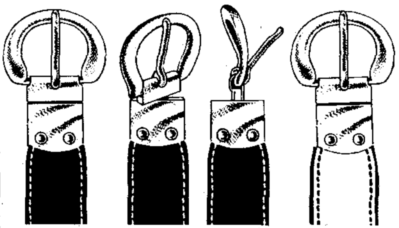

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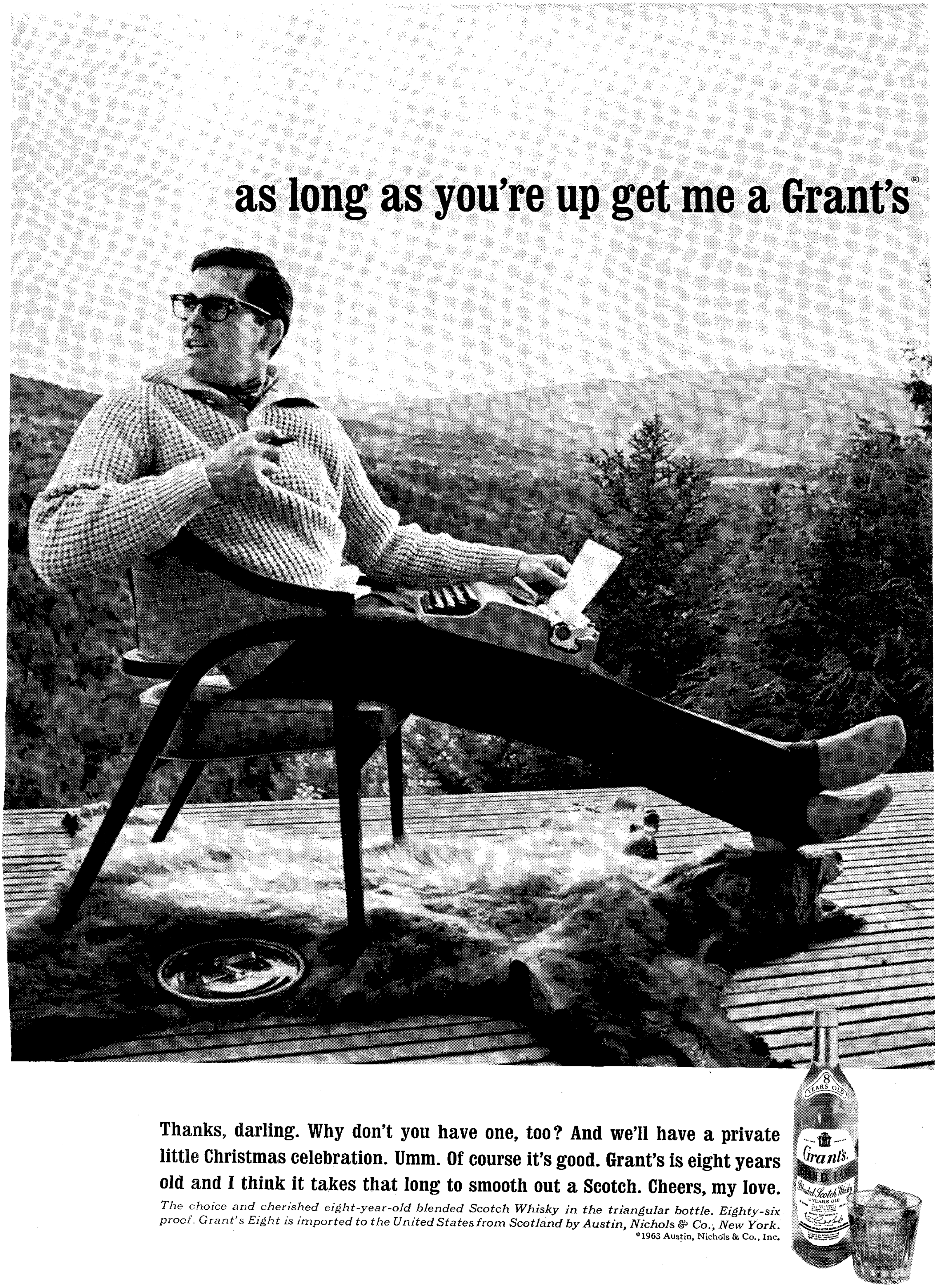

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Thanks, darling. Why don't you have one, too? And we'll have a private little Christmas celebration. Umm. Of course it's good. Grant's is eight years old and I think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. Cheers, my love.

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STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD

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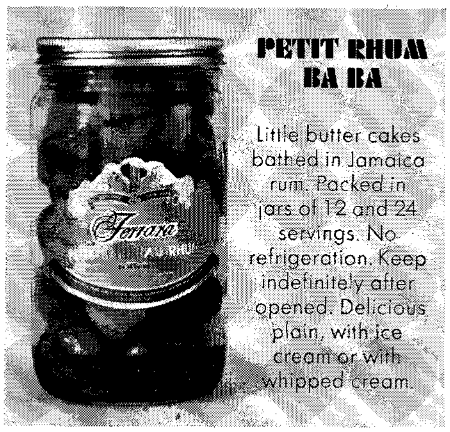

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Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or with whipped cream.

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Ferrara's delicious baked crepes en glass sauteed in butter and steeped in Grand Marnier Liqueur (14 or more servings)

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In fresh egg yolks and pure butter, imported Italian candied fruits, Sultana raisins from Greece.

Try our wild cherry jubilee, panforte from Sienna, marron in rum, imported apricots and figs in cordials, rum Nesselrode.
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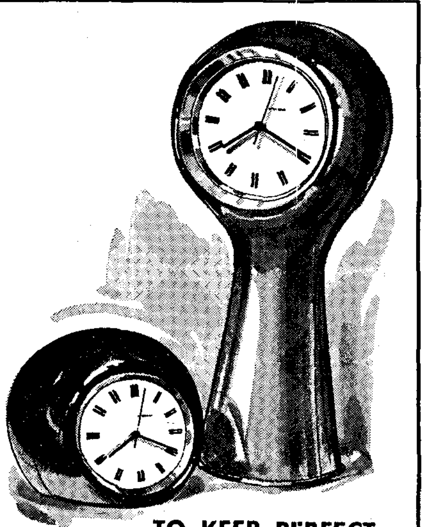
year-old left-handed catcher. Since there were no catcher's mitts made for left-handers, this unfortunate had to wear a mitt on his throwing hand. In his simian posture, he would catch the ball and toss it lightly into the air and then whip his mitt off and catch the ball in his bare left hand before throwing it back. I can still vividly recall those Sunday afternoons—my father and I sitting in the grass behind the chicken-wire backstop with eight or ten dozen farmers, watching the wrong-handed catcher go through his strange gyrations, and listening at the same time to our portable radio, which brought us the rising inflections of a baseball announcer called the Old Scotchman. The sounds of the two games, our own and the one being broadcast from Brooklyn or Chicago, merged and rolled across the bumpy outfield and the gully and into the woods.

The Old Scotchman was a local institution. His real name was Gordon McLendon, and he described the big-league games for the Liberty Broadcasting System, which had outlets mainly in the South and Southwest. He had a rich, deep voice, and I think he was the best rhetorician outside of Nye Bevan and Theodore Bilbo I have ever heard. Under his handling, a baseball game took on a life of its own. His games were rare and remarkable entities, things of beauty. Casual pop flies had the flow of history behind them, double plays resembled the stark, tragic clashes of old armies, and home runs deserved acknowledgment on Grecian urns. Later, when I came across Thomas Wolfe, I felt I had heard him before, from Shibe Park, Crosley Field, and Yankee Stadium. On those summer afternoons, almost every radio in town was turned to the Old Scotchman, and his rhetoric dominated the place; it hovered in the branches of the trees, bounced off the hills, and came out of car exhausts.

ONE afternoon, I was lounging around my house listening to the Old Scotchman, admiring the sheer vivacity of a man who said he was a contemporary of Connie Mack. (I learned later that McLendon was in his late twenties.) That day, he was doing the Dodgers and Giants from the Polo Grounds. The game, as I recall, was in the fourth inning, and the Giants were ahead by about 4–1. It was a rather boring game, however, and I began experimenting with my father's short-wave radio, an impressive mechanism a couple of feet wide, which had an aerial that almost touched the ceiling and the name of every major world city on



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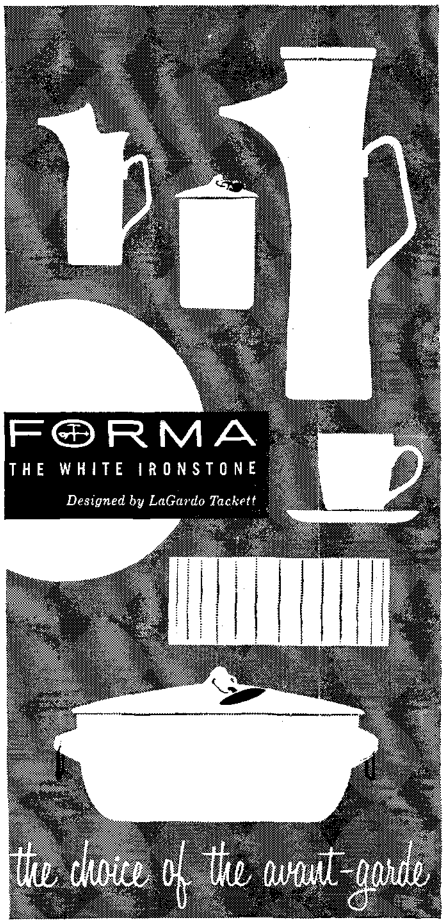

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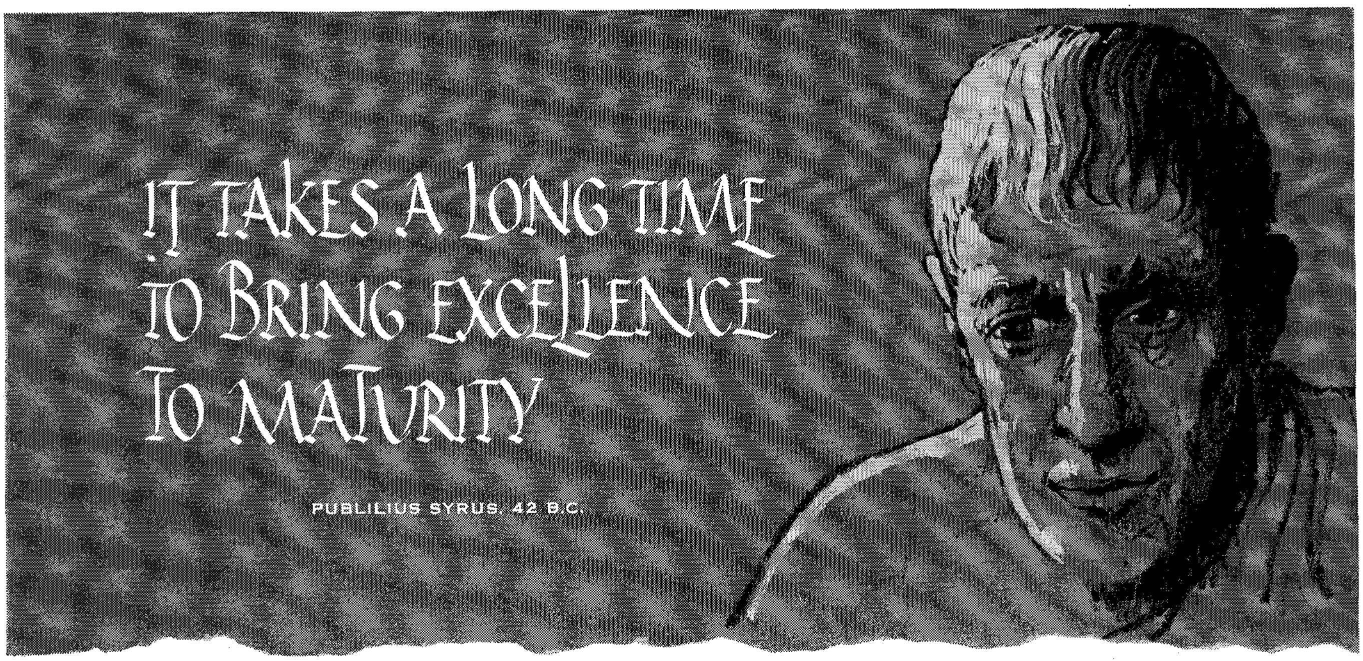

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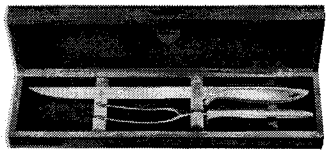

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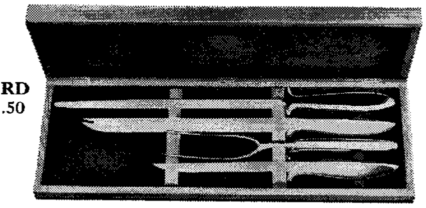
$22.50



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Gerber kitchen sets come in beautiful solid walnut wall shields that protect the blades and keep them handy. All sets gift boxed. Priced from $14 to $49.50.

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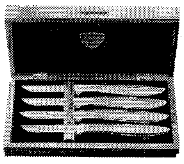

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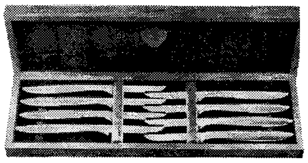
A cherished addition to any dining table. The smooth, keen edge of Gerber dining knives does wonders for any piece of meat — makes it seem more tender, tastier. Sets of 4, 6, 8 and 12 — handsomely boxed in walnut chests. (Cardboard gift cases as shown with M6c also available.)



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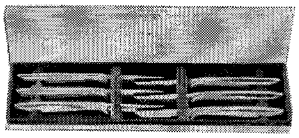

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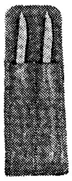

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A gift for someone who has everything but a pair of Pixies for restaurant dining. The pair comes in leather case . . . stows easily in pocket or purse. $10.00

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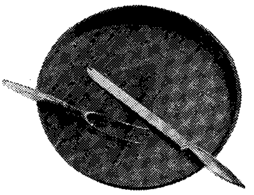

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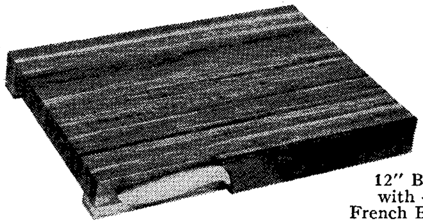

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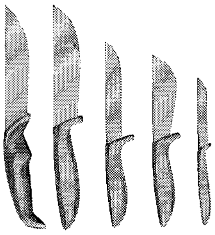

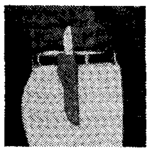

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its dial. It was by far the best radio I had ever seen; there was not another one like it in town. I switched the dial to short wave and began picking up African drum music, French jazz, and Australian news broadcasts. Then a curious thing happened. I came across a baseball game—the Giants and the Dodgers, from the Polo Grounds. After a couple of minutes, I discovered that the game was in the eighth inning. Thinking that I had not been listening closely enough to the Old Scotchman, I turned back to the local station. But no, the Giants and Dodgers were still in the fourth. I turned again to the short-wave broadcast and listened to the last inning, a humdrum affair that ended with Carl Furillo popping out to short, Gil Hodges grounding out second to first, and Roy Campanella lining out to center. Then I went back to the Old Scotchman and listened to the rest of the game. In the top of the ninth, an hour or so later, a ghostly thing occurred; to my astonishment and titillation, the game ended with Furillo popping out to short, Hodges grounding out second to first, and Campanella lining out to center.

I kept this unusual discovery to myself, and the next day, an hour before the Old Scotchman began his play-by-play of the second game of the series, I dialled the short-wave frequency, and, sure enough, they were doing the Giants and the Dodgers again. I learned that I was listening to the Armed Forces Radio Service, which broadcast games played in New York. As the game progressed, I began jotting down notes on the action. When the first four innings were over, I turned to the local station just in time to get the Old Scotchman for the first batter. The Old Scotchman's account of the game matched the short-wave's almost perfectly. The Scotchman's game, in fact, struck me as being considerably more exciting and poetic than the one I had heard first. But I did not doubt him, since I could hear the roar of the crowd, the crack of the bat, and the Scotchman's precise description of foul balls that fell into the crowd, the gestures of the base coaches, and the expression on the face of a small boy who was eating a popsicle in a box seat behind first base. I decided that the broadcast was being delayed somewhere along the line, perhaps because we were so far from New York.

That was my first thought, but after a close comparison of the two broadcasts for the rest of the game I sensed that something more sinister was taking place. For one thing, the Old Scotch-

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man's description of the count on a batter, though it jibed ninety per cent of the time, did not always. For another, the Scotchman's crowd, compared with the other, kept up an ungodly noise. When Robinson stole second on short wave, he did it without drawing a throw and without sliding, while for Mississippians the feat was performed in a cloud of angry, petulant dust. A foul ball that went over the grandstand and out of the park for short-wave listeners in Alaska and the Argentine produced for the local firemen, bootleggers, farmers, and myself a primitive scramble in an upper-deck aisle that ended with a feeble old lady catching the ball on the first bounce to the roar of the assembled masses. But the most revealing development came after the Scotchman's game was over. After the usual summaries, he mentioned that the game had been "recreated." I had never taken notice of that particular word before, perhaps because I lost interest once a game was over. I went to the dictionary, and under "recreate" I found "To invest with fresh vigor and strength; to refresh, reinvigorate (nature, strength, a person or thing)." The Old Scotchman most assuredly invested a game with fresh vigor and strength, but this told me nothing. My deepest suspicions were confirmed, however, when I found the second definition of the word—"To create anew."

So there it was. I was happy to have fathomed the mystery, as perhaps no one else in the whole town had done. The Old Scotchman, for all his flaming rhetoric, was not only several innings behind every game he described but was no doubt sitting in some air-conditioned studio in the hinterland, where he got the happenings of the game by news ticker; sound effects accounted for the crack of bat on ball and the accompanying crowd noises. Instead of being disappointed in the Scotchman, I was all the more pleased by his artistry, for he made pristine facts more actual than actuality. I must add, however, that this renewed appreciation did not obscure the realization that I had at my disposal a weapon of unimaginable dimensions.

Next day, I was at the short-wave again, but I learned with much disappointment that the game being broadcast on short wave was not the one the Old Scotchman had chosen to describe. I tried every afternoon after that and discovered that I would have to wait until the Old Scotchman chose to describe a game out of New York before I could match his game with one described live on short wave. Sometimes, I learned later, these coincidences did not

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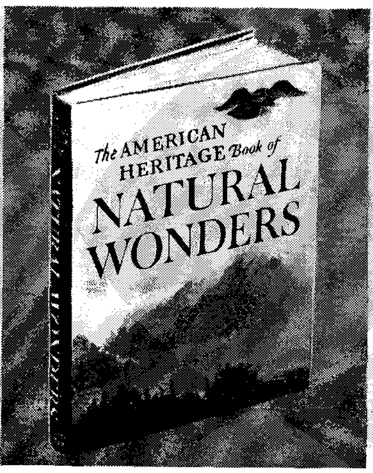
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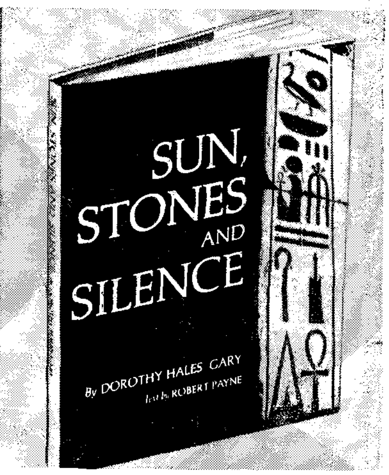
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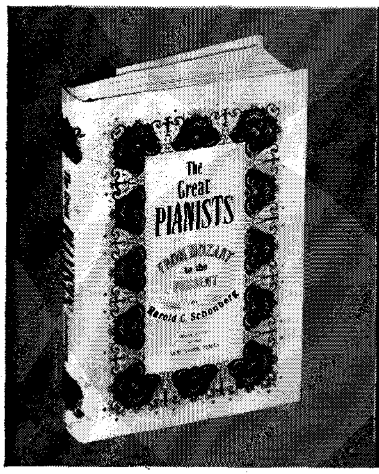
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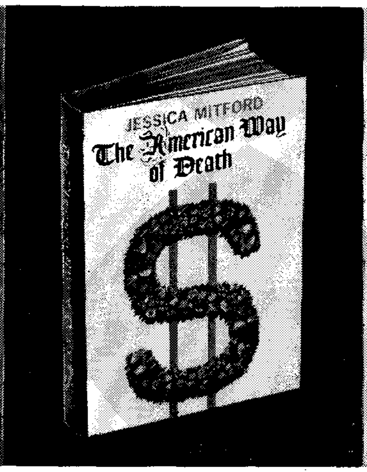
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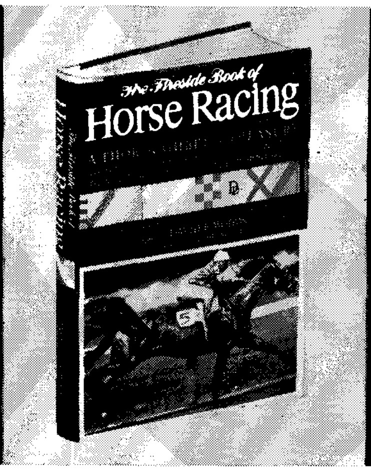
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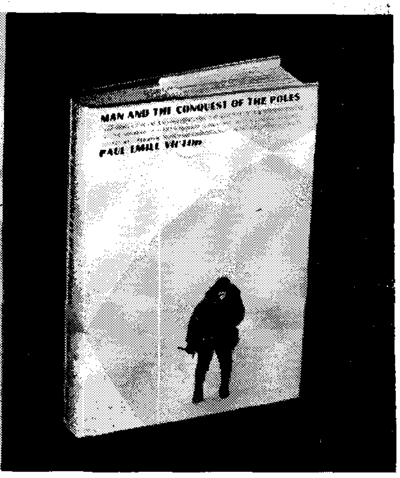
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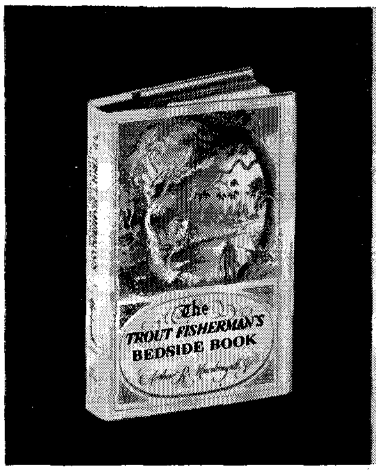
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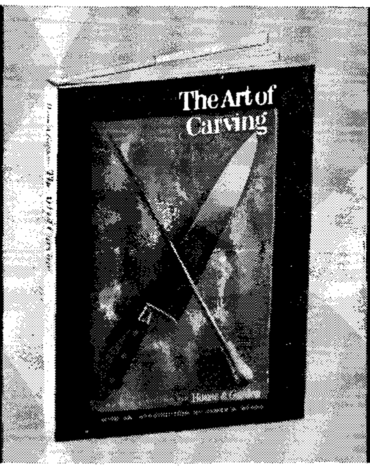
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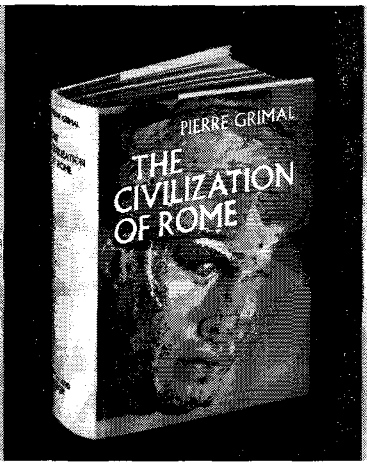
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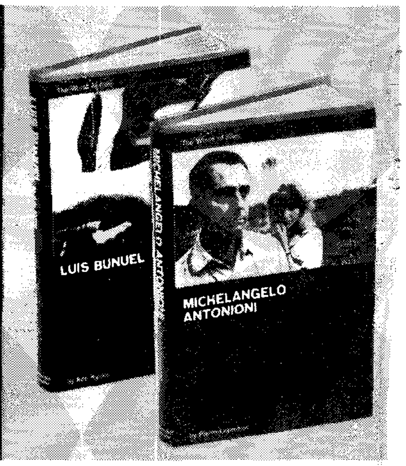
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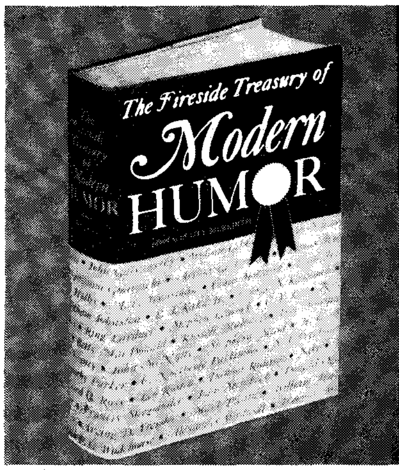
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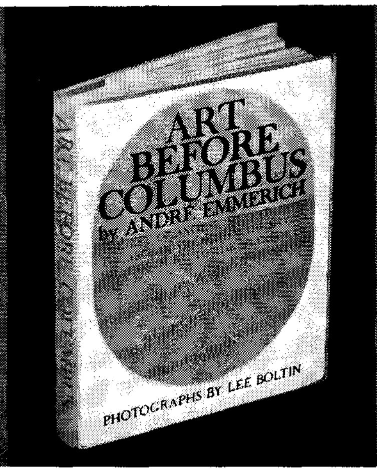
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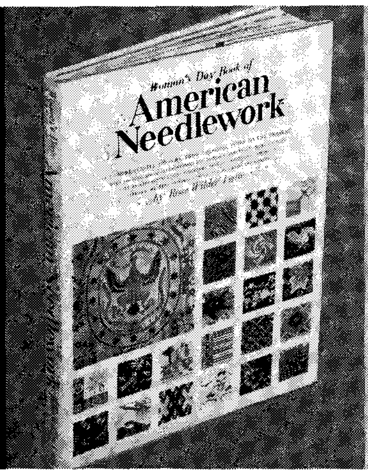
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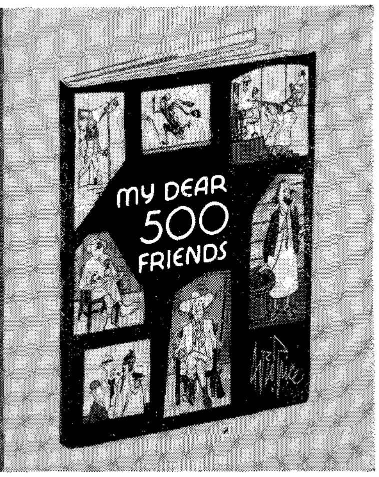
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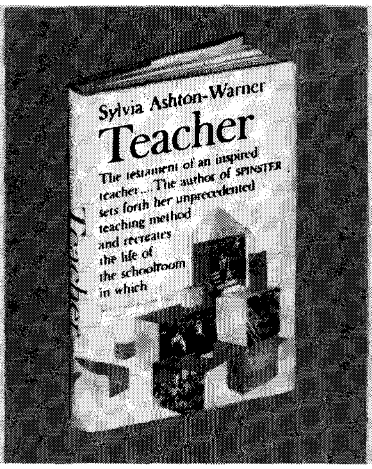
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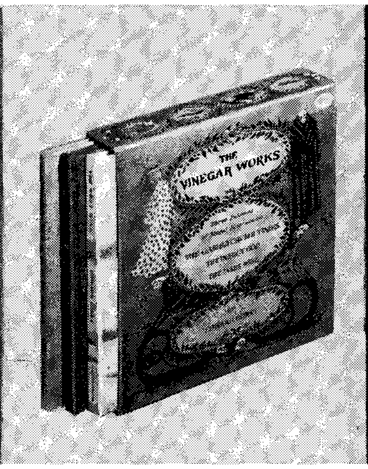
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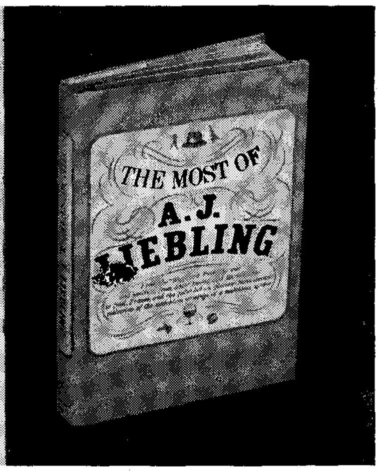
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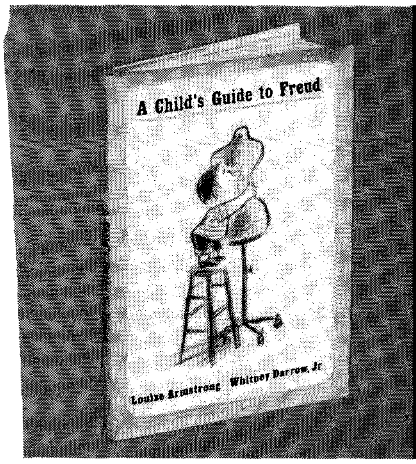
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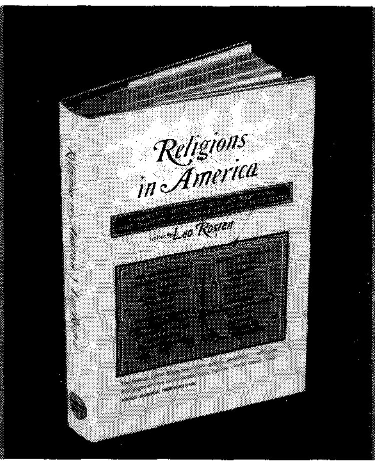
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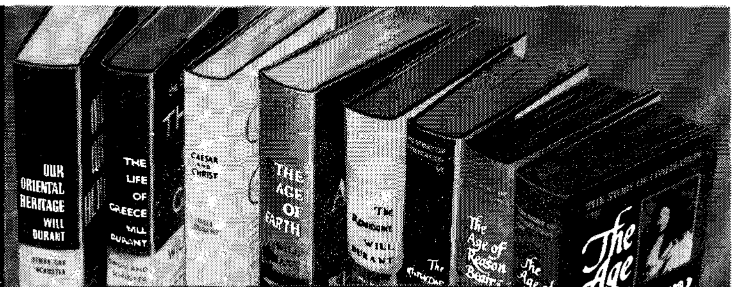
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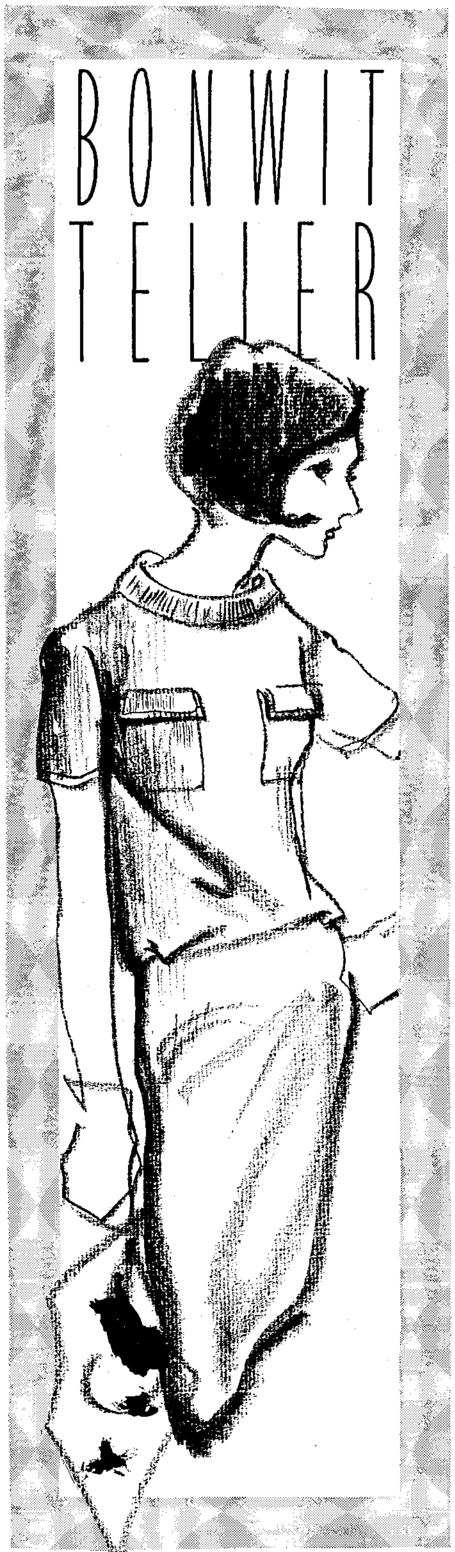

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occur for days; during an important Dodger or Yankee series, however, his game and that of the Armed Forces Radio Service often coincided for two or three days running. I was happy, therefore, to find, on an afternoon a few days later, that both the short-wave and the Scotchman were carrying the Yanks and the Indians.

I settled myself at the short-wave with notebook and pencil and took down every pitch. This I did for four full innings, and then I turned back to the local station, where the Old Scotchman was just beginning the first inning. I checked the first batter to make sure the accounts jibed. Then, armed with my notebook, I ran down the street to the corner grocery, a sort of minor outpost of baseball intellection, presided over by a young Negro friend of mine named Bozo, who was a knowledgeable student of the game. I found Bozo behind the meat counter, with the Old Scotchman going full blast. I arrived in the interim between the top and bottom of the first inning.

"Who's pitchin' for the Yankees, Bozo?" I asked.

"They pitchin' Allie Reynolds," Bozo said. "Old Scotchman says Reynolds really got the stuff today. He just set 'em down one, two, three."

The Scotchman, meanwhile, was describing the way the flags were flapping in the breeze. Phil Rizzuto, he reported, was stepping to the plate.

"Bozo," I said, trying to sound rather cut-and-dried, "you know what I think? I think Rizzuto's gonna take a couple of fast called strikes, then foul one down the left-field line, and then line out straight to Boudreau at short."

"Yeah?" Bozo said. He scratched his head and leaned lazily across the counter.

I went up front to buy a Double Cola and then came back. The count worked to nothing and two on Rizzuto—a couple of fast called strikes and a foul down the left side. "This one," I said to Bozo, "he lines straight to Boudreau at short."

The Old Scotchman, pausing dramatically between words, as was his custom, said, "Here's the windup on nothing and two. Here's the pitch on its way— There's a hard line drive! But Lou Boudreau's there at shortstop and he's got it. Phil hit that one on the nose, but Boudreau was right there."

Bozo looked over at me, his eyes widening. "How'd you know that?" he asked.

Ignoring the query, I made my second prediction. "Bozo," I said, "Tommy Henrich's gonna hit the first pitch

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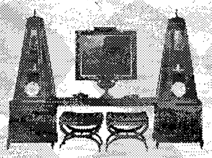

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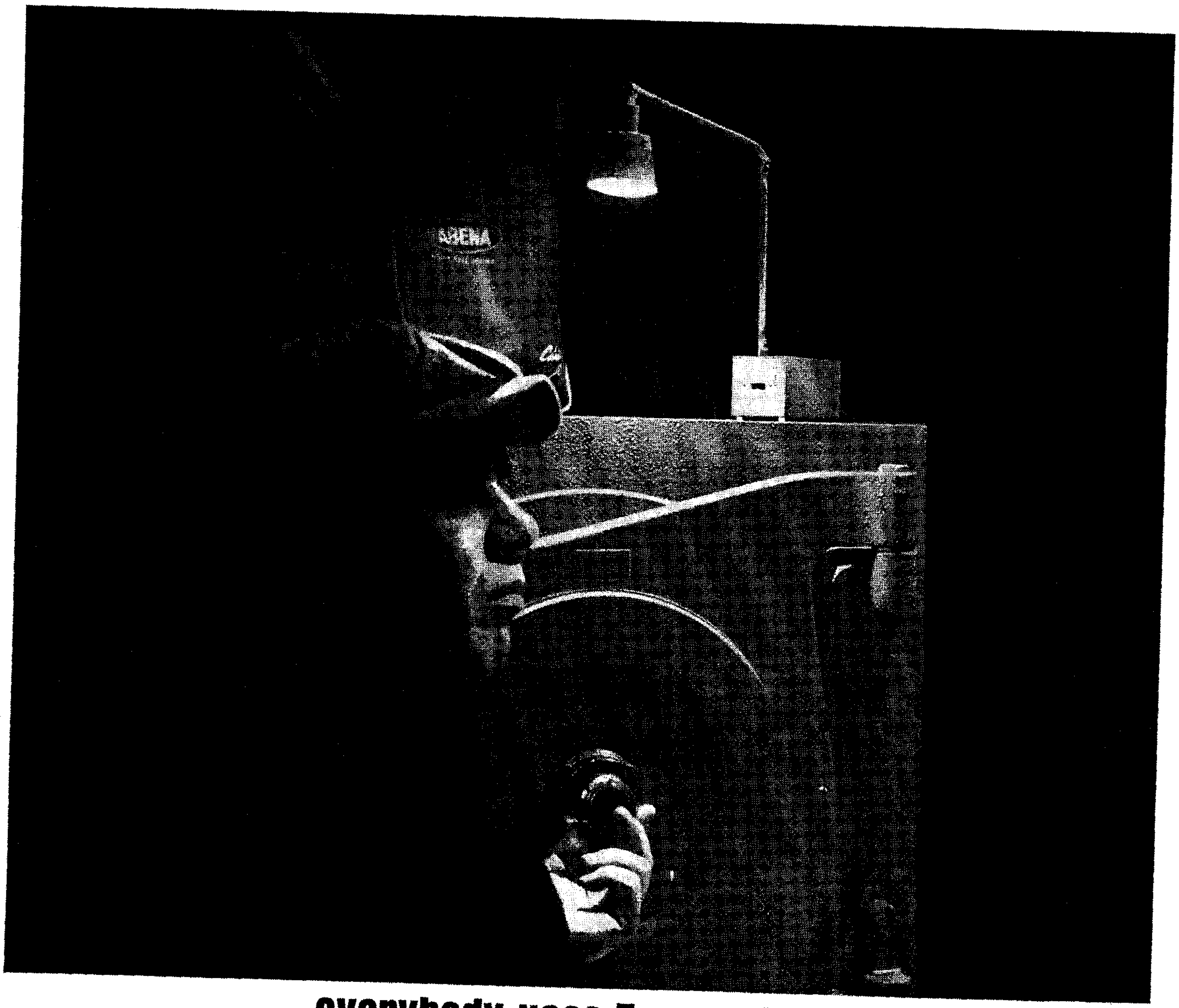

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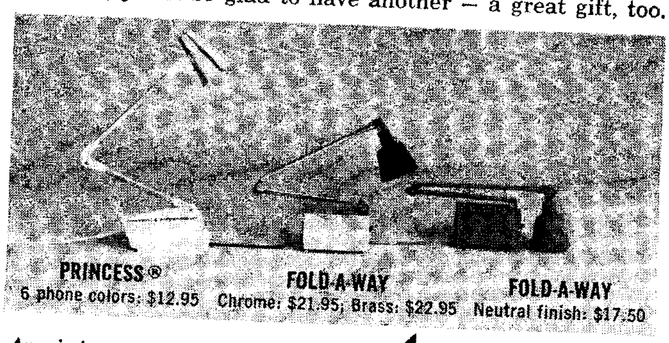

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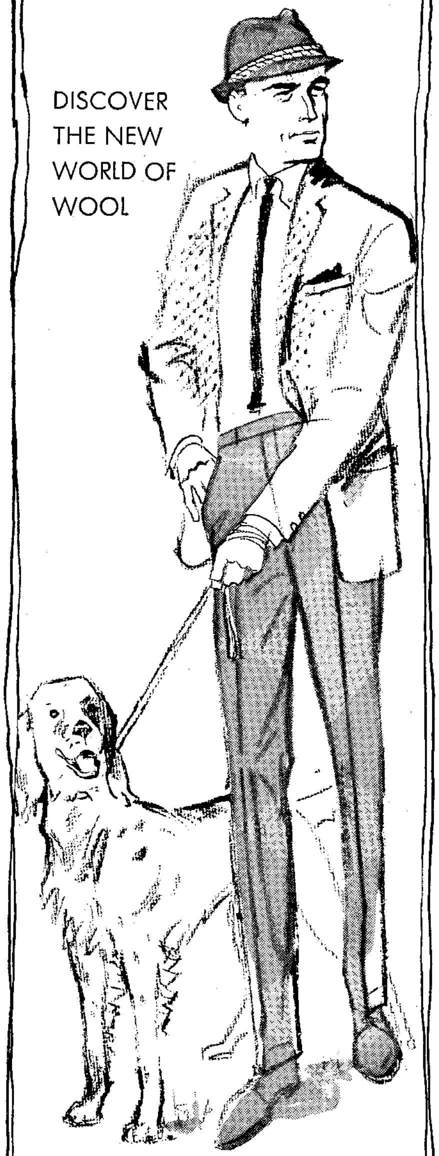

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up against the right-field wall and slide in with a double."

"How come you think so?"

"Because I can predict anything that's gonna happen in baseball for the next ten years," I said. "I can tell you anything."

The Old Scotchman was describing Henrich at the plate. "Here comes the first pitch. Henrich swings, there's a hard smash into right field! . . . This one may be out of here! It's going, going—No! It hits the wall in right center. Henrich's rounding first, on his way to second. Here's the throw from Doby. . . . Henrich slides in safely with a double!" The crowd sent up a devastating roar in the background.

"Say, how'd you know that?" Bozo asked. "How'd you know he was gonna wind up on second?"

"I just can tell. I got extra-vision," I said. On the radio, far in the background, the public-address system announced Yogi Berra. "Like Berra right now. You know what? He's gonna hit a one-one pitch down the right-field line—"

"How you know?" Bozo said angrily.

"Just a second," I said. "I'm gettin' static." I stood dead still, put my hands up against my temples and opened my eyes wide. "Now it's comin' through clear," I told Bozo. "Yeah, Yogi's gonna hit a one-one pitch down the right-field line, and it's gonna be fair by about three or four feet—I can't say exactly—and Henrich's gonna score from second, but the throw is gonna get Yogi at second by a mile."

This time Bozo remained silent, listening to the Scotchman, who described the ball and the strike, then said, "Henrich takes his lead off second. Benton looks over, stretches, delivers. Yogi swings." (There was a bat crack.) "There's a line drive down the right side! . . . It's barely inside the foul line. It may go for extra bases! Henrich's rounding third and coming in with a run, Berra's moving toward second. Here comes the throw! . . . And they *get* him! They get Yogi easily on the slide at second!"

Before Bozo could say anything else, I reached in my pocket for the notes. "I've just written down here what I think's gonna happen in the first four innings," I said. "Like DiMag. See, he's gonna pop up to Mickey Vernon at first on a one-nothing pitch in just a minute. But don't you worry. He's gonna hit a 380-foot homer in the fourth with nobody on base on a full count. You just follow these notes and you'll see I can predict anything that's gonna happen

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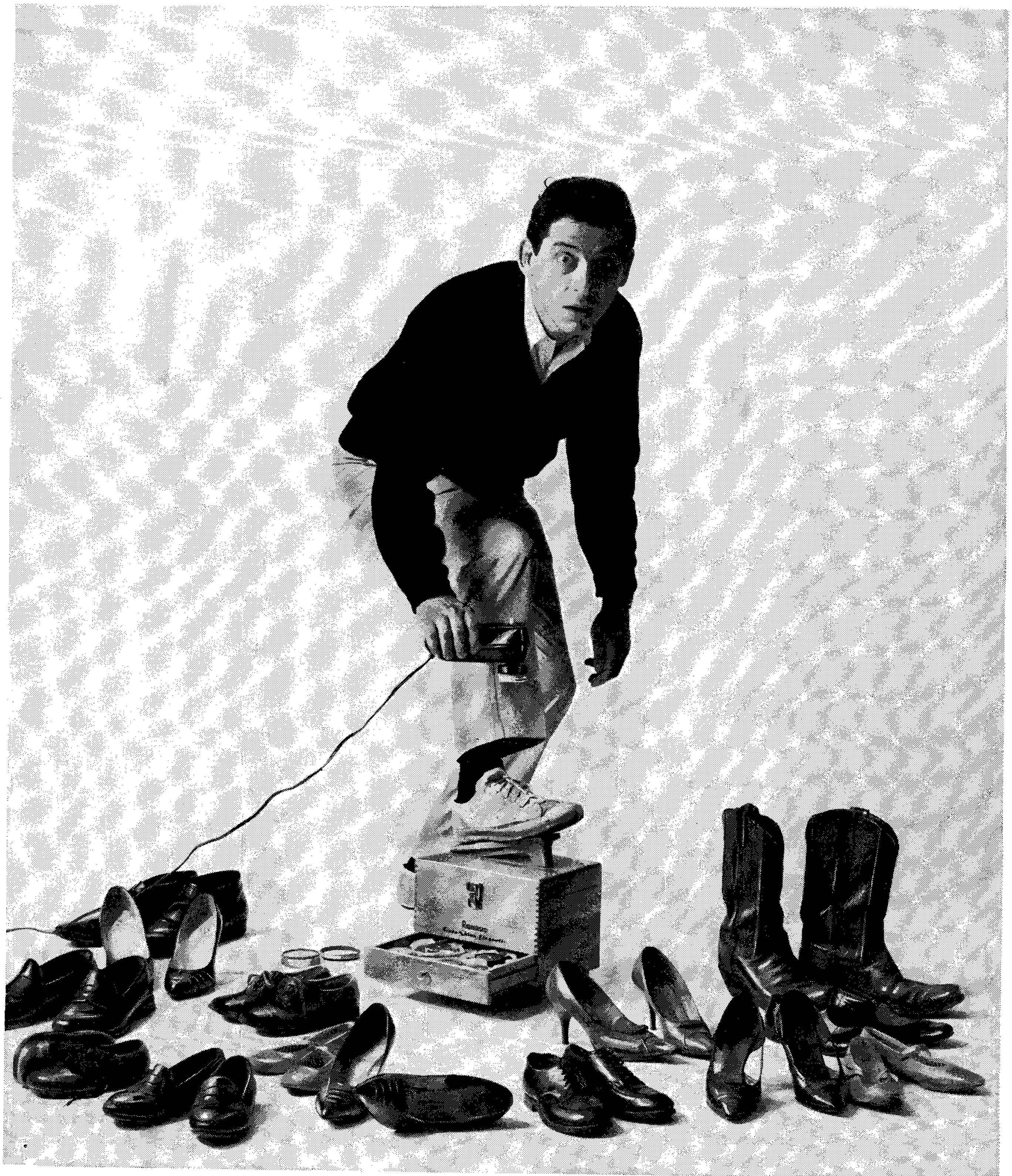

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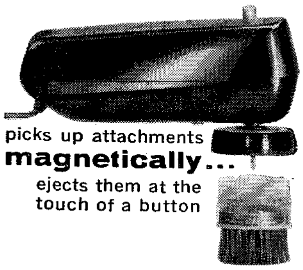
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in the next ten years." I handed him the paper, turned around, and left the store just as DiMaggio, on a one-nothing pitch, popped up to Vernon at first.

Then I went back home and took more notes from the short-wave. The Yanks clobbered the Indians in the late innings and won easily. On the local station, however, the Old Scotchman was in the top of the fifth inning. At this juncture, I went to the telephone and called Firehouse No. 1.

"Hello," a voice answered. It was the fire chief.

"Hello, Chief, could you tell me the score?" I said. Calling the firehouse for baseball information was a common practice in our town.

"The Yanks are ahead, 5–2."

"This is the Phantom you're talkin' with," I said.

"Who?"

"The Phantom. Listen carefully. Reynolds is gonna open this next inning with a popup. Then Rizzuto will single to left on a one-one count. Henrich's gonna force him at second on a two-and-one pitch but make it to first. Berra's gonna double to right on a nothing-and-one pitch, and Henrich's goin' to third. DiMaggio's gonna foul a couple off and then double down the left-field line, and both Henrich and Yogi are gonna score. Brown's gonna pop out to third to end the inning."

"Aw, go to hell," the chief said and hung up.

This was precisely what happened, of course. I phoned No. 1 again after the inning.

"Hello."

"Hi. This is the Phantom again."

"Say, how'd you know that?"

"Stick with me," I said ominously, "and I'll feed you predictions. I can predict anything that's gonna happen anywhere in the next ten years." After a pause, I added, "Beware of fire real soon," for good measure, and hung up.

I left my house and hurried back to the corner grocery. When I got there, the entire meat counter was surrounded by friends of Bozo's, about a dozen of them. They were gathered around my notes, talking very passionately and shouting. Bozo saw me standing beside the bread counter. "There he is! There's the one!" he declared. His colleagues turned and stared at me in undisguised awe. They parted respectfully as I strolled over to the meat counter and ordered a dime's worth of bologna for my dog. A couple of questions were directed at me from the group, but I replied, "I'm sorry for what happened in the fourth. I predicted DiMag was gonna hit a full-count pitch for that homer.

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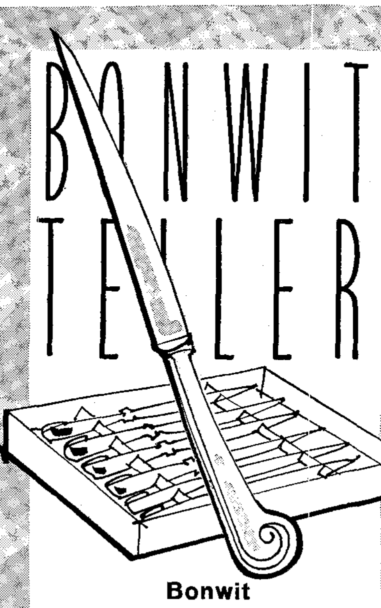

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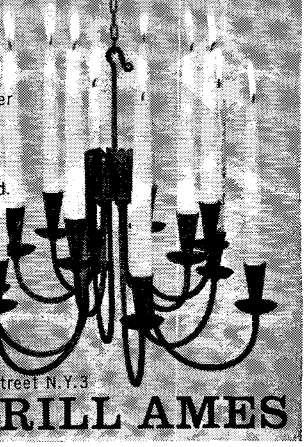

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It came out he hit it on two-and-two. There was too much static in the air."

"Too much static?" one of them asked.

"Yeah. Sometimes the static confuses my extra-vision. But I'll be back tomorrow if everything's O.K., and I'll try not to make any more big mistakes."

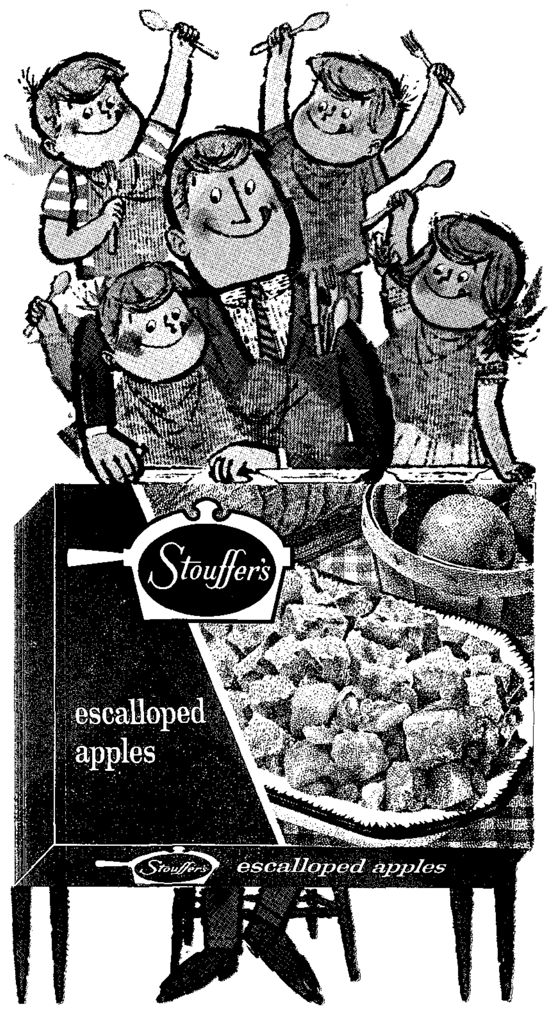
"Big mistakes!" one of them shouted, and the crowd laughed admiringly, parting once more as I turned and left the store.

THAT day was only the beginning of my brief season of triumph. A schoolmate of mine, Bubber Jay, offered me five dollars, for instance, to tell him how I had known that Johnny Mize was going to hit a two-run homer to break up one particularly close game for the Giants. One afternoon, on the basis of a one-sided first four innings, I had an older friend sneak into the Store and place a bet, which netted me fourteen-fifty. I felt so bad about it I tithed a dollar forty-five in church the following Sunday. At Bozo's grocery store, I was a full-scale oracle. To the firemen, I remained the Phantom, and when I look back on it I like to think that local firefighting reached a peak of efficiency that month, simply because the firemen knew what was going to happen in many games and did not need to tarry when an alarm came.

One afternoon, my father was at home listening to the Old Scotchman with a couple of out-of-town salesmen. They were sitting in the front room, and I had already managed to get the first three or four innings of the Cardinals and the Giants on paper before they arrived. The Old Scotchman was in the top of the first when I casually walked in and said hello. The men were talking business and listening to the game with one ear.

"I'm gonna make a prediction," I said. They stopped talking and looked at me. "I predict Musial's gonna take a ball and a strike and then hit a double to right field, scoring Schoendienst from second, but Marty Marion's gonna get tagged out at the plate."

"You're mighty smart," one of the visitors said. He suddenly sat up straight when the Old Scotchman reported, "Here's the windup and the pitch coming in. . . . Musial *swings!*" (Bat crack, crowd roar.) "He drives one into right field! This one's going up against the boards! . . . Schoendienst rounds third. He's coming on in to score! Marion dashes around third, legs churning. His cap falls off, but here he *comes!* Here's the toss to the plate. He's nabbed at home. He is *out* at the plate! Musial



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holds at second with a run-producing double."

Before I could parry the inevitable questions, my father took my elbow and hustled me into a back room. "How'd you know that?" he asked.

"I was just guessin'," I said nervously. "It was nothin' but luck."

He stopped for a moment, and then a new expression showed on his face. "Have *you* been callin' the firehouse?" he asked.

"Yeah, I guess a few times."

"Now, you tell me how you find out about all that. I mean it."

When I told him about the short-wave radio, I was afraid he might be angry, but on the contrary he laughed uproariously. "Do you remember these next few innings?" he asked a minute or two later, when he had his breath back.

"I got it all written down," I said, and reached in my pocket for the notes. Still laughing to himself, my father took the notes and told me to go off and play somewhere. From the yard, a few minutes later, I heard him predicting the next inning to his visitors.

A couple of days later, I phoned No. 1 again. "This is the Phantom," I said. "With two out, Branca's gonna hit Stanky with a fast ball, and then Alvin Dark's gonna send him home with a triple."

"Yeah, we know it," the fireman on the line said in a bored voice. "We're listenin' to a short-wave set, too. You think you're somethin', don't you?"

I knew everything was up. The next day, as a sort of final gesture, I took some more notes down to the corner grocery in the third or fourth inning. Some of the old crowd was there, but the atmosphere was grim. They looked at me coldly. "Oh, man," Bozo said, "*we* know the Old Scotchman ain't at that game. He's four or five innings behind. He's makin' all that stuff up." The others grumbled and turned away. I slipped quietly out the door.

My days as a seer were over, but I went on listening to the short-wave broadcasts out of New York a few days more. Then, somewhat to my surprise, I went back to the Old Scotchman, and in time I found that the firemen, the bootleggers, and the dirt farmers who had short-wave sets all did the same. From then on, accurate, up-to-the-minute baseball news was disreputable in the town. I believe we all went back to the Scotchman not merely out of loyalty but because he touched our need for a simple and unmitigated eloquence. In Mississippi, I sometimes think now, it was the final flowering of a poetic age. —WILLIE MORRIS

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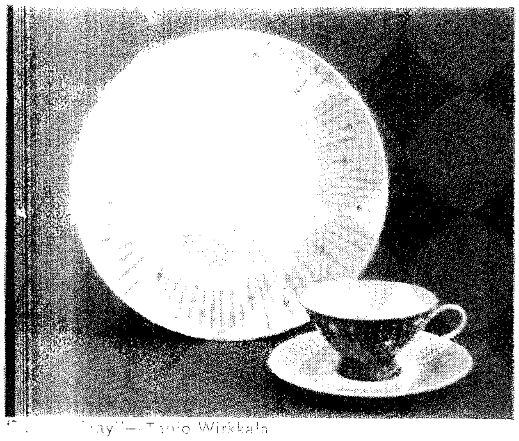
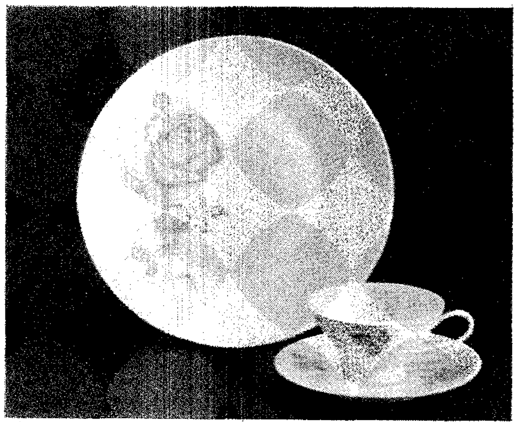
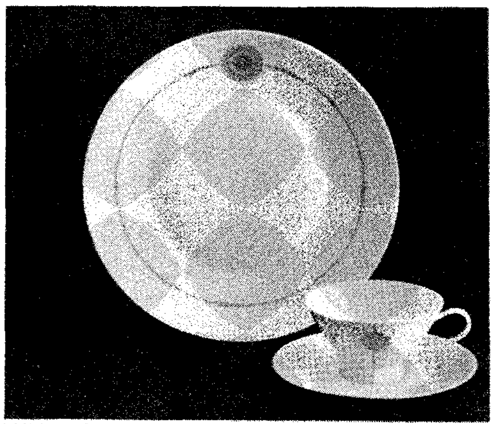


“Tundra Gray”—Tapio Wirkkala



“Classic Rose”—Raymond Loewy



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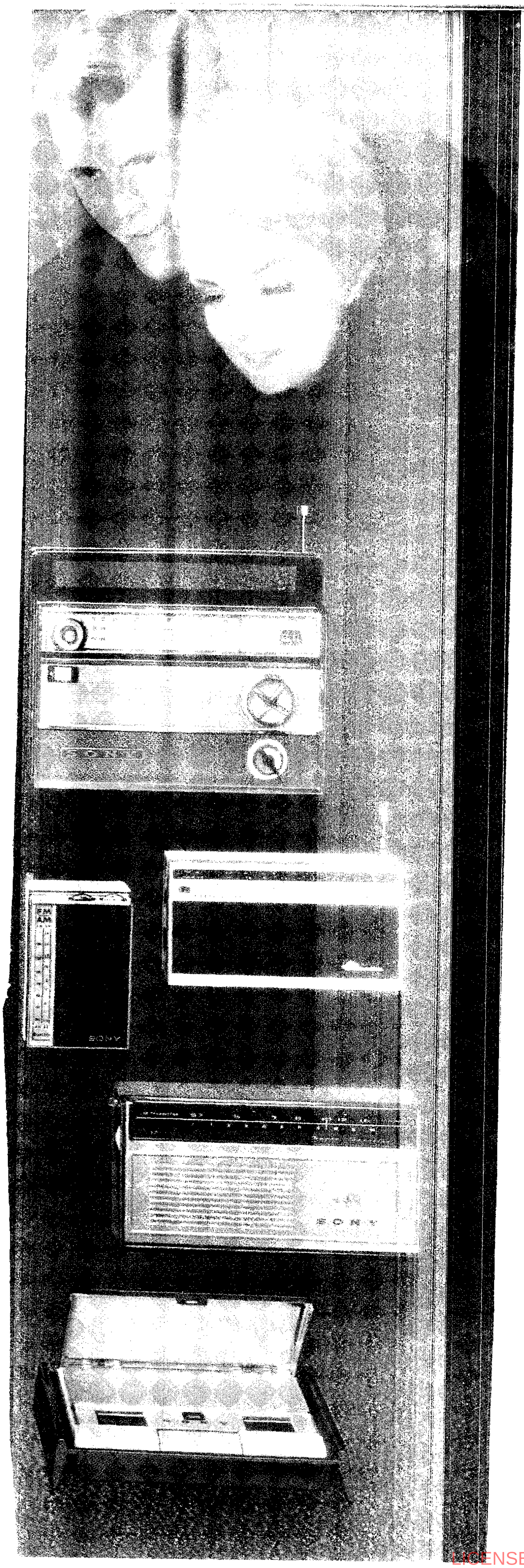

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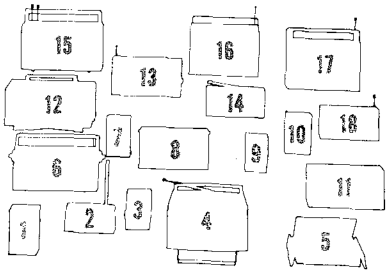

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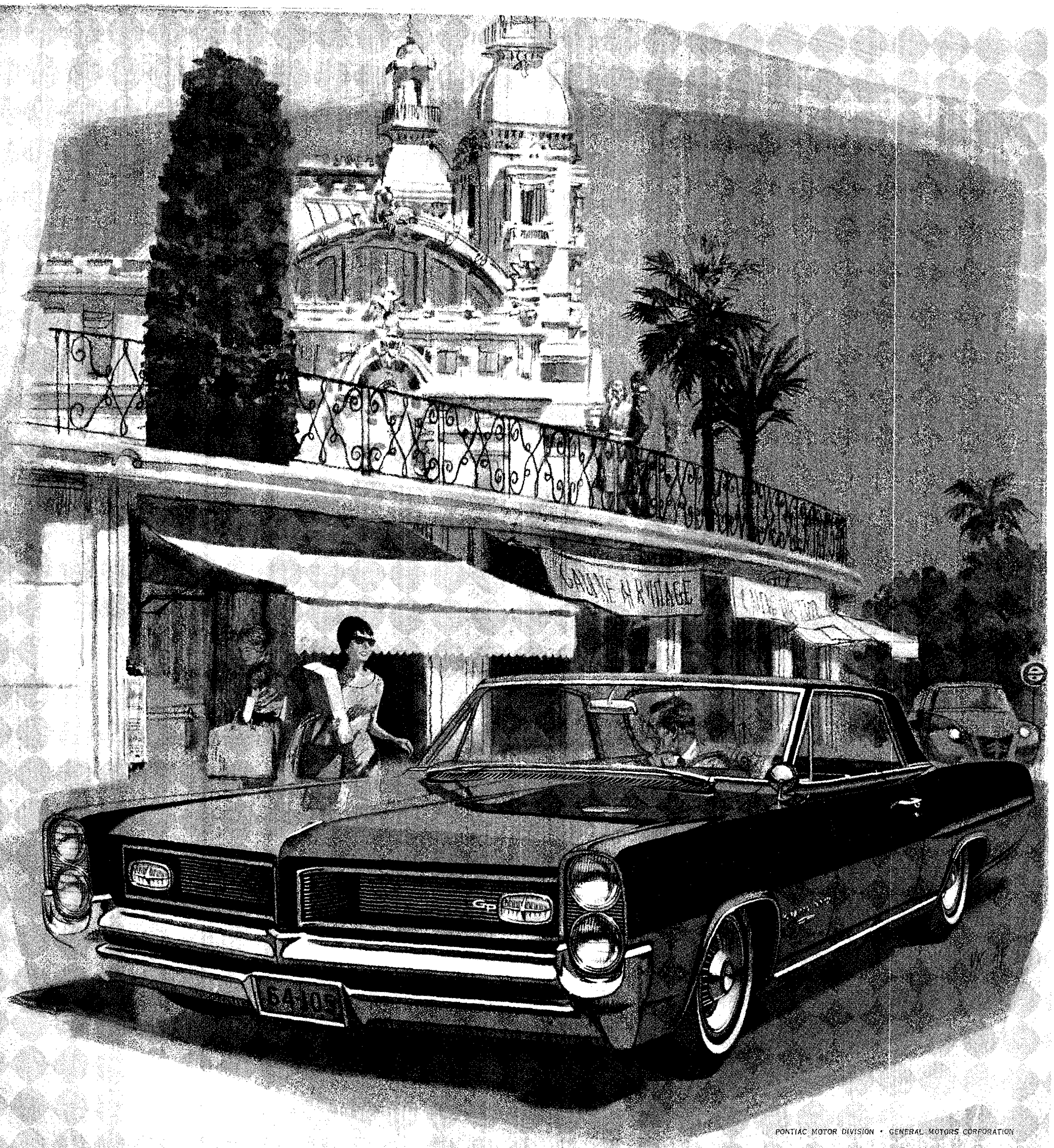

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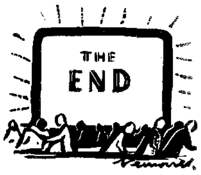
Why, Why, Why, Why?



THE demon of deliberate excess that drove Stanley Kramer to employ the same three-letter adjective four times in the title of his Cinerama comedy “It’s a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World” evidently prompted him to thicken the picture itself by the same primitive means. What must have begun as a charming enough little notion—to create a spoof of a Mack Sennett hare-and-hounds chase in modern dress—has been made to end as a juggernaut of many-times-repeated gags; its climax, a ghastly scene in a hospital ward, shows a gathering of immobilized near-corpses, and one can’t help thinking that they lie there crushed by something far worse than their latest misadventure. Again and again, it’s possible to catch sight of what a funny picture “It’s a Mad . . . World” might have been if it had been limited to a cast of eight or ten and to a running time of, say, an hour and a half (most of the original Keystone comedies ran about ten minutes); instead, the picture boasts a total of a hundred and five speaking roles and runs for three hours and twelve minutes, plus an intermission. Surfeit being a great breeder of bad temper, one totters out of the theatre wondering why Hollywood producers, like the ancient Romans, should find it so fatally easy to make things on a vast scale and so hard to make them on a small one.

Let me cite one of the statistics issued with pride by Mr. Kramer’s office: In its finished form, “It’s a Mad . . . World” contains something over twenty thousand feet of film, but the amount exposed in the course of making it came to six hundred and thirty-six thousand feet, or roughly *a hundred and twenty-five* miles. Roman indeed! But perhaps the blame for this wanton-seeming overexpenditure of materials is as much Cinerama’s as it is Mr. Kramer’s. Once upon a time, necessity may have been the mother of invention, but in an affluent society scores of inventions are produced whose chief distinction is that they respond to no felt need whatever; they are enormous mechanical toys, as silly as they are marvellous, and the public is enchanted with them. Cinerama is just such a toy. Embodying the pathological gigantism that still passes in the movie industry for rosy health,

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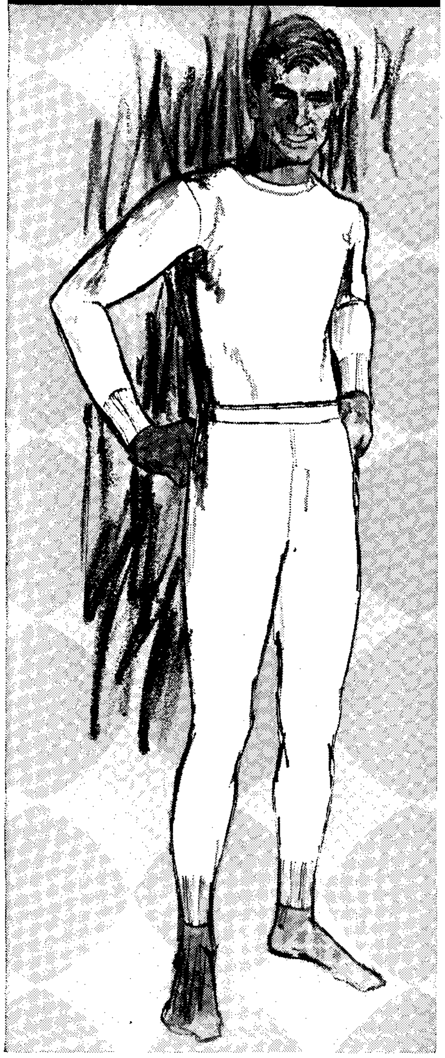

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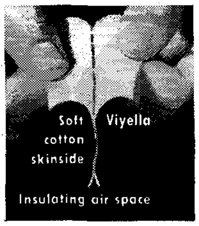

it acts on the assumption that since it can make a mouse look as big as an elephant, it can also puff up an anecdote into an epic; no expense need be spared to gain its preposterous, highly profitable ends.

Pictorially, everything in Cinerama is monstrous, being not only much bigger than real life but much uglier. In the present instance, the chief victims of its dehumanizing process are the older members of the cast; it's painful indeed to have the camera pan in on the Grand Canyons of dewlaps and chin folds possessed by so many of our favorites, or give us, magnified into intricate sunsets, the bloodshot corners of their tired old eyes. Among the actors and night-club entertainers who have substantial parts in this immense enterprise are Spencer Tracy, Milton Berle, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, Ethel Merman, Mickey Rooney, Dick Shawn, Phil Silvers, Terry-Thomas, Jonathan Winters, Edie Adams, Jim Backus, and Paul Ford. Of these, Jonathan Winters is incomparably the best and Miss Merman incomparably the worst. From time to time, we are also afforded brief glimpses of Buster Keaton, ZaSu Pitts, Jimmy Durante, Joe E. Brown, Edward Everett Horton, Andy Devine, and Jack Benny. The screenplay, by William and Tania Rose, is said to have been described by Mr. Kramer as the funniest ever written. It must be very different from the movie.

I CAN'T tell you how "Under the Yum Yum Tree" ends, because I didn't stay long enough to find out. Nevertheless, I stayed too long for my own good. It's a disgusting comedy, in which we're supposed first to be titillated to hear young people speak of sleeping together and then to be reassured when they carry on and on and on about not quite doing so. Following the usual court procedure in this state, I'll mention only the names of the grownups involved, all of whom should be ashamed of wasting their time and making money in such a fashion: Jack Lemmon, who stars in the picture as an aging, mindless voyeur; David Swift, who directed it; and Lawrence Roman, who, with Mr. Swift, wrote the screenplay from his Broadway original. I don't know anything about Mr. Swift or Mr. Roman, but I admire Mr. Lemmon, and I beg him to turn over a new leaf before it's too late.—Brendan Gill

•

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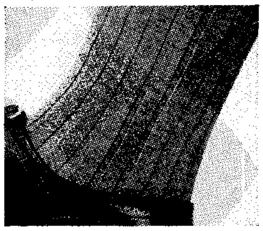

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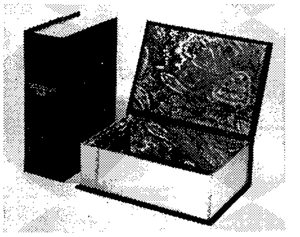

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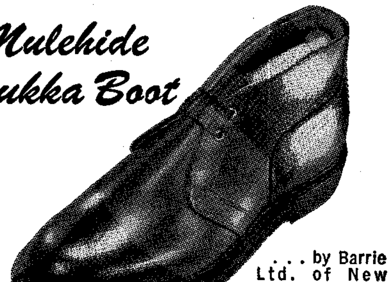

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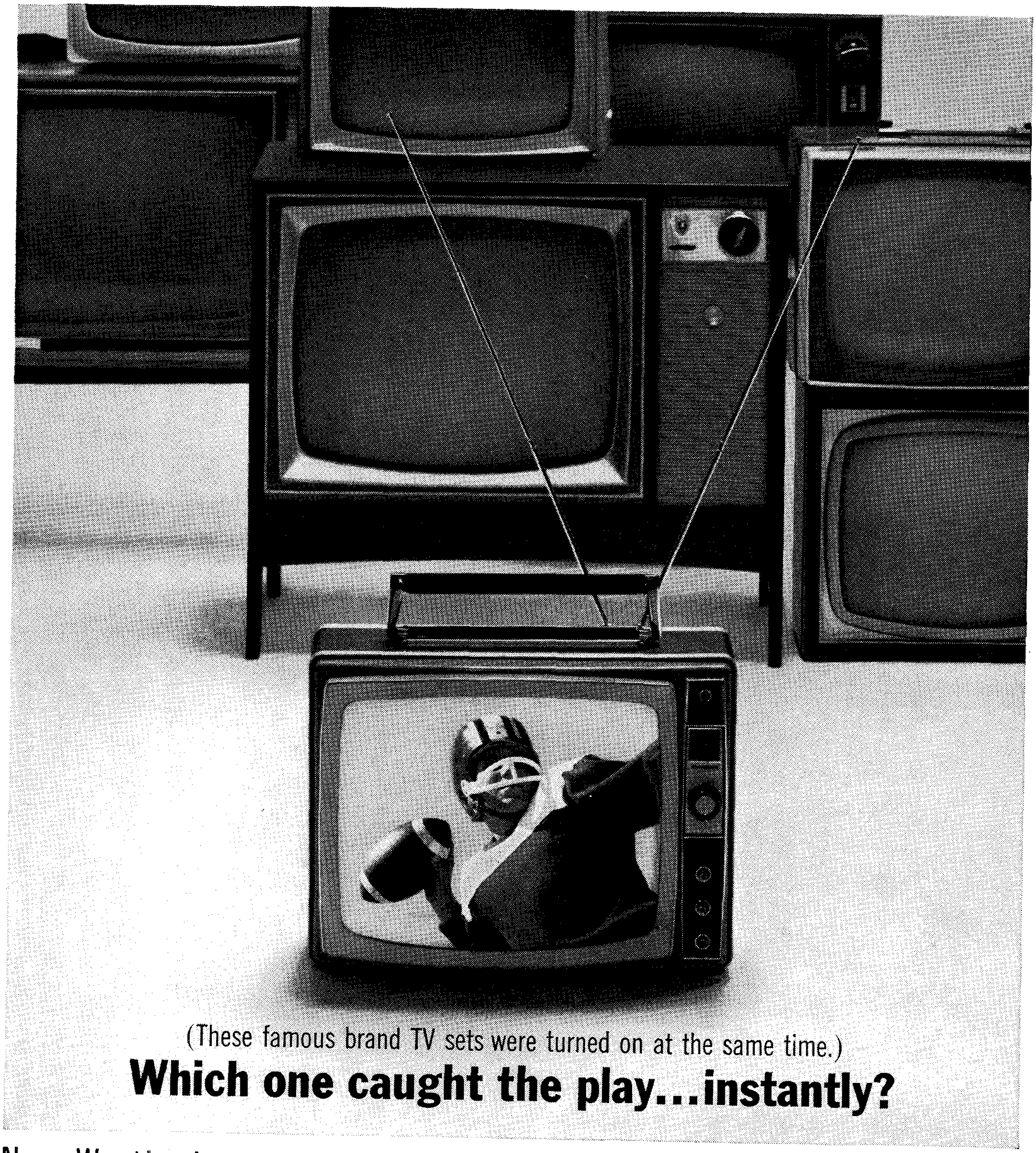

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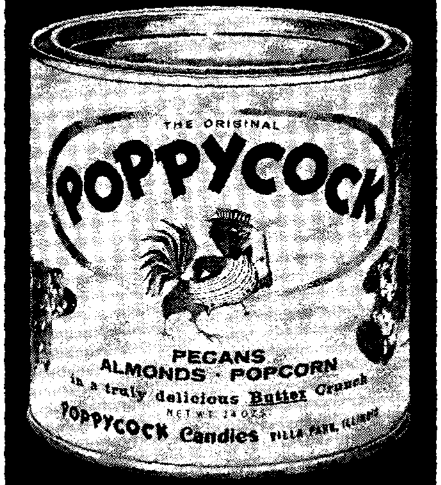
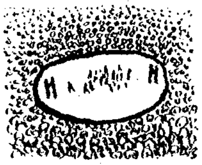


It started out to be caramel corn with a few nuts in it—to sell for about eighty-seven cents a can. But something happened in the kitchen. We suspect that Mae, the cook, fell in love with the dairy man, because accidentally one day she slipped an extra couple of crocks of butter into the caramelizing pot. The popcorn just couldn't absorb it all. So to cover up her mistake, she shoveled in scoopful after scoopful of whole pecans and almonds. "Heavenly day, Mae" we said, "we can't afford to sell this gorgeous stuff for eighty-seven cents a can." She said "Oh Poppycock! Charge $2.00." And that's how our product came by its name, its price, and its delicious distinction. Poppycock is sold mostly in the fancier food and department stores.

FOOTBALL

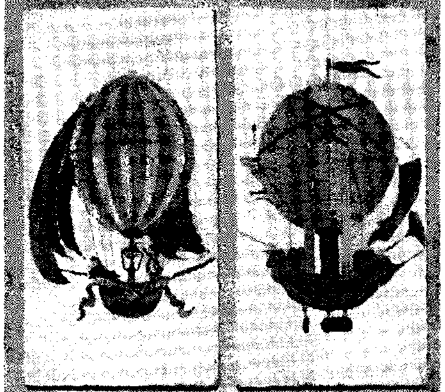
Going, Going . . .



SOME of those for whom the Ivy League program isn't enough gorge themselves on other goodies. The ones who know how to find tickets for the Giants' games see their pets in person; the rest go to the country, across the border into freedomland, where the telecasts of the games are not blacked out, and hole up over the weekend wherever there is a television set, or else they go to the Polo Grounds, where time has almost run out. Next year, if the solitary workman who is putting Shea Stadium together out of his building blocks ever gets finished, the New York Jets, who now inhabit the Polo Grounds, will move to Shea and become, one presumes, the Long Island Jets, and there one will be able to reach them in not much more time than it takes Iberia Air Lines to fly one to the bull rings of Spain. This season, the Jets, under the direction of a coach who delights in the name of Weeb Ewbank, have introduced, in the final year of the Polo Grounds, something new to an arena that has seen almost everything except polo—Saturday-night football, for the man who hasn't got enough out of Saturday-afternoon football. The Jets are a very young team, as novice as the Giants were a quarter century and more ago, when the Polo Grounds was their winter haven, so they might as well try anything, and the clientele is largely below voting age, as it was when the Giants were beginning. The Las Vegas types get added later, I expect, when the Jets reach prosperous middle age, which they should attain after their long, lanky quarterback, Dick Wood, a useful fellow now, becomes more accustomed to the dazzlingly bright lights and the dazzlingly bright uniforms of his present surroundings.

Poor old Polo Grounds! No one wants to see it go, and yet it wasn't much good even for baseball, the sport for which it was constructed, because when it reached *its* prosperous middle age, its middle-age spread kept its grandstands encroaching upon the playing field until what had been good, standard pop flies often became palpably artificial home runs. A great deal of football has been performed upon its makeshift gridiron, beneath which there is plain evidence of a baseball diamond. It was home grounds for Army in the days

VINTAGE



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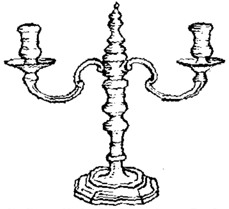

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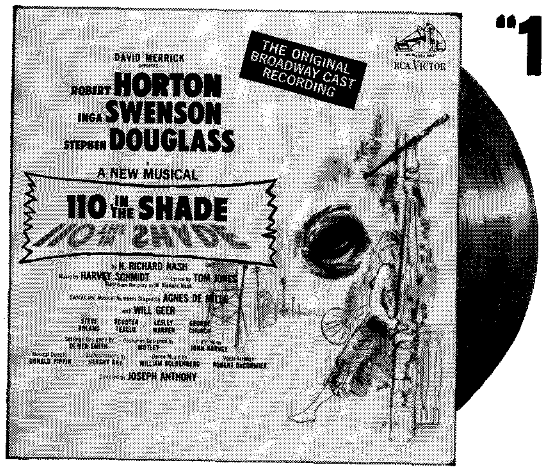
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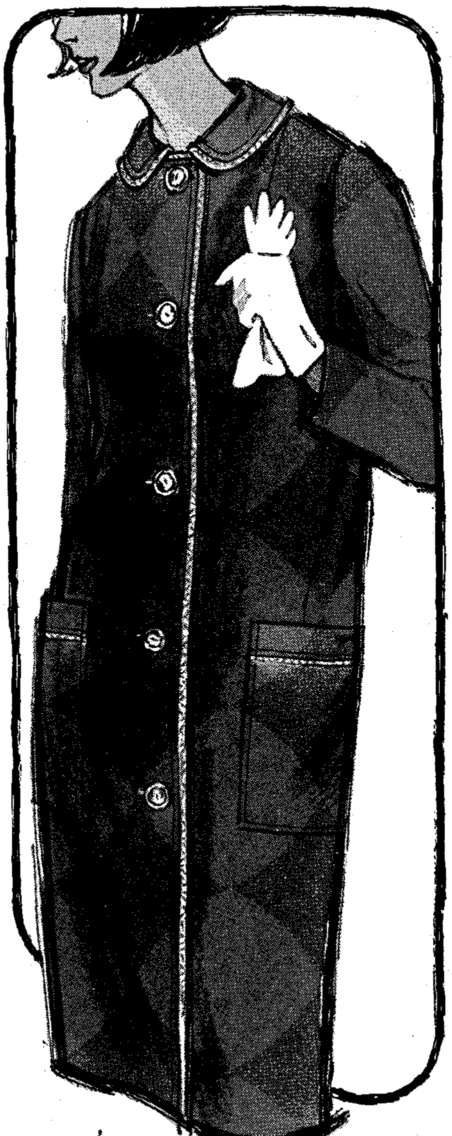

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when it played Navy in New York; it was home grounds for Dartmouth in the inflationary days when Dartmouth was being a national figure by playing Stanford; it was home grounds for both Washington and Jefferson and Lafayette in the days when *they* had delusions of national grandeur; it was the home, during the Hoover depression, of a charity game participated in by some Notre Dame alumni and the Giants. It was also Army's home grounds forty years ago, in the early days of Army's career with Notre Dame, itself just then beginning to be a seeker of national grandeur. The match drew fifty thousand patrons, which must have persuaded Notre Dame that its hunt for big game (or big games) had come to an end; in those days, Notre Dame was still playing Kalamazoo, DePauw, Butler, St. Louis, and Lombard. *Neiges d'antan* indeed! And, though few scientists know it, the Polo Grounds was the home of smog, which was invented there on a Sunday afternoon when, as one man, ten thousand patrons of the Giants lit ten thousand five-cent cigars and, exhaling, blew the results downfield.

The descendants of those cigars are still with us all when we watch the Jets, and so are the quaint street cries of the hawkers of frankfurters, and the less quaint cries of the ushers as they shoo illegal occupants of the better seats back to where they belong. Only one thing is missing to bring about a complete restoration of those pristine times—the jaunty young man who had plenty to do with the management of the Giants during their tenancy of the Polo Grounds. Having said good night to him at six o'clock Sunday morning, when, as secretary of the admissions committee in a grandiose midtown speakeasy called the White Horse Tavern, he commandeered a taxi to send you home, you were rather astonished to see him at

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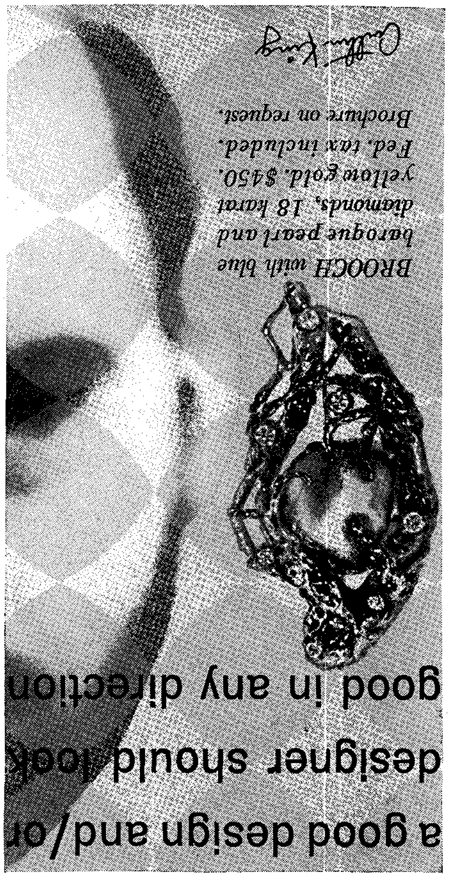

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three that afternoon, his wild Irish eyes as dancing as ever, as he blandly supervised activities at about the fifty-yard line. And Irish eyes they were for sure, the owner of them being that celebrated sportsman Ned Irish.

Well, now it's going, going, gone for the Polo Grounds, but we will still be left with an uncomfortable lot of stadiums that are as ill-equipped as it is for the playing of professional football. Will there, do you suppose, ever be one in which it is not necessary to sit sidewise to watch the action, or else cock your chin on your neighbor's shoulder? Until there is, I think that—though the young Jets are fun, the way the young Golden Glovers were—I'll spend most of my Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons looking for an exact copy of the old White Horse Tavern. —J. W. L.

•

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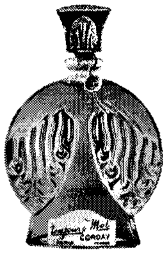

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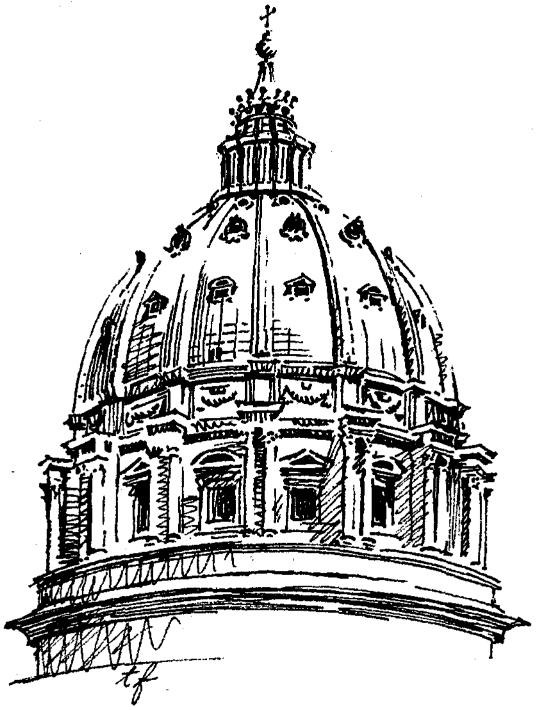
LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY

NOVEMBER 18

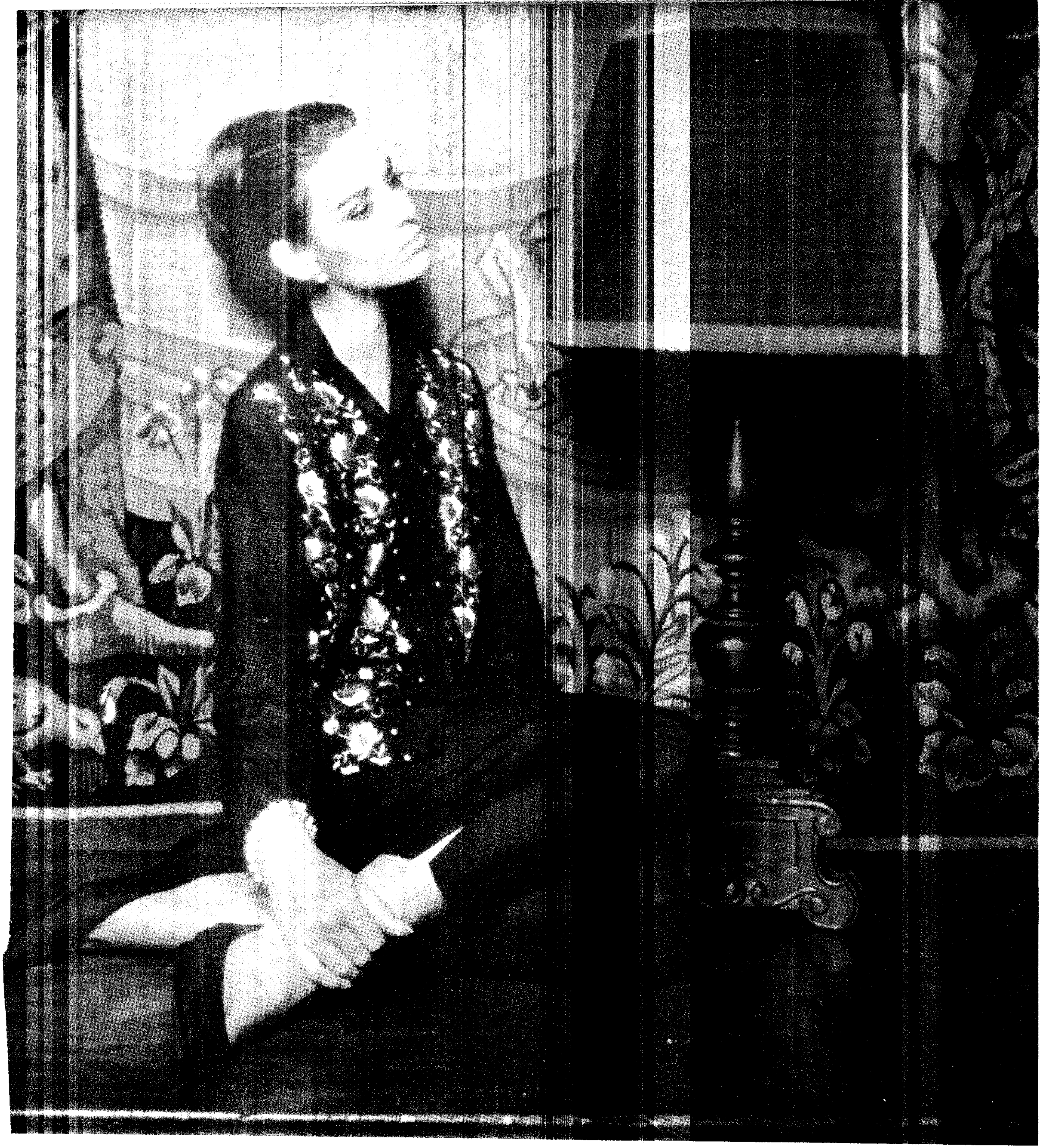
IT became clear at the midpoint of this session of Vatican Council II that it was in crisis. In October, five weeks after convening and five weeks before adjourning, a kind of malaise had spread among the Council Fathers as the debates in St. Peter's droned on. "If things continue like this," one American bishop said, "we might as well all pack up and go home." Cardinal Cushing returned to Boston on October 14th, and was not expected to reappear during this session. A single schema, "De Ecclesia" ("On the Nature of the Church"), had taken up twenty-three days of debate—half the total debating days allotted for this session—yet under the Council's present procedure a final document was nowhere in sight. By the time the Council adjourns, on December 4th, work on it will still be far from done. The schema faces amendment in the Theological Commission, whose president is Cardinal Ottaviani; these amendments must be brought back to the Council and voted on (for which there is not enough time at this session); then new suggestions, brought forward in the next session, will have to be studied and, if acceptable, embodied in the schema; and ultimately the individual chapters of the schema must be brought back to the Council for final acceptance. As the debate on the liturgy schema last fall clearly showed, the process of revision will take at least another year. In October, with sixteen schemata on the Council's agenda, many prelates here were saying that at this pace the Church would be ready for Vatican Council III and a new *aggiornamento*, or updating, by the time the last document was approved. Why, after the Council had opened with such optimism and energy and good will, were things moving so slowly? The suspicion grew that the conservative minority was only waiting for the day when more and more bishops, restive and frustrated by the slow and tedious pace, would ask for permission to go home to their dioceses, where so much important administrative and pastoral work awaited them. According to this theory, as the number of Council Fathers dropped, the authority of the Council as a whole would diminish and that of the Roman minority would increase. It seemed to Douglas Woodruff, writing in the London *Tablet*, that responsibility for the slow pace lay with what could be called the Salisbury school of thought at the Council:



> It has been dawning on many Fathers, as October has passed, that there is a very strong body of thought, with Curial Cardinals at its head, which has been quietly satisfied at the very slow progress that is being made.
>
> Of the Lord Salisbury, who was Queen Victoria's last Prime Minister, it is related that some of his colleagues proposed to raise a new issue of public interest and concern, to which others objected, saying it would lead to a great deal of speech-making, public controversy, and argument, and that at the end nothing would happen. "And is not that," said Lord Salisbury, "precisely what we want?"

Not only is this school of thought content with the Council's slow progress but, unfortunately, it is in an excellent position to see that it remains slow. For example, the Theological Commission, in charge of rewriting "De Ecclesia," may convene only when it is summoned by Cardinal Ottaviani, and he has seen fit to convene it only once a week. It has also become known that copies of the bishops' speeches on the Council floor, from which the Commission theoretically ought to be distilling the amendments to the schema, were being circulated to the Commission only at twelve-day intervals. Finally, as their sense of frustration and anxiety grew, many of the Fathers realized that Cardinal Ottaviani apparently did not regard the daily debates in St. Peter's as having any legislative force whatever. If the Council Fathers had merely an advisory, rather than a legislative, function, it was being asked, and if the Theological Commission was free to follow or disregard the Fathers' wishes as it saw fit, what guarantee was there that the true will of the Council was being expressed? As the crisis mounted and the Fathers sought a solution to the deadlock, they found that they faced a real dilemma. The Council has four bodies of authority, excluding the Pope, to which they could appeal—the four Moderators, who take turns presiding over the sessions; the twelve-man Presidency; the ten-man Coördinating Commission; and the six-man Secretariat. Which body took precedence? The rules of the Council did not make this clear.

THOUGH no one outside the Council, and almost no one inside it, was aware of the fact, the first stage of the crisis broke on Tuesday, October 15th. The man who brought it to a head was Cardinal Suenens, Primate of Belgium, who was the Moderator that day. He announced that it had been decided to seek a test vote to enable the Council to express its mind on four important points. He did not spell out the points, stating that papers outlining them would be distributed for study the next day, but it was generally assumed that they would relate to collegiality—the relationship between the College of Bishops and the Pope in the government of the Church—and to the proposed restoration of the diaconate, or order of deacons, to the ministry. There had already been many keen exchanges on these topics in the debates on "De Ecclesia." Oddly, that day's official communiqué made no mention of Cardinal Suenens' unusual announcement. It was, however, remarked on at the press briefing that afternoon, and the proposal struck most observers as an eminently sensible way of speeding up the work of the Council and helping the Theological Commission in its work of rewriting the schema. Yet at the Council meeting the next day the papers on the four points promised by Cardinal Suenens were not distributed. This delay gave rise to the expression "mystery points" in news stories, but everyone assumed that the mystery would be cleared up in a matter of days. The rest of that week was quiet. On October 17th, the Council Fathers received complimentary sets of the first Vatican



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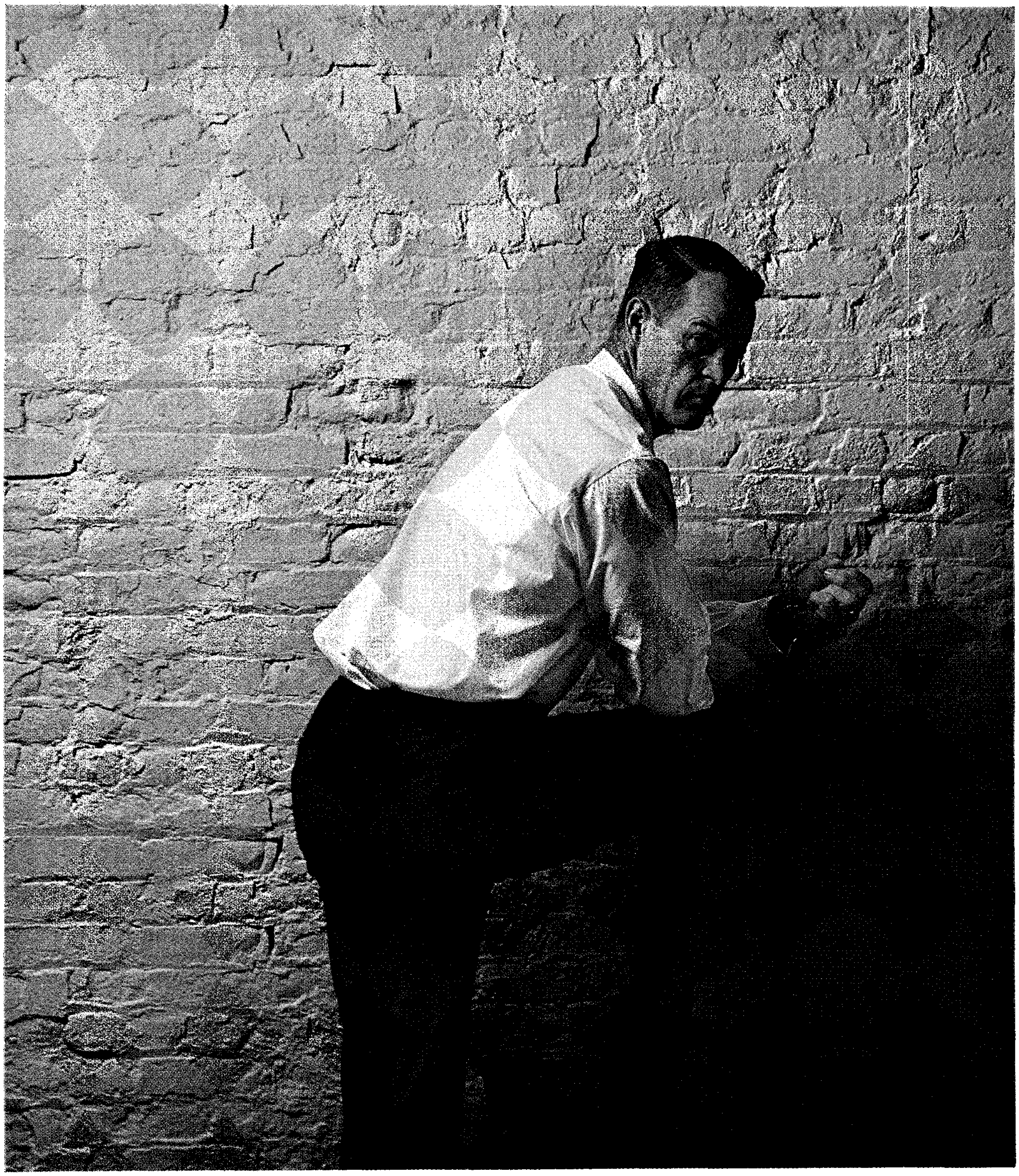
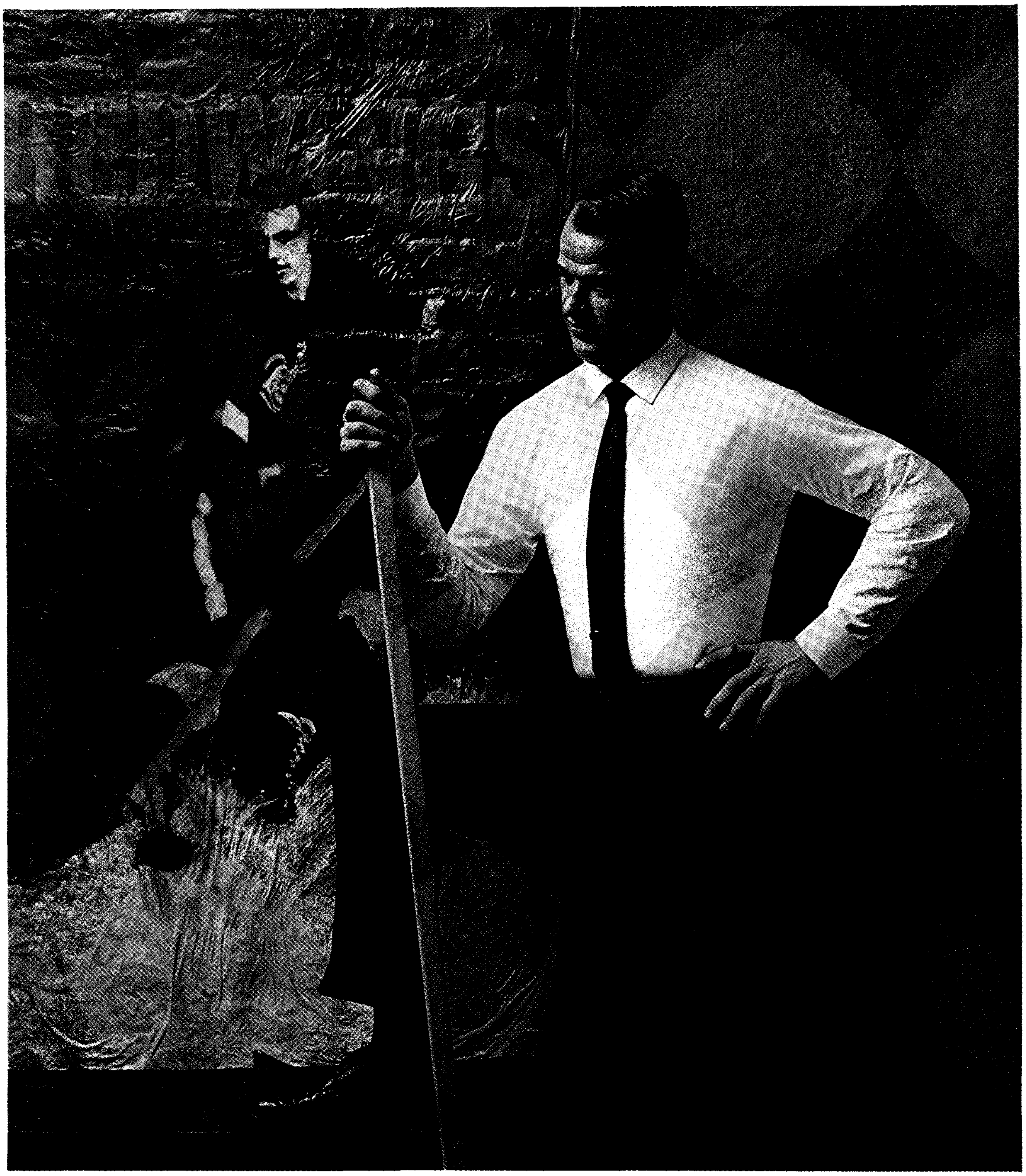


Gordie Howe has switched from bag-shaped shirts



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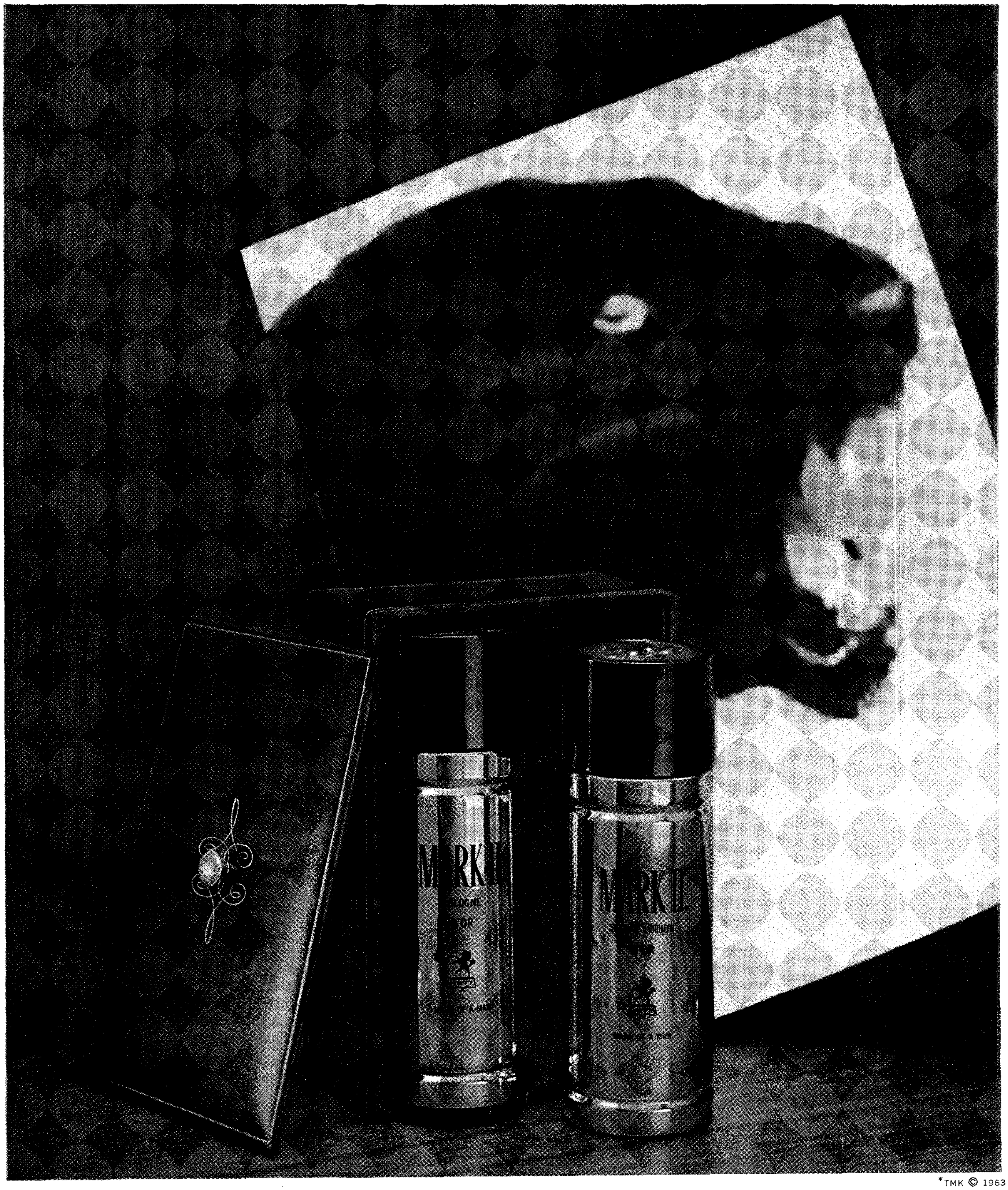

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MARK II, *the mark of a man*

stamps issued in Pope Paul's pontificate; on the eighteenth, the texts of the amendments to Chapter 4 of the liturgy schema were distributed; four days later, the amendments to Chapter 5 of this schema and a monograph on the various forms of the lay apostolate throughout the world were handed out.

It was now seven days since Cardinal Suenens' announcement, and the four points were as much a mystery as ever. Many of the Council Fathers began to suspect that the delay concealed a real crisis behind the scenes. They were right. On Wednesday, October 23rd, a critical fact emerged: the Moderators had announced the test vote in St. Peter's entirely on their own authority. That evening, a meeting of the leading Council officials—Moderators, Presidents, Coördinators, and Secretariat—was held in the Vatican, at which the Presidents protested that the move was out of order; they called it *ultra vires*, or beyond the powers of the Moderators. At the same time, Archbishop Pericle Felici, the Secretary General of the Council, was threatening to resign if his authority was to be, as he saw it, undermined in this way. The crisis was now in the open. But if the Council Fathers expected to find evidence of a crisis at their meeting in St. Peter's the next day, they were disappointed. Instead, Cardinal Döpfner, the day's Moderator, announced that two cardinals, representing opposite views, would discuss whether the doctrine on the Virgin Mary should be presented as a separate schema in itself or as part of the larger schema "De Ecclesia." He then told the Fathers that a vote would be taken on this question the following week. That night, Romans were speculating wildly, as only Romans can, about the outcome of the Vatican meeting. Had there finally been a showdown? What had Pope Paul done, since he alone could now settle the matter? At this low point, it was announced that on Monday, the twenty-eighth, there would be no regular Council meeting, because Pope Paul had arranged to say a special Mass commemorating the election of John XXIII as Pope on October 28, 1958. Cardinal Suenens, it was stated, would give the address. On Sunday night, the Pope and Cardinal Suenens dined alone in the papal palace.

Meanwhile, this same weekend had been the occasion for an extraordinary propaganda barrage promoting a separate schema on the Virgin Mary. Although this seemed to have no direct connection with the procedural dead-

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

lock in the Council, the desire for a separate schema was closely identified with the Theological Commission and the Curial party. The propaganda was so intensive that it startled many of the bishops. Leaflets were handed to them on the steps of St. Peter's, pamphlets arrived in their mail, and the Italian press joined in the campaign by printing absurd stories about "foreign" bishops who wanted to tarnish the glory of Our Lady. There were ironies here. Early in the session, Secretary General Felici had uttered strong warnings against any distribution of pamphlets in the Council hall, and Cardinal Ottaviani, in his first appearance at the microphone, had accused three unnamed Council theologians (they were assumed to be Fathers Rahner, Ratzinger, and Martelet) of lobbying. "Let the *periti* [advisory theologians] stick to their lasts," warned the Cardinal. "It is the business of the bishops to do the Council's thinking, and the theologians should not offer opinions unless they are asked for them." Yet now one of the *periti*, Father Carl Balič, a Yugoslav Franciscan who is a consultor in the Holy Office—the branch of the Curia dealing with faith, morals, and heresy, and of which Cardinal Ottaviani is the head—used the Vatican Press, which prints the official schemata of the Council, to run off a pamphlet soliciting the bishops' votes in favor of a separate schema on the Virgin Mary. This pamphlet not only looked like an official conciliar document—it had the same format and typography, though it was slightly smaller—but it bore the Vatican Press imprint, and Father Balič went as far as to classify it "*Sub Secreto*," like an official schema, before it was distributed in St. Peter's. This abuse of a position in the Curia by someone not a Council Father scandalized many of the bishops; they knew that the action must have had the sanction of someone higher up. Father Balič's pamphlet not only was an impassioned plea for a separate schema on the Virgin but tried to make the bishops believe that the forthcoming vote was a matter of taking sides "for" or "against" her. Altogether, this Roman weekend of "secret" propaganda campaigning and Council crisis was a strange and uneasy one.

On Monday, October 28th, St. Peter's was completely filled by 8:30 A.M., and the excitement in the basilica was great. When Pope Paul walked in, small and slight and almost lost behind the halberds of his guards, the bishops stood up and applauded loud-

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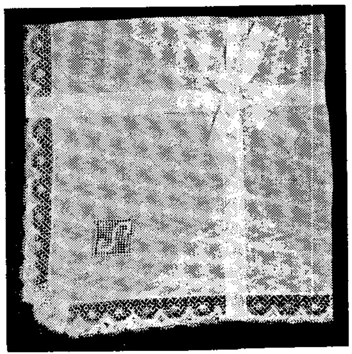

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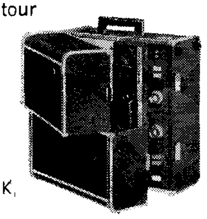

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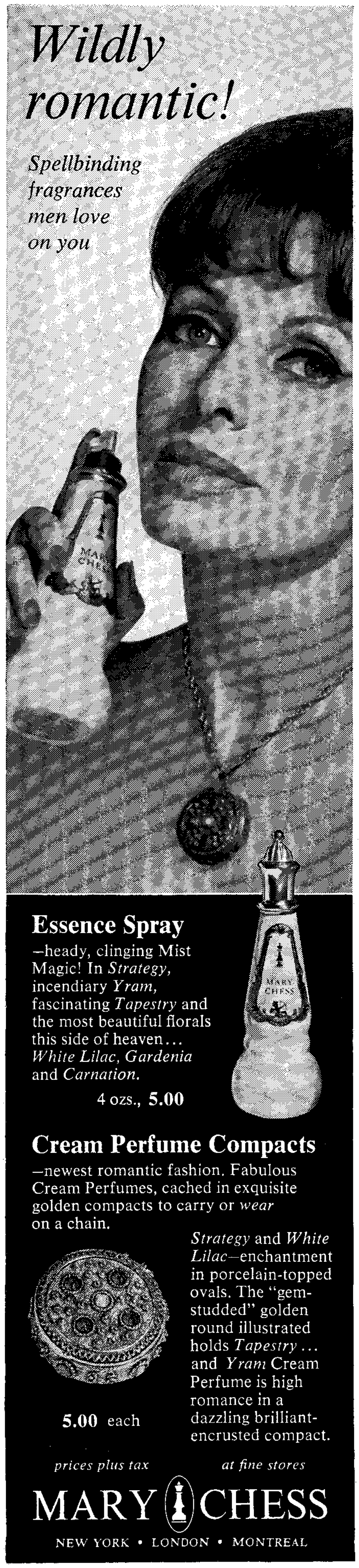

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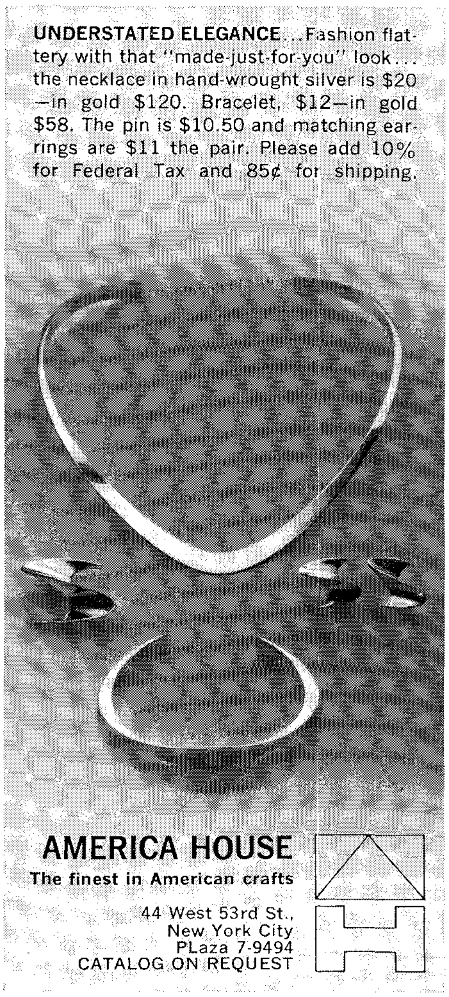
ly. While the Pope was saying the introductory prayers before Mass, he lost his place and looked embarrassed. As the journalist priest Father Raymond Bosler wrote in the *Catholic Reporter*, of Kansas City, Missouri:

> He endeared himself to everyone present when he muffed the prayers at the foot of the altar. It was the sort of thing you would have expected from John, but not from Paul, the perfect diplomat always in complete command of himself. He was human, too.

After Mass, Cardinal Suenens mounted the ambo, or pulpit, erected at the side of St. Peter's, across from the cardinals. He appeared calm, dignified, and very serious as he put on his glasses and took out his manuscript. He looked at Pope Paul, on his throne on the papal altar, and then started his speech. He spoke in French—a significant departure from the expected Latin—and he had made certain that all could follow him by arranging for the distribution of his text in other languages. His address represented a supreme effort to revive the spirit of Pope John XXIII at the flagging Council. It was a moving talk in itself, but it was also full of overtones of the crisis now facing the Council Fathers, though this was never directly mentioned. Cardinal Suenens reminded his hearers that many of them had regarded Pope John, on his election, as a transitional pope. He had been transitional in only one sense, the Belgian cardinal said: he had opened a new era for the Church and had laid the foundations for a transition from this century to the next. Though Pope John had died, he was still present in their midst in the person of Pope Paul, who was continuing John's work, and who had been given to the Church "to endow the prophetic intuitions of his predecessor with form and substance." He recalled the Johannine spirit of Paul VI's opening address to the second session: "We heard the same invitation to openness and dialogue, to doctrinal and pastoral charity, the same insistence on constructive, positive work, the same solicitude to translate the Gospel's eternal message into language modern men can understand." At the conclusion, there was a great round of applause. The Roman ear is attuned to nuance, and it got the message—the Cardinal was saying that Pope Paul's Council had begun, and, in case anyone had any doubts, it was going to continue along the pastoral and ecumenical lines laid down by Pope John. As Cardinal Suenens left the pulpit, Pope Paul stood up. He was smiling broadly. Cardinal Suenens strode with long steps to the papal altar, kissed the



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An Artist's View
Poetry and art in celebration of Christmas.
December 8 (10:30-11 AM)

The Five Sons
Contemporary Hanukkah drama
by Howard Fast.
December 8 (1:30-2 PM)

Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol
"Mr. Magoo" portrays Ebenezer Scrooge.
December 13 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Redemption
A Hanukkah oratorio.
December 15 (10-10:30 AM)

The Spirit of Rebirth
Negro spirituals for Christmas.
December 15 (10:30-11 AM)

A Cry of Angels
A drama of Handel and the writing of
The Messiah.
December 15 (4-5 PM)

Colonial Christmas
From Williamsburg, Va.
December 22 (12:30-1 PM)

The Coming of Christ
The Nativity in art.
December 22 (7-7:30 PM)

Christmas Eve Services
11:15 PM: The Cathedral of St. John the Divine.
Midnight: St. Patrick's Cathedral; National
Shrine of the Immaculate Conception; First
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Christmas Day Service
11 AM: Washington National Cathedral.

A Danish Fairy Tale
Life story of Hans Christian Andersen.
December 25 (7:30-8:00 PM)

Amahl and the Night Visitors
December 25 (9-10 PM)

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Other Programs of Special Interest in December

Visit to London
A child's eye view of London town.
Sunday, December 1 (12:30-1 PM)

Obratsov Russian Puppet Theater
Sunday, December 1 (8-9 PM)

An American Jester
The itinerant platform humorist.
Wednesday, December 4 (7:30-8 PM)

Victory at Sea
Richard Salomon's documentary epic.
Saturday, December 7 (7:30-9 PM)

We Shall Be Heard
Pre-Emancipation Negro writings.
Sunday, December 8 (1-1:30 PM)

1776
Launching of the American Revolution.
Sunday, December 8 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Cuba: The Bay of Pigs
Analysis of a foreign policy failure.
Sunday, December 8 (10-11 PM)

The Soviet Woman
Tuesday, December 10 (10-11 PM)

The Man Who Stole New York City
"Boss" Tweed: a study in corruption.
Friday, December 13 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Lorenzo de Medici
Survey of the Italian Renaissance.
Saturday, December 14 (1-2 PM)

Of Sights and Sounds
A child's introduction to the orchestra.
Sunday, December 15 (3-4 PM)

Too Young to Hate
Cultural interchange among 11-year-olds.
Sunday, December 22 (6-6:30 PM)

Young Performers
Bernstein and N.Y. Philharmonic feature
performances by promising young soloists.
Monday, December 23 (7:30-8:30 PM)

1492
Birth of the Modern West
Sunday, December 29 (5-6 PM)

Projection '64
News outlook for the year ahead.
Sunday, December 29 (10-11 PM)

* * *

Regularly scheduled programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Fridays: The Great Adventure

Saturdays: Do You Know?/Exploring/Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/Discovery '63/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/NBC News Encore/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color/ABC News Reports

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Pope's ring, and then stood up to be embraced warmly by the slim figure in white. Pope Paul had made his position clear.

AT the Council meeting in St. Peter's the next morning, the nature of the victory was revealed. Secretary General Felici announced that "by order of Their Eminences, the Cardinal Moderators," a paper containing five (rather than four) points would be distributed for study, so that the Fathers could vote on them the following day. Archbishop Felici stressed the fact that the vote would serve to indicate the general mind of the Council on these points, in order to "assist" the Theological Commission in its revision of the text. Despite the possible qualification implied by the Secretary General's last phrase, it was clear that the Moderators were no longer *ultra vires*. An extremely important test in the Council had been won. Next, ballots were distributed in order to settle the question that had inspired so much propaganda: Should the doctrine on the Virgin Mary be treated in "De Ecclesia" or in a separate schema? A close vote was expected, but no one thought that it would be as close as it turned out. A simple majority of the 2,193 votes to be cast would decide the question, since it was a procedural matter. When the Secretary General announced the results, there was a profound silence. The Fathers had voted 1,074 for a separate schema and 1,114 for incorporating the doctrine in "De Ecclesia." (There were five void votes, incidentally, because five bishops forgot to mark their ballots with the special magnetic pen that makes it possible to tabulate the votes quickly in an electronic computer.) It would be difficult to describe this as a victory for the progressives, since the issue was not clear-cut, but one thing was plain: even after making all that fuss, and after using such extreme measures as faked Council documents, the Curial party had once again lost.

The vote on the five points took place the next morning in St. Peter's. Bishop John J. Wright, of Pittsburgh, has called this occasion a "turning point" of Vatican Council II, and indeed it was. By overwhelming majorities, the Fathers answered affirmatively four questions on collegiality, asserting that the bishops collectively share with the Pope, by divine right, "full and supreme power" over the Church. (The greatest number of negative votes in this series was 408, against 1,717 favorable ones.) They also voted affirmatively—1,588

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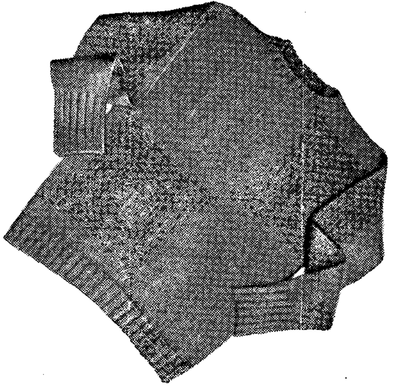

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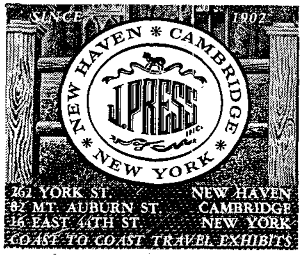
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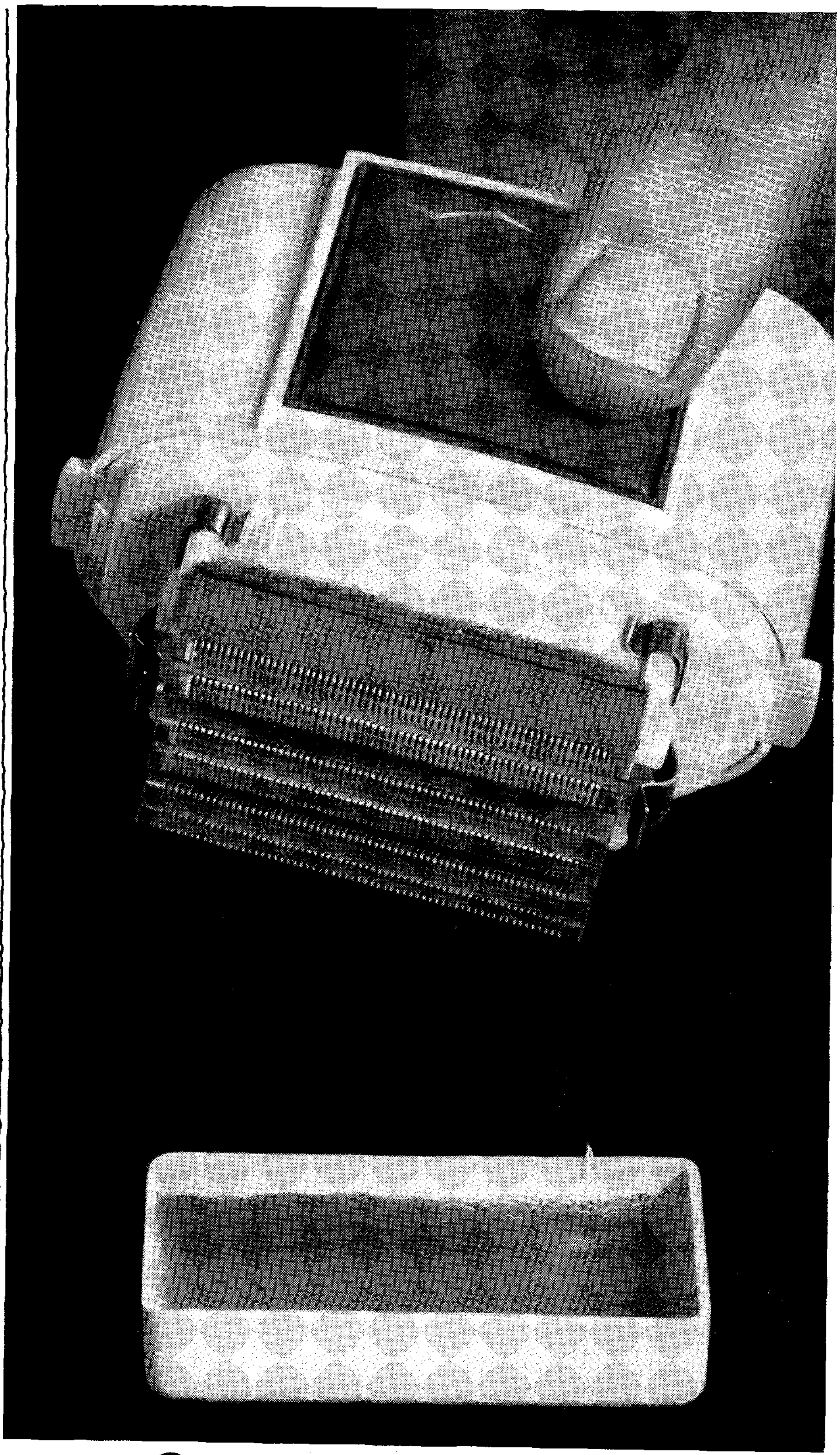
to 525—on a fifth question: Should the diaconate be restored as a distinct and permanent rank of the sacred ministry?

Was the crisis now over? By ordinary standards, there would have been no question about it. But Cardinal Ottaviani is no ordinary man. The votes on the five points in no way guaranteed that the Council's wishes would be carried out by the Cardinal President of the Theological Commission. The "turning-point" vote of October 30th was followed by a four-day holiday of the Council, beginning with the Feast of All Saints, on November 1st, and ending with Italy's Victory Day, on November 4th. During this period, Pope Paul VI sent a letter directing the Theological Commission to meet more frequently. At its next meeting, Cardinal Ottaviani was reported to have stated flatly that the Council's votes on the five points, being merely "directive," would not be considered binding on his Commission. It was now apparent that the Council was again headed for an impasse. This impression was strengthened by a report that at a meeting of the Liturgical Commission, its president, Cardinal Larraona, of the Curia, had exclaimed, "Before God, I have not been putting obstacles in the way of this group's work!" To the Roman mind, this could be interpreted only as meaning that he had been chided by the Pope for having done just that.

ON Tuesday, November 5th, in this unhappy atmosphere, debate was inaugurated on the second schema to be taken up at this session. The document was entitled "On Bishops and the Government of the Church," and it was bound to provoke an uproar, because its first chapter dealt with a highly sensitive subject—"The Relations Between the Bishops and the Roman Curia." In his introductory remarks, Cardinal Marella, the president of the commission concerned with this schema, immediately went on the defensive, saying that, owing to excellent modern communications and the outstanding competence of members of the Curia, "it is a fact that the Roman Curia has accurate and precise knowledge of each diocese," and that "the customs, usages, mentality, and spirit of each one are well appreciated here." This claim was greeted with all but audible derision by the great majority of the Council Fathers, whose main dissatisfaction with the Curia is over its parochial, Italianate outlook on the world. Next, a charge of tampering with the wording



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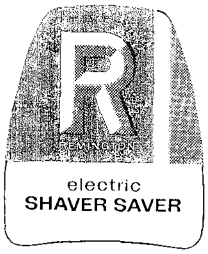

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of the schema was made by a group of Council Fathers who had worked on the original text. Bishop Giuseppe Gargitter, of Bressanone, Italy, said, “The text as we have it now is certainly not the one drawn up by the preparatory commission. It expounds its doctrine with a one-sided insistence on the rights of the Roman Curia. On the contrary, it should proceed in the light of basic theological principles concerning the episcopacy, and then follow with a practical and juridical presentation. It is completely inadequate on fundamental questions, such as the necessary decentralization and internationalization of the Curia. The role of the Curia should be discussed in the light and spirit of the discourse of Pope Paul to the Roman Curia on September 21st.” Bishop Jean Rupp, of Monaco, provoked laughter in the Council hall when he humorously described the schema as “a shining model of Roman brevity.”

The following day, Cardinal Ruffini, the conservative Archbishop of Palermo, started off the defense of the schema by asserting that it “merited discussion as a positive text. ” He went on to say that the Council’s overwhelming vote on the five points raised by Cardinal Suenens “did not have a definitive but, rather, a directional character for the Theological Commission.” This was significant, because he was saying on the Council floor what Cardinal Ottaviani had said privately to the Theological Commission. The succeeding speakers—Cardinals König, of Vienna; Alfrink, of Utrecht; and Bea, of the Curia—suggested that this first chapter of the schema be completely revised, to reduce the role of the Curia to its functional operation and to stress the concept of collegiality in the government of the Church. Cardinal Browne, of the Curia, rose to oppose these ideas, stating that collegiality still needed to be “studied, weighed, and judged” by the Theological Commission, but giving no indication of when this might take place. The doughty eighty-five-year-old Maximos IV Saigh, the Melchite Patriarch of Antioch, then took the microphone, as the morning’s last speaker. Addressing the Council in French, as usual, he said that whoever put this schema together seemed to think that the Church of God consisted of the Pope and the Roman Curia. “This corresponds neither to the nature of the Church nor to the needs of the times,” he said. He went on to point out that the Pope is not only the Bishop of Rome and the Patriarch of the West but the Supreme Pastor of the Universal Church—“and it is this final title that absorbs all his other functions.” Hence,

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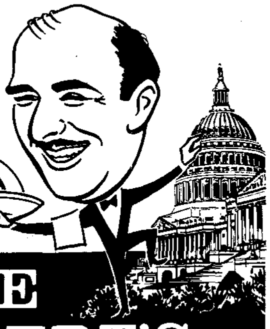

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the Pope cannot rule the Church merely with an administrative body, the Roman Curia, or even with a College of Cardinals. The latter group, he said, are the successors of the parish priests of Rome and, considered simply in their office as cardinals, have nothing to do with the Universal Church. Instead, said the aged speaker, the Pope now needs a College of Bishops, in which the patriarchs and those cardinals who are bishops of large dioceses around the world, plus an elected group of bishops from all regions, could serve. This College of Bishops, he concluded, "would assist the Pope only at his request in governing the Church and providing for its needs." As the Fathers poured out of St. Peter's, it was clear from their conversation that the speech of Patriarch Maximos could not fail to have verbal repercussions in the Council.

Though the Council meeting on the following day, November 7th, was marked by the important intervention of Cardinal Ritter, of St. Louis, speaking for a large number of American bishops who proposed that the chapter be redone in the spirit suggested by the majority of the Fathers, with the title changed to "The Relations Between the Bishops and the Apostolic See" (instead of the Roman Curia), and though the Armenian Patriarch, Ignatius Peter Batanian, made a vigorous defense of the Curia in an obvious attempt to offset the impression made the day before by the Melchite Patriarch, the real fireworks did not occur until the meeting on Friday, November 8th. They began with a mild suggestion by Cardinal Câmara, of Rio de Janeiro, that, in accordance with the needs of the Church and the expressed desires of Pope Paul, some action be taken to set up a body, or senate, of bishops in Rome. A speaker then arose who turned this meeting of the Council into a historic one. It was the cultured and dryly witty Cardinal Frings, of Cologne, a Scriptural scholar and a graduate of the Pontifical Biblical Institute. Formerly a mountain climber but now, at seventy-six, ailing and almost blind, the Cardinal touched on the heart of the Council's problems. "The vote of October 30th is perfectly clear," he said. His voice was deceptively calm, almost a monotone. "I am astonished that Cardinal Browne, vice-president of the Theological Commission, has put this vote in doubt. The Commission has no other function but to execute the wishes and obey the directives of the Council. The Theological Commission certainly possesses no new truths that are unknown to the Fathers." He added,

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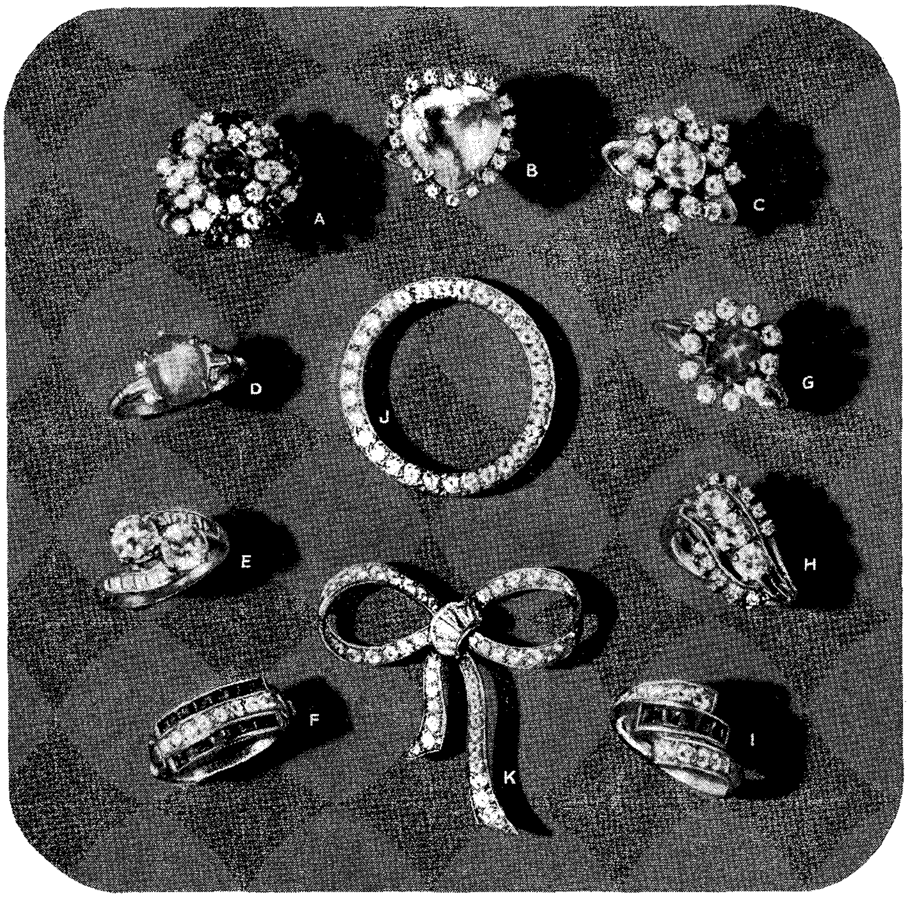

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"Furthermore, we must not confuse administrative roles with legislative ones. This is also true of the Holy Office, whose methods and behavior do not conform at all to the modern era. They are a source of harm to the faithful and a cause of scandal to the world." (At this point, many bishops, although applause is forbidden during the Council debates, clapped loudly and long.) "No one should be judged and condemned without having been heard, without knowing what he is accused of, and without having the opportunity to amend what he can reasonably be reproached with."

Cardinal Frings then went on to declare that too many prelates were employed in Curial offices. "It is not necessary to be a bishop, or even a priest, in order to serve in the Roman Curia," he said. "Certain tasks of these bureaus can be perfectly well carried out by laymen. We have talked a great deal about the laity at this Council; they should be given the places for which they qualify." He concluded, "This reform of the Curia is necessary. Let us put it into effect."

There was a sort of stupefied silence when he ended; then the Council Fathers again broke out into sustained applause. Though the two speakers who followed—Cardinal Lercaro, of Bologna, a Council Moderator, and Cardinal Rugambwa, of Tanganyika—made the important proposal that the Council send a written deposition to the Pope soliciting his views on the creation of the new body of bishops, all eyes were on Cardinal Ottaviani, who was to be the next speaker. When he rose, a tremendous hush settled on the gathering.

In a voice shaking with rage and emotion, he said, "I most profoundly protest against the accusations against the Congregation of the Holy Office. Without any doubt, they are due to lack of knowledge [*nescientia*]. I use this word advisedly, so as not to use another, which would not be charitable. One commits a great mistake in not realizing that the Holy Office is always assured of the help of the most eminent and the most solid men." He pronounced his next words slowly and emphatically: "In attacking the Holy Office, one attacks the Pope himself, because he is its Prefect." Isolated applause was now heard from one section of the hall. It came from the Italian and Curial group—so carried away that they forgot they had forbidden applause. "There is much talk," Cardinal Ottaviani went on, "of the divine right of collegiality, as if it had been defined. However, nothing of the sort has been done, and it is the Theological

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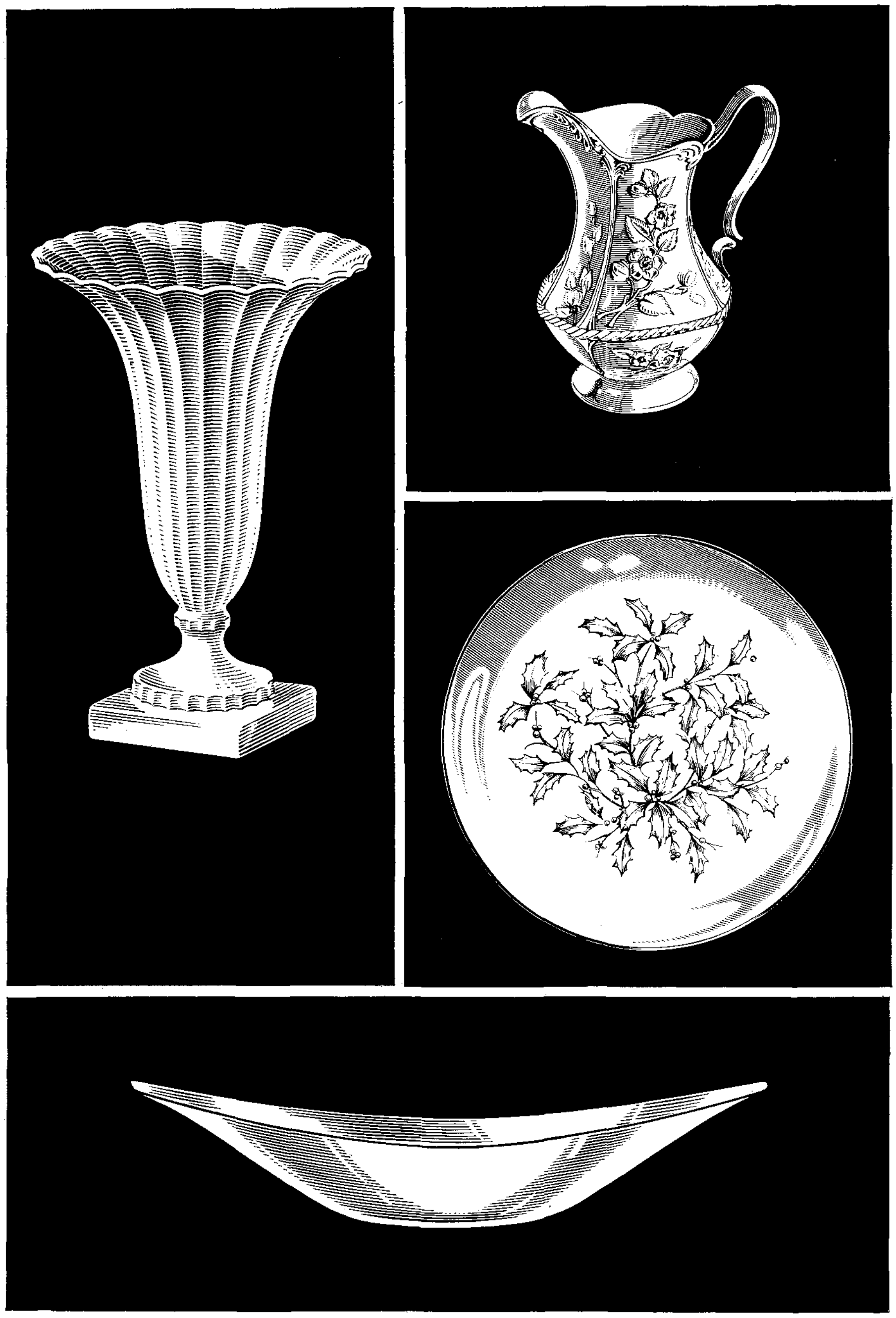
Commission alone that can define it. I respect the Moderators, but why did they not ask the Theological Commission to prepare the points put to vote on October 30th?" Quite obviously, many Fathers would have been happy to answer this, but Cardinal Ottaviani passed on to another subject—the matter of collegiality. He remarked that the best theologians had told him that no basis could be found in Holy Scripture for the theory that the Apostles acted as a collegial body, adding, "I am astonished that the Fathers can speak of collegiality in the juridical sense of the term. When Christ said to Peter, 'Feed my sheep,' He included the other Apostles in this group." He was followed by Cardinal Browne, who warned that it was a real danger to bring up collegiality at the Council, and concluded, "*Caveamus, caveamus!*" ("Take care, take care!")

The next speaker was Cardinal Ruffini, who chose this moment to attack Patriarch Maximos IV for his speech earlier in the week. Speaking with hardly concealed anger, he said, "I have heard in this gathering a severe and offensive speech against the Roman Curia. I say it is unacceptable! Reparation has happily been made by the Patriarch Batanian, my dear friend and colleague. I publicly thank him in the name of Cardinal Siri, President of the Episcopal Conference of Italian Bishops." This last remark seemed to imply that the Roman Curia really *was* an exclusively Italian affair.

In this tense and overwrought atmosphere, the brilliant intervention of Archbishop Eugene D'Souza, of India, brought a much needed return to calm and to issues rather than personalities. "I hear that the thinking of the Council on collegiality is not clear, and that our vote of October 30th can be considered as invalid and illegitimate," he said. "It is mockery to speak thus, when eighty per cent of the Fathers have replied in a perfectly clear manner to a series of questions that were no less clear. Furthermore, their answer is in total conformity with the address of Pope Paul VI to the Roman Curia itself. I beg you not to reduce this question of collegiality to nothing but its juridical aspect, for the pastoral care of souls—our raison d'être—depends on this collegiality." He went on to say that the schema they were debating was not pastoral enough and did not correspond to the intentions of this Pope or his predecessor. "It proposes that the bishops be given a few more memberships in the Curial congregations. Is this why two thousand Council Fathers have



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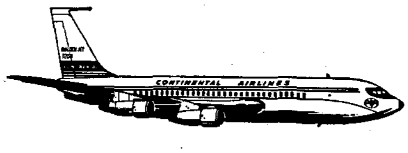

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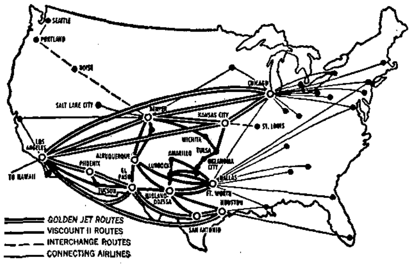

CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

been summoned here? The bishops have already resisted the many pressures put upon them. How much more pressure will there be when they are scattered to their dioceses?" He then made an important distinction between the Curia and the Council. "The Roman Curia," he said, "does its job in a context quite different from that of an Ecumenical Council. Yet in every field, today's context is totally different from yesterday's. The administrative problems of today cannot be resolved by the Curia in the same way as in the past." Bringing up a case in point, Archbishop D'Souza recalled the Scriptural verse "The letter killeth" and said, "Suspicion has been cast on certain authors without saying why—without specifying what part of their writing is to be praised and what part requires correction. The more we love the Pope, the more we believe in his primacy. Why, then, this outcry, as if the Church were in peril?"

That afternoon, it was reported that Pope Paul VI had telephoned Cardinal Frings to express his approval of what he had said on the Council floor. On the same afternoon, the Pope agreed to see Cardinals Ottaviani, Antoniutti, and Siri. If the Secretary of the Holy Office came to seek the Pope's support, he did not receive it. Cardinal Ottaviani was said to have been so upset by this rebuff that he considered offering his resignation. This reminded Romans of a similar encounter he had with Pope John XXIII, which occurred on November 18, 1962, during the debate on the schema "On the Sources of Revelation," prepared by his Theological Commission. The debate revealed that Cardinal Ottaviani and his followers were out of step with the thinking of most of the Council Fathers on this topic, too. That day, Ottaviani called on Pope John and complained about the dissension. "Dissension?" Pope John is said to have replied. "Don't you recall that at Trent the dissension became so heated that an Italian bishop tore the beard of a Greek bishop? Nevertheless, the Council of Trent is remembered today as one of the great events in the history of the Church." Ottaviani then said, "If this dissension goes on much longer, the dignity of the Holy Office will be in danger, and I may resign." Pope John calmly replied, "You will stay. There will be no resignations." Now, a year later, in more heated circumstances, Cardinal Ottaviani, it appeared, was again talking of resigning. It was reported that Pope Paul was particularly displeased because

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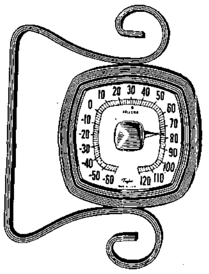

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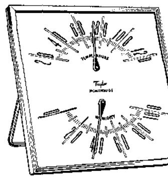

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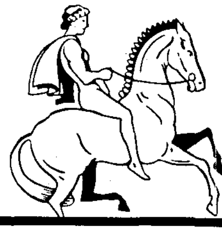

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Cardinal Ottaviani did not confine himself to a defense of the Holy Office but attacked the character of Cardinal Frings in a regrettable manner by imputing to him ignorance and bad faith. It was also reported that the Patriarch Maximos IV had received apologies from Cardinal Ruffini for the latter's attack on his character in his speech on the Council floor on this memorable day of November 8th.

The day was not quite over, however, for a preview showing of Otto Preminger's new film "The Cardinal" was scheduled in the evening. The showing had been arranged for the Holy Office in that congregation's palace, to the left of St. Peter's Basilica. Cardinal Ottaviani naturally presided as host on his own ground. Word of the fireworks in St. Peter's only a few hours earlier had already spread all over Rome, and photographers and journalists were everywhere about the palace. When Cardinal Ottaviani arrived, there was a great flurry of flash bulbs. The film version of Henry Morton Robinson's novel—as well as the strange occasion of its screening—was later reviewed by Henri Fesquet in *Le Monde:* "From a puerile but readable enough novel, the United States has made a film that is not only stupid but in dubious taste. Nothing is lacking—not even an *amourette* between the ecclesiastical hero and a young girl with tender eyes. The Council Fathers gave this film the reception it deserved, but many were astonished that their leisure time had been put to such bad use. At the first session of the Council, last fall, things had been arranged better, with a showing of Bresson's film 'The Trial of Jeanne D'Arc.' It is true that this year, under the circumstances, the showing of such a film at the Holy Office would have had the appearance of a provocation. But between the authentic history of one of the most famous victims of the Inquisition and the insipid story of a film that is religious in name only, it would perhaps have been better to find some less questionable distraction for the Council Fathers." —XAVIER RYNNE

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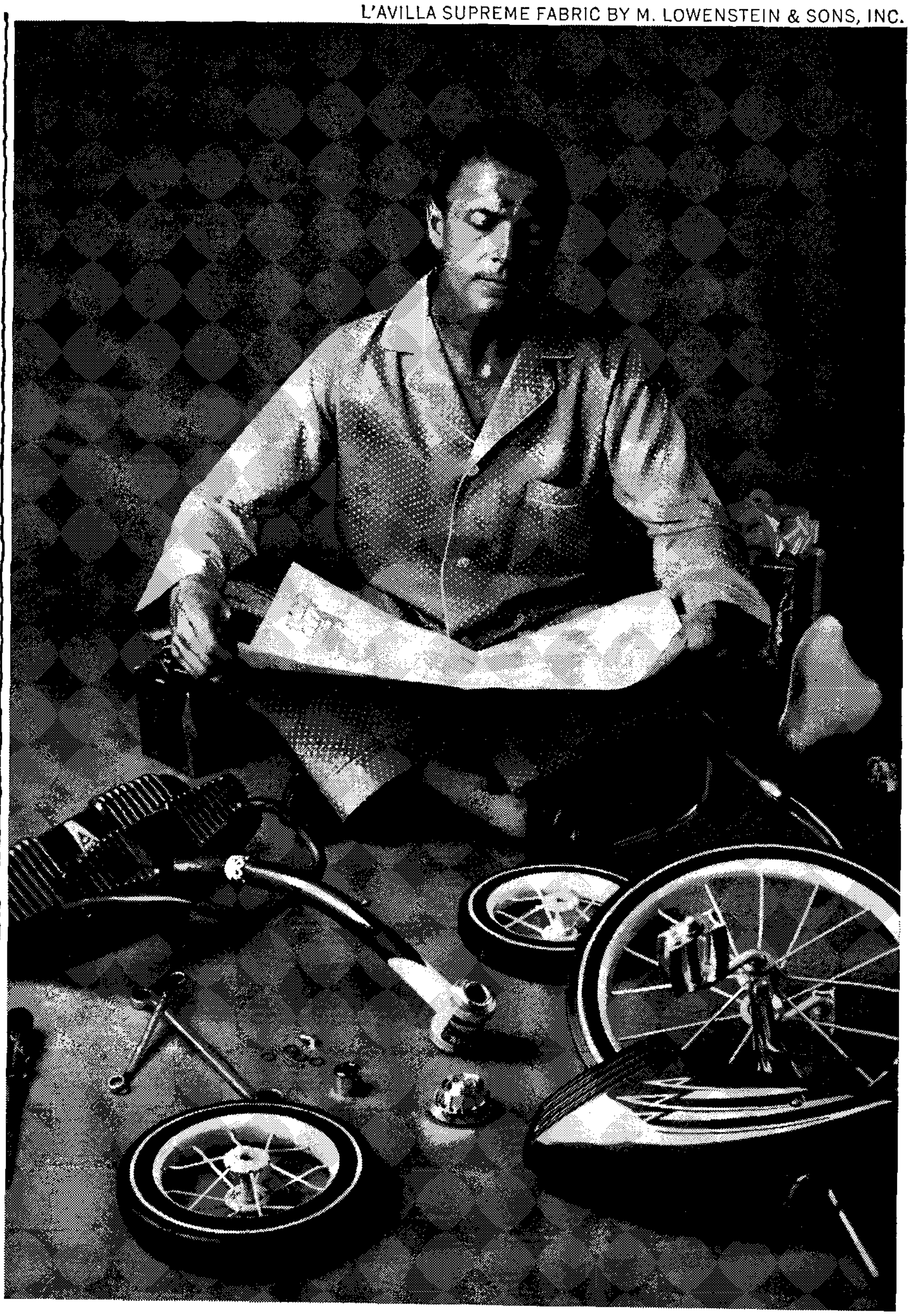

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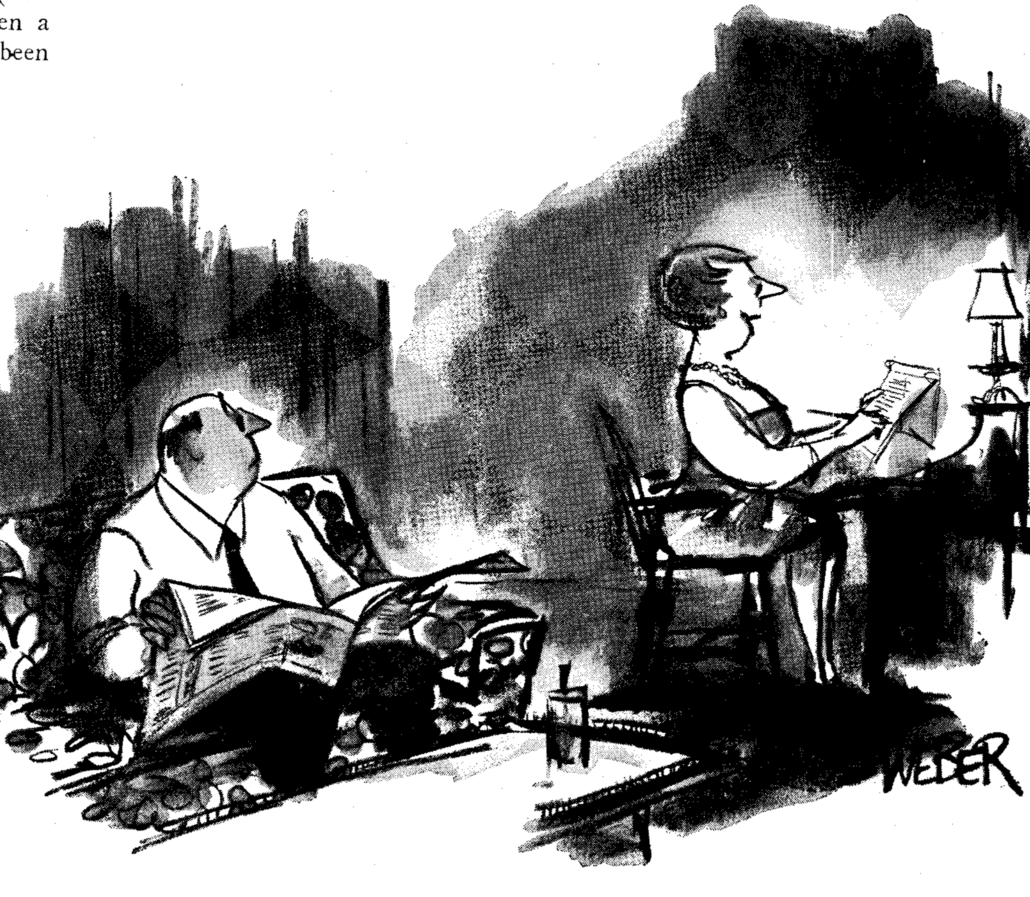
ONE might think that in all these years of guiding shoppers through the Christmas delirium (and, heavens, what a lot of years and what violent deliriums we have weathered!) we might have lost some of our zest for lending a helpful hand. Not a bit of it! And it's with the greatest of ease that we now snap into that attitude of omniscience we like to assume on these occasions. So let's get right down to business, which, this week, is dedicated to presents for the householder and his house.

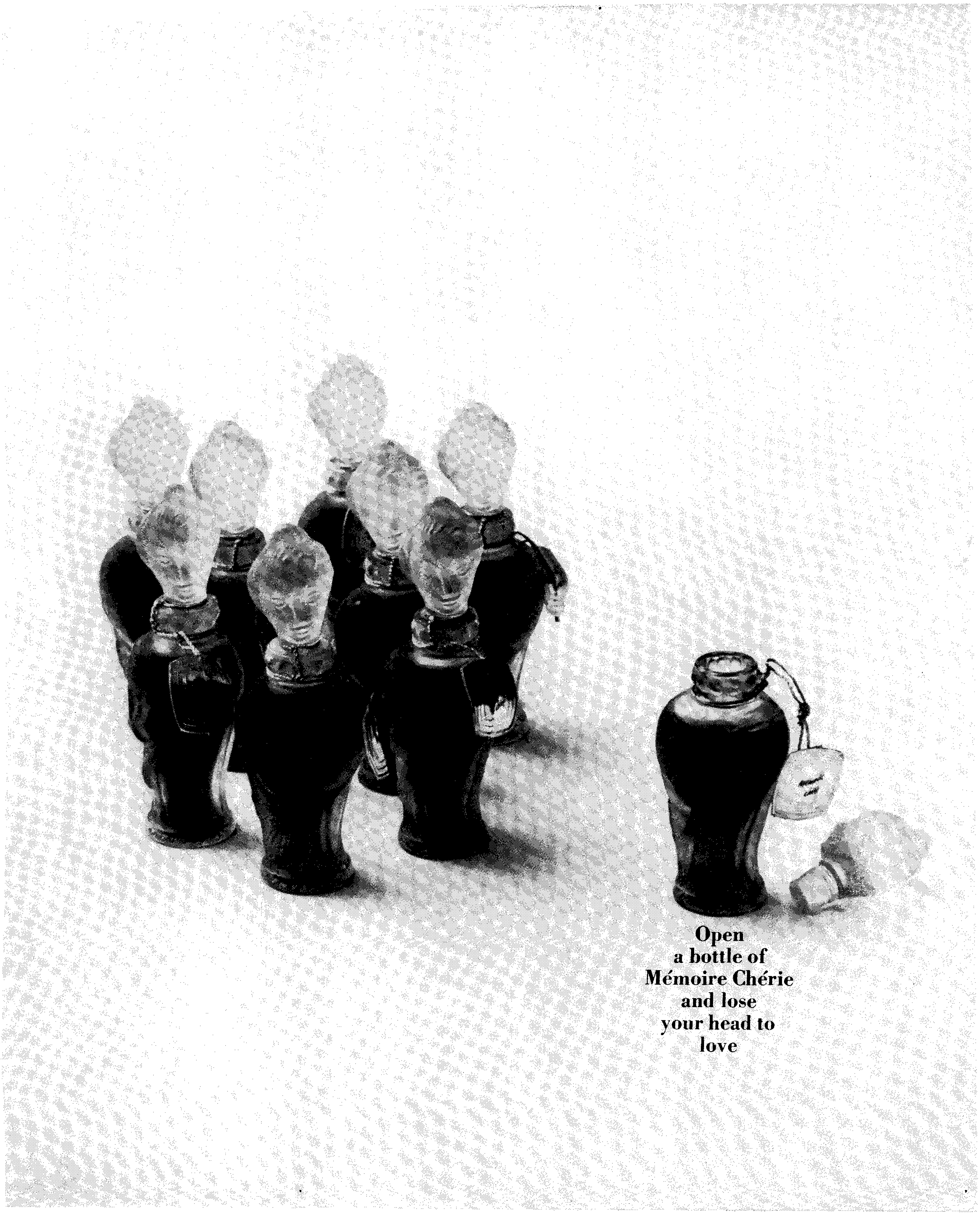
Logically, the first business might well concern an infant, provided you have one on your list. Certainly any godparents in the audience who have not yet done their duty in the way of mug or porringer would be wise to heed what we have to say on the subject. There being no earthly chance of currying favor with an infant of really tender age, we suggest a present of an antique silver mug, since, besides serving its useful purpose today, it can be enjoyed in later years, in case the child turns out to be a collector or a connoisseur, or, for that matter, just develops a shrewd business sense. (We are told that there has never been a time when antique silver has been considered such a sound investment.) In a large collection of extremely valuable eighteenth-century silver (most of it English), S. Wyler & Son, 713 Madison Avenue (63rd), offers a very unusual choice of Georgian mugs, any one of which would prove how seriously a godparent is taking his responsibilities. Among them are several mugs decorated simply with a top and bottom band of reeding (a couple bearing the London hallmarks of 1801 and 1812 are $165 and $137.50, respectively); one (London, 1802) with two vertical bands of reeding and, between them, an engraved wreath ($110); and a very beautiful bellied mug, dated 1738 ($330). Still with this infant (or another) in mind, you might have a look at Wyler's half-dozen or so eighteenth-century pap boats—charming little feeders, which range in price from $88 to $110. One that we especially admired was made in London in 1772.

It is not as generally known as it should be that the firm of James Robertson, 12 East 57th Street, whose collection of antique silver is an impressive one, also turns out meticulously accurate reproductions, handmade from start to finish. We recently examined eight or ten such reproductions at the Robertson establishment, all of them made by the firm's London workshop, which has been hammering out silver in exactly the same manner since the days of Queen Anne. The earliest of these copies, of a lovely little seventeenth-century cup in the Victoria and Albert Museum—where, indeed, nearly all the originals of the Robertson mugs may be seen—is priced at $38.50; a straight-sided George I piece that rests on a collet foot is $42.50; a bellied cup of the same period is $39.50; and a third George I cup, with a molded band and a reeded base, is $47.50. To shoppers who can take their minds off that baby for a moment, this superb handwork may suggest ideas: Why not, if someone is brooding over the injustice of the ancestral George III coffeepot's having been inherited by the wrong member of the family, have the thing scrupulously copied by the Robertson artisans? The firm stipulates that pieces to be reproduced be worth copying—by which it means no Victorian or other nineteenth-century trash. Such reproductions cost from four hundred to five hundred dollars, on an average.

YEAR after year, in these roundups, we track down and report on the most beautiful lamps to be found hereabouts, and year after year ladies who are not slow to speak up about what they hope to find under the Christmas tree let it be known that life without a handsome new lamp would be unthinkable. What on earth, we wonder, do these ladies *do* with all the lamps we have been providing for them? Lose them? Break them? Well, this time we present for their consideration—or, rather, for the consideration of their well-wishers—a group of lamps so splendid and so varied that they would seem to settle everybody's lamp problem for good and all. Easily leading the show, Hansen, at 260 East 53rd Street, has two magnificent specimens that have the ad-



"Well, there it is. We have exactly three hundred and fifty-one friends."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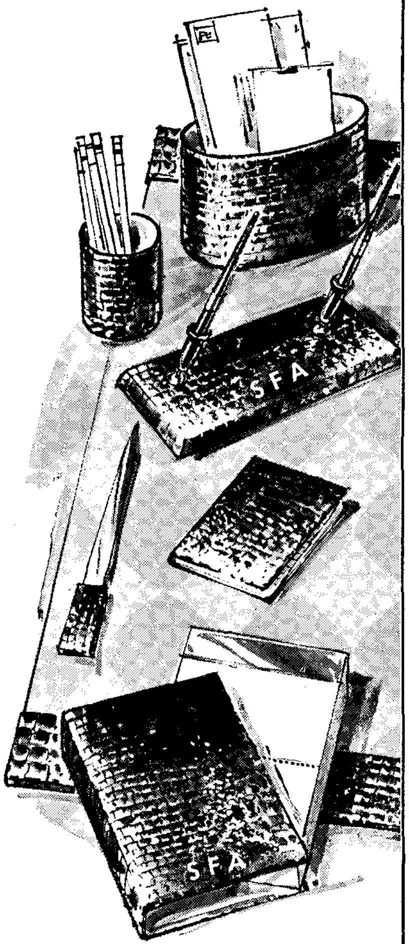

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

vantage of fitting in with either modern or traditional furnishings; both, though, on account of their size—they're thirty-two inches tall—and general sumptuousness, would be at their best in a spacious room of some elegance. Or maybe we are wrong about the elegance, for the lamps themselves would surely furnish all the *luxe* a room needs. They are both cylindrical—widest in the middle and tapering with remarkable grace toward either end—and they are both of bronze, one finished with irregularly applied gold leaf, the other with an antique greenish patina that has the appearance of being splotchily overlaid with silver. With a translucent linen shade eighteen inches in diameter, each is priced at $285—and, alas, they are sold only through decorators.

Later on in this report, we are going to have a lot more to say about the lovely Asian treasures you will find at Decorative Accessories, 305 East 63rd Street, but for the moment we shall simply draw your attention to some lamps there that we found particularly impressive. Most of these have been converted from ancient brass water jars, of the sort that for hundreds of years were carried on the heads of Indian women but that are currently being replaced, we are told, by plastic containers, which, it seems, are easier on the head. We're glad that the Indian women are more comfortable, and we're especially glad that Decorative Accessories happened to be around when the changeover took place, for the jars have been made into lamps that have beauty and distinction, and—what's almost as important—run no risk of being duplicated in the living rooms of half a dozen of your friends. Some are plain brass with a collar of brass studs as the only decoration; others are deeply incised all over with a small, highly decorative pattern; and there are two-handled bronze jars with a greenish patina that are very good-looking indeed. The lamps are all about twenty-five inches high and, complete with silk shade, are priced at $125 to $250. We should also like to mention two very splendid bottle-shaped lamps at America House, 44 West 53rd Street, even though we plan to give this place, too, a more thorough going over later in this discourse. Both the lamps in question are ceramic, one of a grayish color with an abstract design in blue, the other in cream with more or less the same pattern in black. Each is an imposing thirty-eight inches high, and each is priced at $348, with a string shade.

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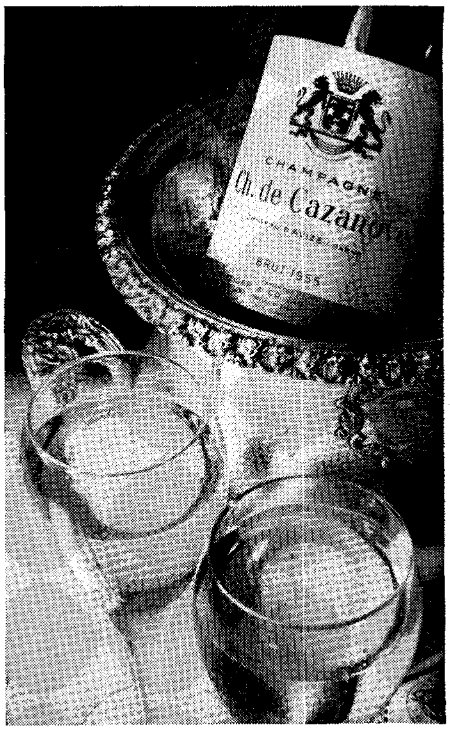

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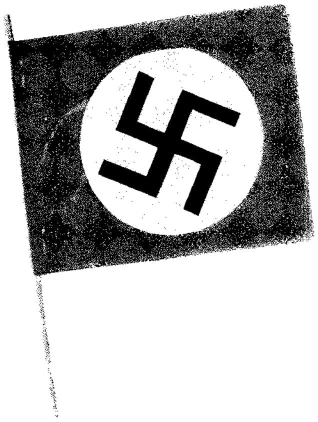

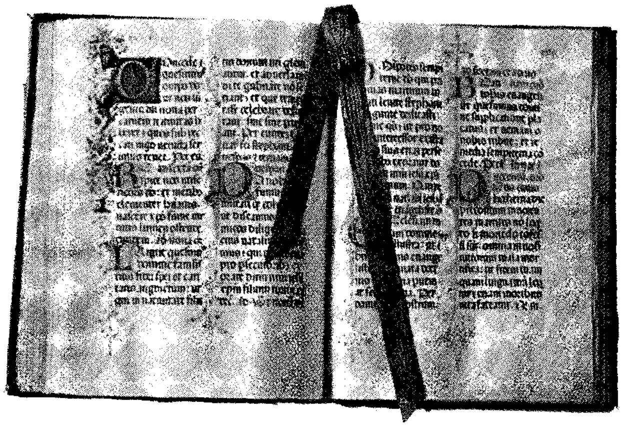

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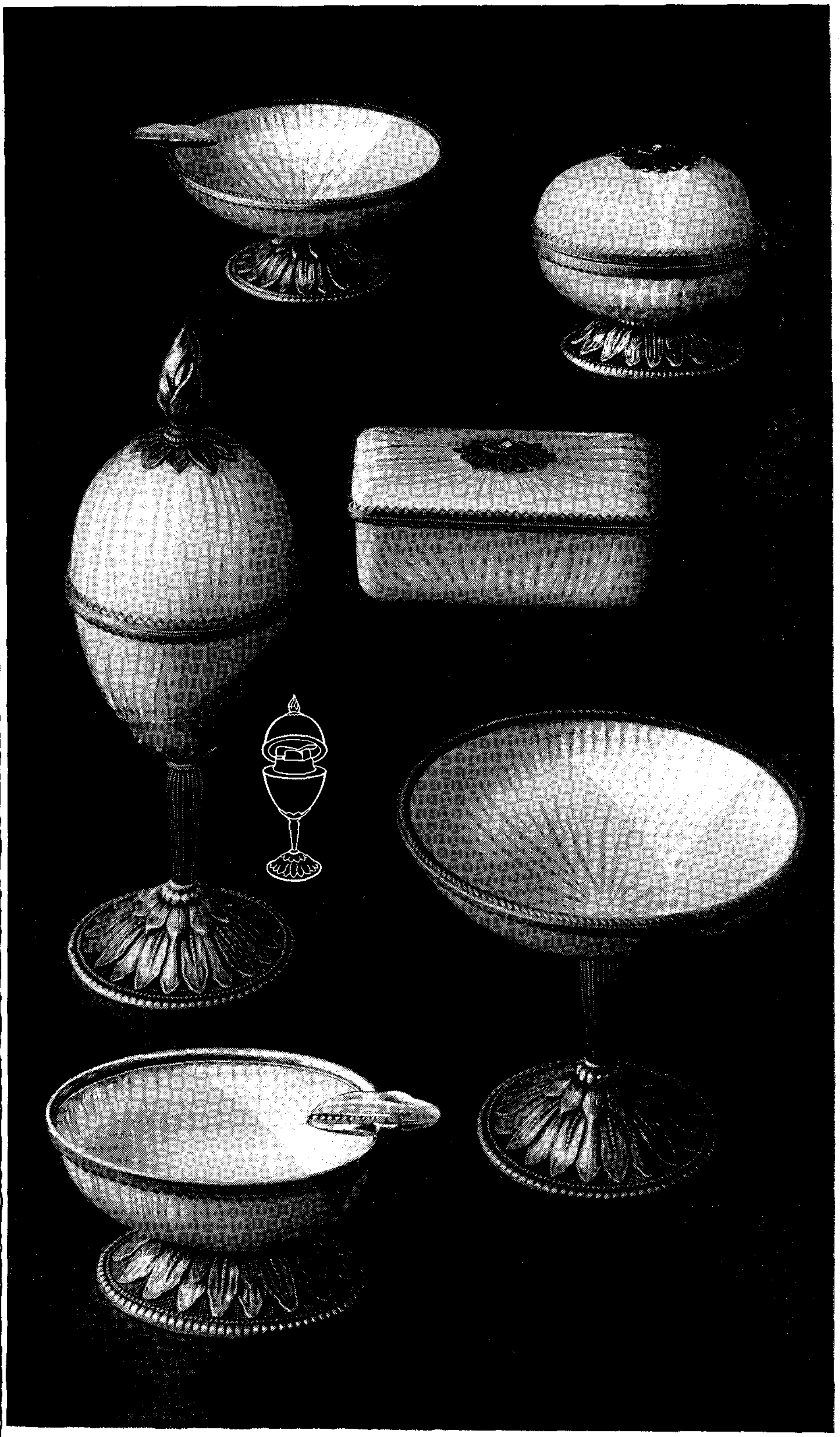
ing either an America House or a Decorative Accessories lamp in their Christmas stocking should count themselves lucky to receive any one of a collection of moderately priced lamps that Lord & Taylor has recently imported from Japan. These are made by outstanding Japanese potters, in designs and colors that would fit happily into American living rooms. Since the lamps are one-of-a-kind, there is every likelihood that the ones we describe won't be around at the time of your visit, but we'll take a chance and tell you about a few that particularly appealed to us: a twenty-five-inch-high pot-shaped base with a casually brushed-in branch of dark-brown bamboo on a cream background, priced at $60; a yellowish-red cylindrical base, thirty-one inches high, with a deeper-red pattern that gives the curious effect of being painted *beneath* the surface, at $85; and some twenty-five-inch vases in handsome dark patterns that make interesting use of various unfamiliar glazes, at $60 each. All the lamps have two-bulb sockets; none of the prices include shades.

If you are willing (and have time) to bother with electrifying, you will find at Nepir, a fairly new shop at 216 East 53rd Street, a number of ceramic vases that would make very attractive lamps. These are around six and a half inches high and five and a half inches in diameter, and are presented in various colors and finishes; they cost $20 apiece, and Nepir charges $10 for wiring, which takes about a week. This shop also offers what we have found hard to come by—a couple of pairs of graceful modern andirons. One pair, fifteen and a half inches high and in the form of stylized flames, is of polished brass and costs $200; the other pair might be described roughly as two elongated triangles of bronze with a verdigris finish, and comes in two sizes—twelve inches high, at $170, and nineteen inches high, at $250.

WE earnestly hope that you have plenty of pillow people on your list. Unless every man, woman, and child in the community gives every other man, woman, and child a pillow, we greatly fear that an awful lot of shops will go bankrupt, and, as if having shoppers on our mind were not enough, we don't want to have to start worrying about shop*keepers*. Trying not to get too deeply enmeshed in this bumper crop of what are known (inappropriately enough, it turns out) as "occasional" pillows, we have seriously explored the field and here present what we think are the prizes. Certainly leading the pillow parade are some dashing items in



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fur at Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue (56th), which, scattered among more conventionally covered cushions, would add enormously to their decorative effect and eliminate any suspicion of the commonplace. Among these—most of which measure approximately thirteen by fifteen inches—are some of silky, prettily matched hamster skins, at $45; some of very handsome lynx, at the same price; and some of mink, at $95. Others are in a ravishing white fox or in an almost equally good-looking blue fox, at $95 each, and most luxurious of all are some in summer ermine, at $100. Mink skins can be dyed and made into cushions, also at $95 each, and we saw one such cushion done in a good clear shade of red, but we thought it might better have been left the beautiful natural color of the beast.

At the Nettle Creek Shop, 4 East 53rd Street, they claim to have twenty-five hundred pillows, so you can see that we hesitate to take on the job of reporting on *them.* We will, though, try to give you a general idea of the collection, and then someday when you feel like inspecting twenty-five hundred pillows, you can drop by and have a look for yourself. The cushions are all either eleven, thirteen, or fifteen inches square, with a few nine-by-fifteen-inch oblong ones thrown in, and they come in velvet, silk, damask, cotton, linen, mohair, or brocade; some have appliqué decoration, some are embroidered, and others are severely plain, depending on a striking fabric for their effect. They range in price from $3 to $10, and many of them are quite lovely. The combinations of colors are at times subtle and delicate, at times brash and bold, but nearly always effective. To give you an idea, a Shocking-pink pillow has lavender and pale-orange flowers, coral is mated with two shades of pink, beige with yellow and brown, purple with navy, white with gold. And so on, through the entire twenty-five hundred.

Still more pillows are to be seen at Thaibok, 16 East 52nd Street. These are all of Siamese silk, which, as you doubtless know, is entirely hand-woven, and are shown in the most exquisite shades or combinations of shades. Since the pillows come and go and are rarely replaced by exact duplicates, the only point in reporting on the colors is to give an idea of the varied palette that the Siamese weavers use. On hand at the time of our visit were pillows striped in aqua, purple, flame, and gold; pillows striped in blue, black, and charcoal; plaid pillows, of orange, pink, and red; and pillows in solid colors (the most beautiful, to our taste), including del-

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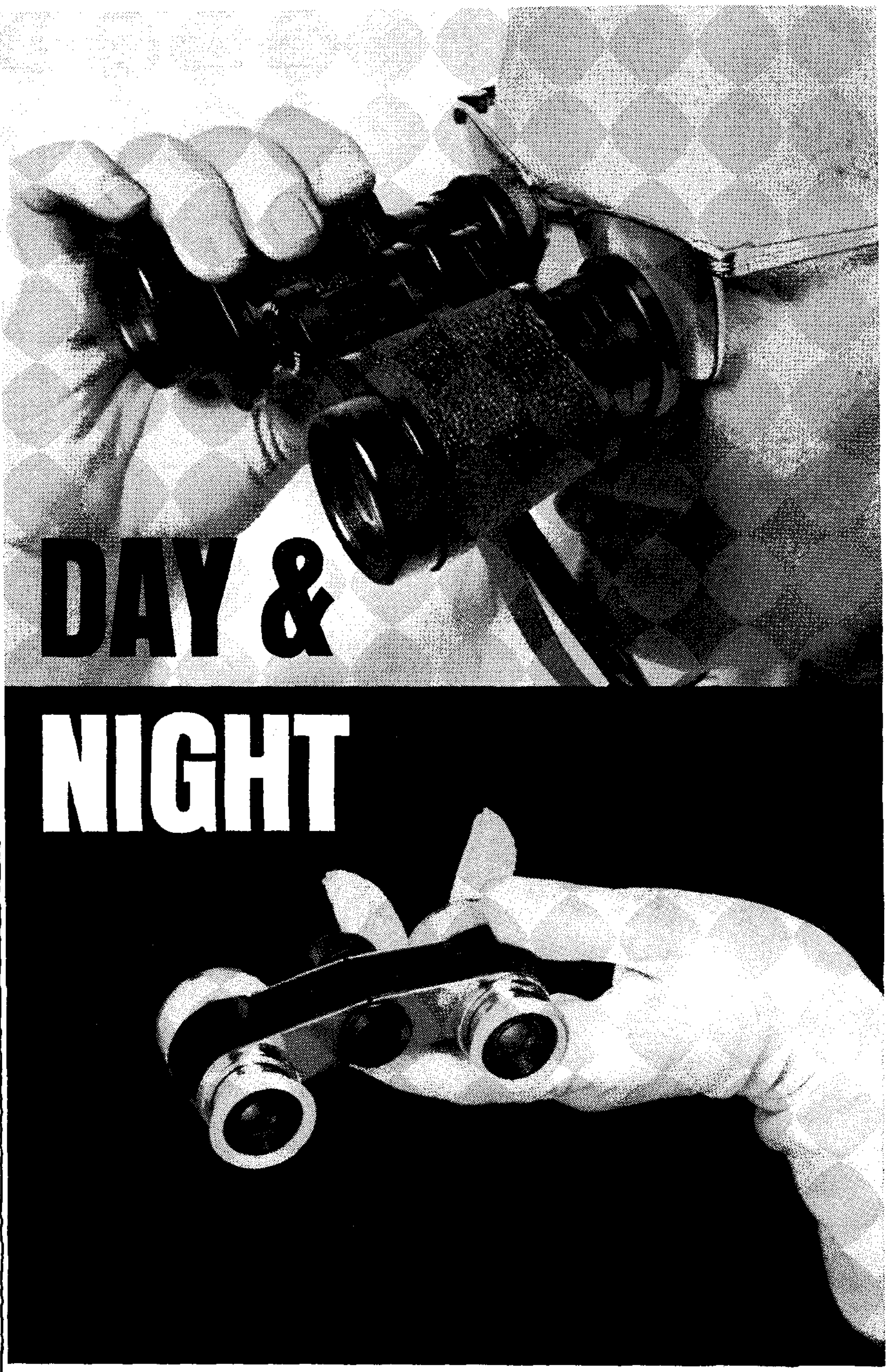
phinium blue, amethyst, copper, and various pinks, greens, and yellows. The sizes are ten inches by seventeen, sixteen inches square, and sixteen inches in diameter. The price is a uniform $32.25.

AND now here we are, just as we promised, back at Decorative Accessories—and accompanied, we hope, by shoppers who are interested in giving somebody a specimen of Asian applied art and whose minds are not too resolutely set on bargains. The splendid objects here displayed follow no particular pattern; they include gilded bronze and gilded wooden figures from Thailand, some calmly beautiful and some awesomely grotesque; Indian brass statuettes from Hindu temples; a low Japanese tea table in pink lacquer; numerous graceful celadon jars, reproduced in Thailand from ancient models; and various antique bowls, jars, and vases in bronze and brass (as well as, of course, the handsome lamps we were speaking about a while back). Among all these Asian decorations, you should not overlook (how could you?) a most radiant statuette from Thailand, fifty-nine inches high, of gilded wood, showing a serenely beautiful robed priest, which would make a stunning decoration against a bare wall in a room furnished in the modern manner. It costs $1,374. There are several other beautiful—and less costly—temple figures; some, about twenty inches high and subtly colored, with worn gilding and a flecking of mica, cost around $370, and excellent reproductions of the same figures are $225. This listing barely scratches the surface, though, so we shall leave you to investigate it for yourself while we hasten on to other fields.

ONE such field (and it's virgin soil as far as we are concerned) is a collection of cacti to be seen at the Cactus Shop, at 212 West 79th Street. On a recent visit to some acquaintances whose apartment showed them to have been nourished on doctrines of purest Bauhaus, we were enormously struck by two large cacti, looking for all the world as if they had been designed by Le Corbusier himself, that dominated the decoration of the room with exactly the right avant-garde authority. It was this use of the cactus amid modern furnishings that inspired us to track down the West 79th Street shop, where there are more than a hundred varieties of cactus, any one of which would be suitable for those modern friends who might otherwise be seduced by a rubber plant. Among the more impressive spec-



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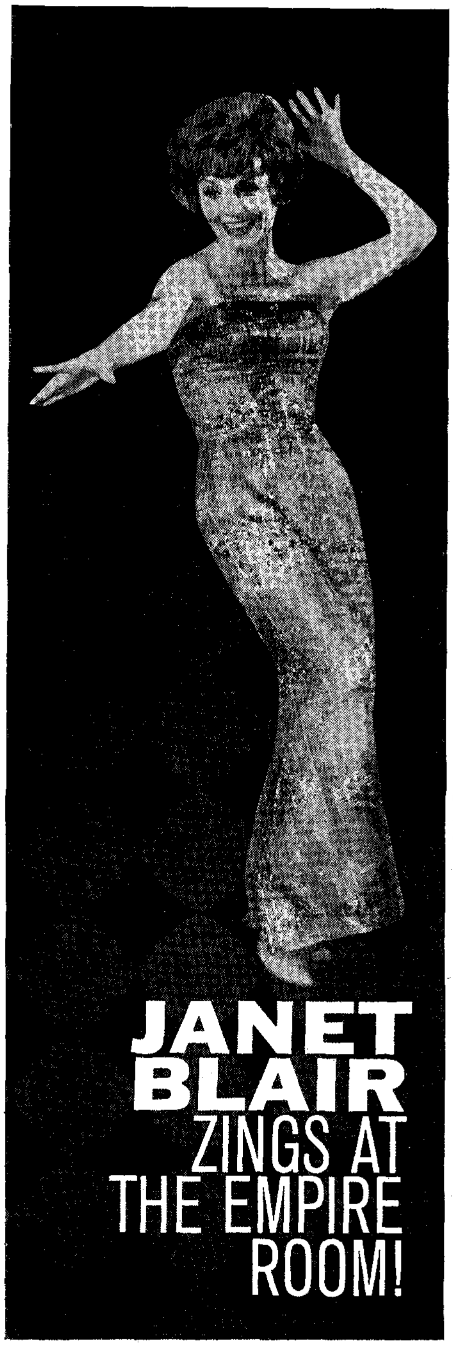

Nightly. November 18th to December 14th. This vivacious star will enthrall you with her effervescent versatility of performance. "The Bells Are Ringing" still, in London, where she thrilled audiences for six months. Miss Blair comes to the Waldorf-Astoria directly from a smashing engagement in San Francisco. That city is still quaking from the impact of the applause. So bring your sister Eileen or Nellie Forbush to The Empire Room. Janet Blair is indeed "Something To Shout About." Two shows nightly, except Sunday. 9:15 and Midnight. Pre-theatre dinner from $4.75. Dining and dancing to the music of Meyer Davis and Horace Diaz Orchestra.

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imens we found at the Cactus Shop (impressive, that is, for decorative purposes) were a four-foot variety called Old Man, which consists of a clump of olive-green stalks with spines along the edges, priced at $59 (smaller specimens cost $10); a Golden Barrel, which looks like an oversized melon covered with wicked spines and is, we were told, anywhere from sixty to eighty years old, at $52; and a perfectly magnificent century plant, whose gray-green leaves have a spread of approximately three feet, at $79. Most of the large, high-priced plants are also to be had *en petit*, at from $1 to $7. All come from nurseries in California, Arizona, or Texas, and, we were assured, they are as easy as anything to cultivate, being able to withstand even the rigors of New York apartment life. The Cactus Shop, which is upstairs and easily missed, keeps rather unconventional hours—from noon to 8 P.M. on weekdays and from 10 to 6 P.M. on Saturdays.

WHEN we first heard of an electric knife recently put out for household use by General Electric, we snorted that here the American passion for electrifying everything—toothbrushes, can openers, pepper grinders, *everything*—had been brought to the pinnacle of useless absurdity. Well, it will just teach us (we hope) never again to snort until we know what we are snorting about. Having used the knife (and with it built up a reputation as a superlatively expert carver), we are inclined to lay our money on it as this year's prize-winner. Could any recantation be fairer than that? Actually, it is just about impossible to exaggerate the virtues of this instrument, which is called a slicing knife and consists of a rather bulky handle, nine inches long, with an electric cord attached, and a pair of detachable twin stainless-steel blades, also nine inches long. When a button on the handle is pressed, the blades set up a sawing motion that seems to take all responsibility out of the hands of the carver and to produce even slices of exactly the desired thickness from almost any kind of meat; one might argue that, at $27.95, it is an essential economy, since it goes on carving its uniform slices down to the very last half inch of roast without tearing out any of those jagged snippets that result when inexpert carvers make their wasteful inroads into a roast of beef. With a turkey, or other fowl, the electrified knife performs splendidly in carving fine large slices off the breast, but a supplementary knife would probably be a help in disjointing the bird. For a roast of beef, a ham,

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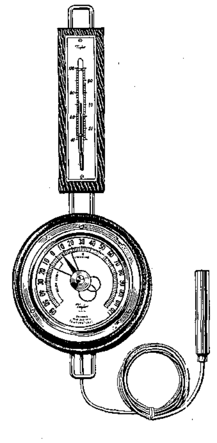

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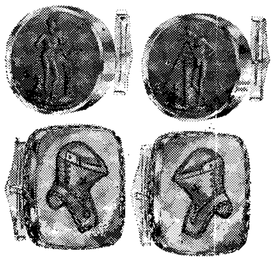

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corned beef, or a leg of lamb, though, it functions to perfection, and we are told that it also does when mountains of bread slices are required for party sandwiches. The knife is to be had at Hammacher Schlemmer, Bloomingdale's, and Macy's, among other places.

A LONG time ago, in these columns, we suggested a bird feeder as a fine present for a country or a suburban child, and we thought that that took care of bird feeders, if not of children, once and for all. However, a recent visit to the National Audubon Society headquarters, at 1130 Fifth Avenue (95th), and an inspection of the Society's latest models convinces us that expecting a bird to patronize a prehistoric 1954-type feeder would be very like asking a human tenant to settle down contentedly in a brownstone walkup without built-in air-conditioning. Offering all the latest conveniences, Audubon has something called the Trip-Toe feeder—an attractive little brown-stained wooden shelter that stands on a six-foot post. Food is loaded through a covered opening in the slanted roof, falling into a glassed-in grain reservoir, in front of which (and here's the sensational modern improvement) is suspended a movable perch so counterweighted as to shut off the supply of food if the wrong sort of bird lands on it. The owner sets the counterweights according to the weight of the bird he hopes will partake of his hospitality (at twelve grams if he wants goldfinches, say), thus excluding such social undesirables as sparrows (twenty-five to thirty-five grams) and jays (a hundred and sixty grams), who will find the door slammed in their faces if they presume to set foot on the premises. Sounds awfully like discrimination to us, but undoubtedly the Audubon people know best. The price, including the post (and the postage), is $9.95. There is also a squirrelproof feeder, highly recommended by the Society, whose love of all God's creatures stops abruptly this side of squirrels; this is an open-front redwood structure that has a four-inch metal apron, designed to baffle rodents, and a glass feedbin with a capacity of five pounds; $12.95 for this, plus $3.25 for an aluminum post to set it on. All post-attached shelters are sold knocked down, but come with detailed instructions for assembling them. A hanging feeder of glazed stoneware with a large come-one-come-all opening appeals, we were told, to so many varieties of birds that it is usually hung two or three to the tree in order to meet the demand of the feathered patrons; the price is $3.95, which includes a length of white cord

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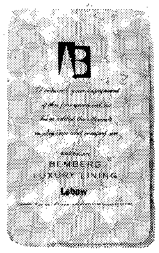
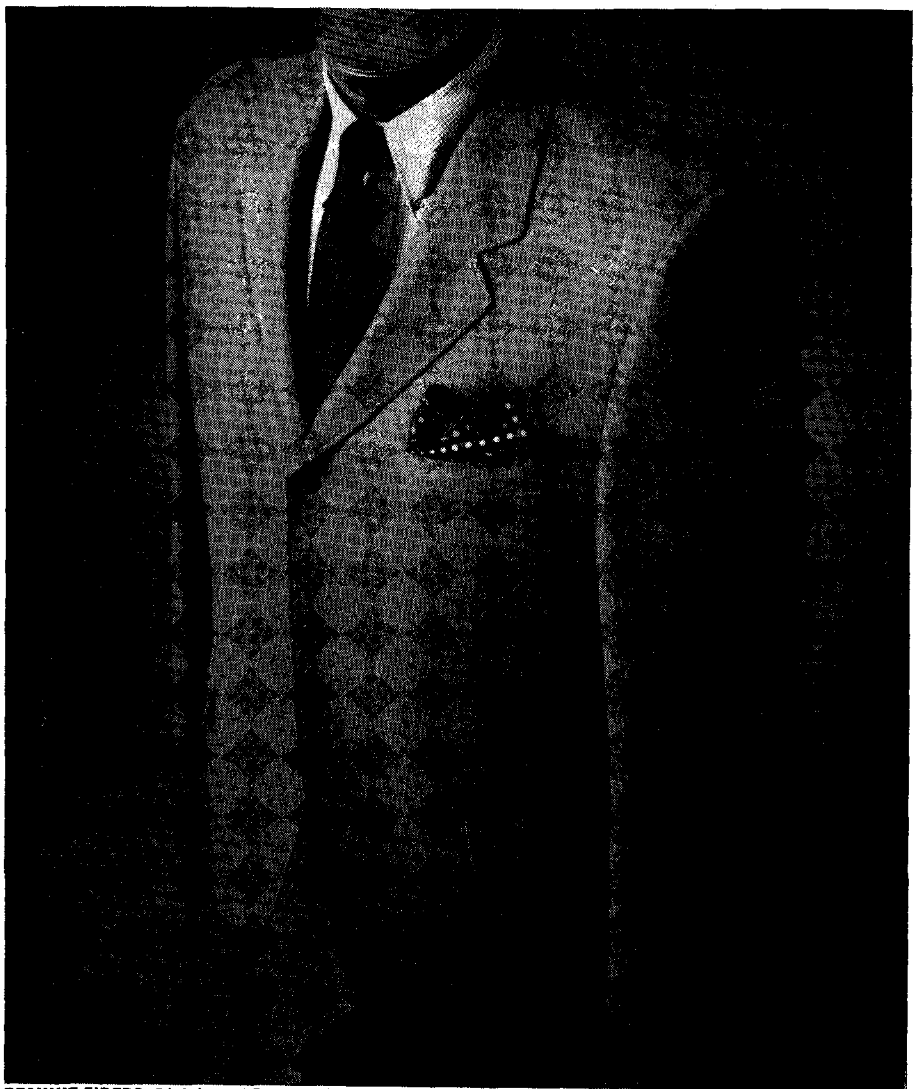


Lebow Clothes

would anyone dream of wearing this camel hair suit by Lebow inside out?

(Of course not. But the luxurious AMERICAN BEMBERG lining might tempt you.)



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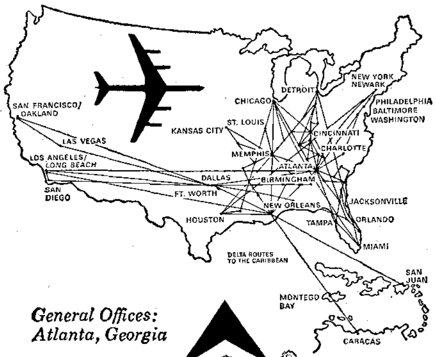
Treat your wife to a Delta FanJet on your next trip. She'll love you for it, and have her head in the clouds over Delta's delightful service. You'll like the down to earth thrift of Delta's "Better-Half" Fare Plan.



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DELTA

the air line with the BIG JETS

for suspending it. Several other new models of feeders are shown, too, and since all feeders require from two to three weeks for delivery, we think you had better lose no time in hustling up to upper Fifth Avenue.

UNLESS you take a disparaging view, as we do, of most living-room ashtrays, and believe, as we do, that an ashtray should have its own distinction, you may not share our delight at finding on Lord & Taylor's ninth floor an extremely large collection of old and very beautiful Japanese plates, dishes, saucers, and such, any one of which, used as an ashtray, would make its own decorative contribution to a room. Aside from the beauty of their patterns, these charming pieces are in varied shapes, which pleasingly break the monotony of the conventional round ashtrays, having been made, of course, not as ash receivers but as table porcelain. The collection is in itself an instructive lesson in old Japanese wares. The shopper who, for example, knows Imari only as that familiar pattern in rather strident red and gold will be surprised to find here many enchanting variations on this porcelain, including pieces as dissimilar as a sixteen-inch plate with deep-blue medallion-like decorations on a celadon ground, at $20; a slightly smaller plate with multicolored flowers on a red ground surrounded by a lattice border, at $37.50; and, at $35, a perfectly stunning plate with bold brushed-in swirls of deep blue on a white ground, which, although it was designed a couple of hundred years ago, would look wonderful in a modern room. To cite one more example of unfamiliar patterns in well-known wares, there is a Kutami plate across which a red cock struts on a white ground, and which is completely unlike the Kutami generally seen hereabouts; $27.50. Most of the dishes we admired are from eight to sixteen inches in diameter (Lord & Taylor shares our preference for comfortably large ashtrays) and are priced at from $6 to $45, but there are numerous small ones (around five inches) that cost from $3.50 up, and there is even a boat-shaped dish (perfect for a pipe smoker), at $5.

THERE seems to be a misapprehension on the part of people not interested in indoor gardening that, because their friends' living-room windows are already a jungle of greenery, no more decorative flora is needed—or even wanted. Nothing could be further from the fact; no window-sill horticulturist (and we know what we are talk-

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an' claim the ree-ward!
Jes' show this here ad
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an' see whut happens.

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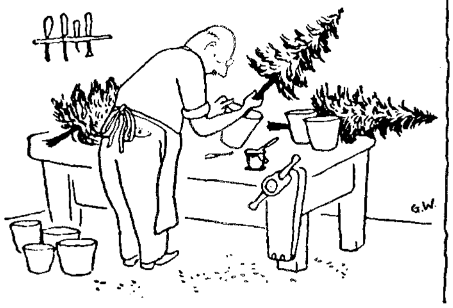
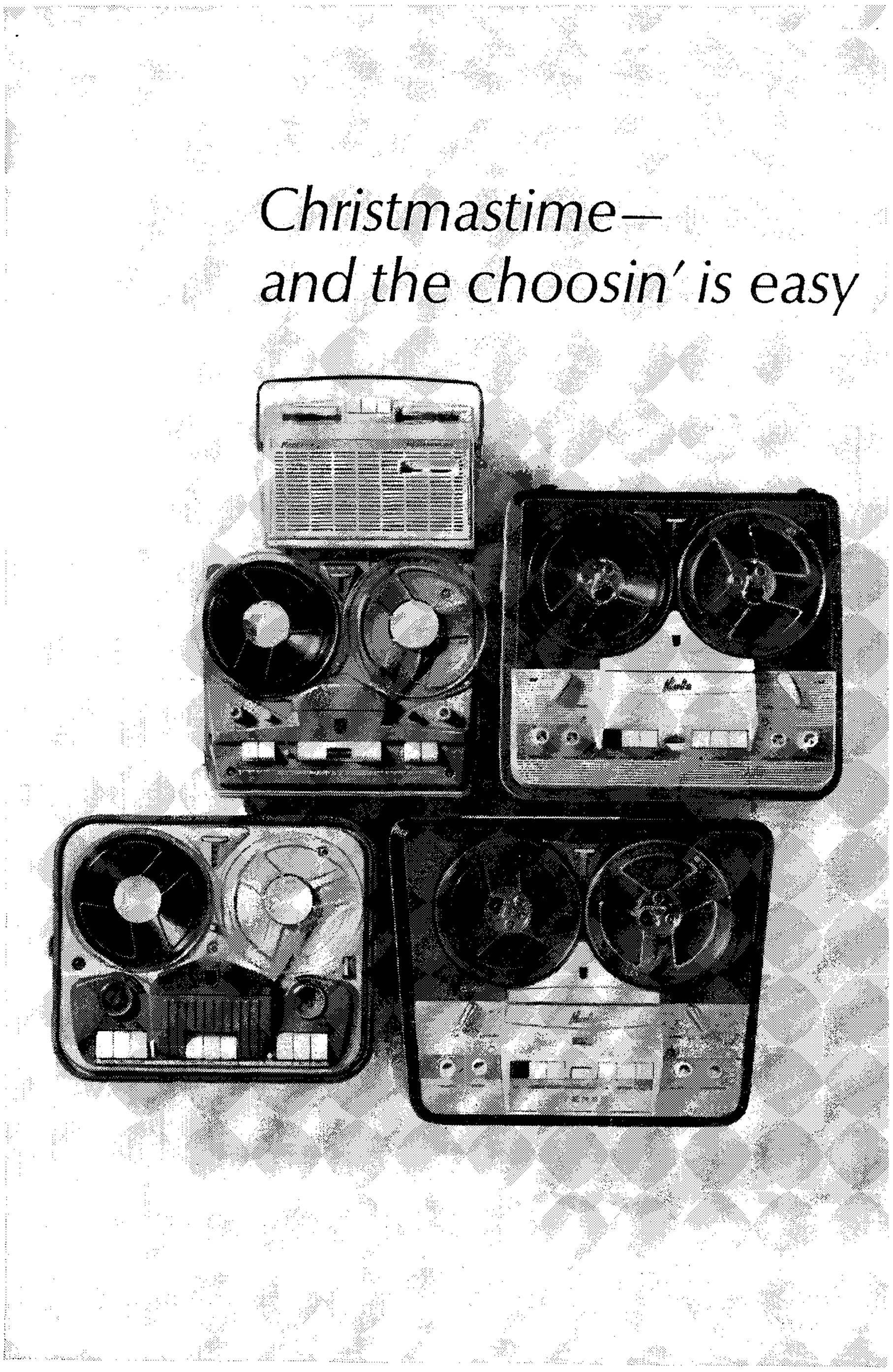
ing about) ever accepts the axiom that enough of such things is enough, which makes it easy to settle the horticulturist's Christmas-present problem painlessly and with reasonable certainty of success. If you are able to provide the household that needs—or thinks it needs—a house plant, we are able to direct you to the long established and highly reputable firm of Julius Roehrs Company, 375 Paterson Avenue, East Rutherford, New Jersey, whose hundred and forty greenhouses, near the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge, contain enough house plants to fill the window sills of all the living rooms in creation. If you want a larky interval in your Christmas shopping, you can drive out there—it's just a bit over ten miles from Times Square, and the greenhouses are open every weekday from seven o'clock until five—or, if you're pressed for time, you can request the company's very complete catalogue and make your selection by telephone or mail. Provided the order is for fifteen dollars or more, it will be delivered anywhere within the metropolitan area. There is no earthly use trying to describe what you will find, because you will find everything from a button fern in a two-inch pot, for forty cents, to the biggest palm you've ever seen, for $175.

A fine present for an optimist who believes that we are going to survive Christmas would be a couple (or any number) of Warmenhoven amaryllis, which White Flower Farm, in Litchfield, Connecticut, has imported from Holland. It takes the eye of faith to believe that these unprepossessing bulbs are ever going to amount to anything, but the Farm declares that they will be beautiful beyond words, in shades of dark red, scarlet, pink, salmon, and white, and we have never known White Flower Farm to be wrong. Besides, faith is something that all gardeners—indoor or out—have plenty of. Every effort will be made to ship the bulbs, all potted and ready to grow, in time for Christmas, but if we should have a spell of extra-cold weather about that time, gift notices will be sent, and the bulbs will follow. The price of the bulbs,





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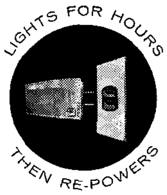

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MALLORY

potted, is $6.50 each; unpotted, they are $5.50. Postage is paid by the Farm, except that you are asked to send a dollar extra for Gulf or West-of-Mississippi states.

For years, we have been regretting the disappearance of the old-fashioned "plant stand" that used to be a fixture of all country front porches in the Deep South, and hoping that, in the general revival of Victorian decoration, somebody would revive *that.* Well, apparently somebody has, for this highly satisfactory old stand is with us again, with only a slight concession to modern design. It's a sort of tree, made up of a steel shaft, forty inches high, with ten arms, from six inches to a foot long, radiating from it, like branches, except that these branches can be swivelled in a full circle. Each arm ends in a cup-shaped pot holder, and there is another pot holder at the top of the shaft, like a finial, all of which makes possible any number of arrangements to show off the plants to advantage, or to vary their exposure. This excellent contrivance costs $15 at The Planters, 385 Bleecker Street.

IT is a well-known fact, documented by irrefutable statistics, that every household needs more tables than it has, so if you are trying to find a family present—and family presents aren't easy to find, as you know—you should by all means have a look at the new collection of tables large, tables small, tables casual, and tables elegant at Georg Jensen. Since they are scattered around at Jensen in a rather retiring manner, lurking here and there among a lot of more imposing pieces on the shop's third floor, we have, to save you the trouble, searched out a few recent arrivals that, for one reason or another, seem especially worth your consideration. We start off with one that is hardly a table at all but just a reversible tray, set on folding chrome legs, that makes an endlessly useful little stand for snacks or for a drink. The tray has a rounded teak rim and is enamelled in a diamond pattern (blue and green or red and orange) on one side and a solid color (blue or red) on the other, and since the frame is collapsible, the whole business can be tucked away when it's not in use; $35. A teak table, eighteen inches high, that performs no tricks but remains conveniently stationary to hold an ashtray or a coffee tray has a top ten inches square and costs $39; a more substantial teak piece, nineteen and a half inches high, has a handsome black oxhide top, sixteen inches by sixteen and a half, and costs $89; a nest of

THE OLD SALT

. . . with a merry twinkle in his eye, casts a saucy glance at the sea nymph who forms the handle of this hand-painted authentic English character jug from the Royal Doulton collection. 7½" high, $12.50; 4¼", $6.00.

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Send 25¢ for collectors book #8 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. 30N, 11 E. 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.

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The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fisherman's harbor — New York's most fascinating bar and cocktail lounge. *Excellent Dining Facilities*

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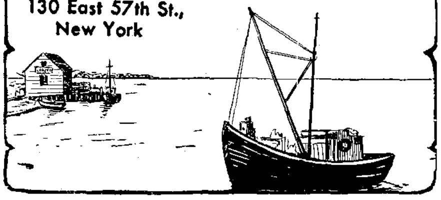

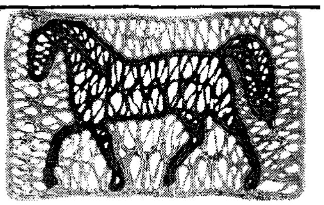
Horse Door Mat

G-20 — Hand made in Portugal of sturdy Esparto fiber, the horse is black and contrasts strikingly against the natural background. A practical and very original gift — 18" x 30". **price . . . $5.95** Postpaid.

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COFFEE
4 OZ. NET
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They've been places. And done things. They discovered off-Broadway before he critics; Hyannis before the rowds. And somewhere, their dventures led them to Medaglia d'Oro.

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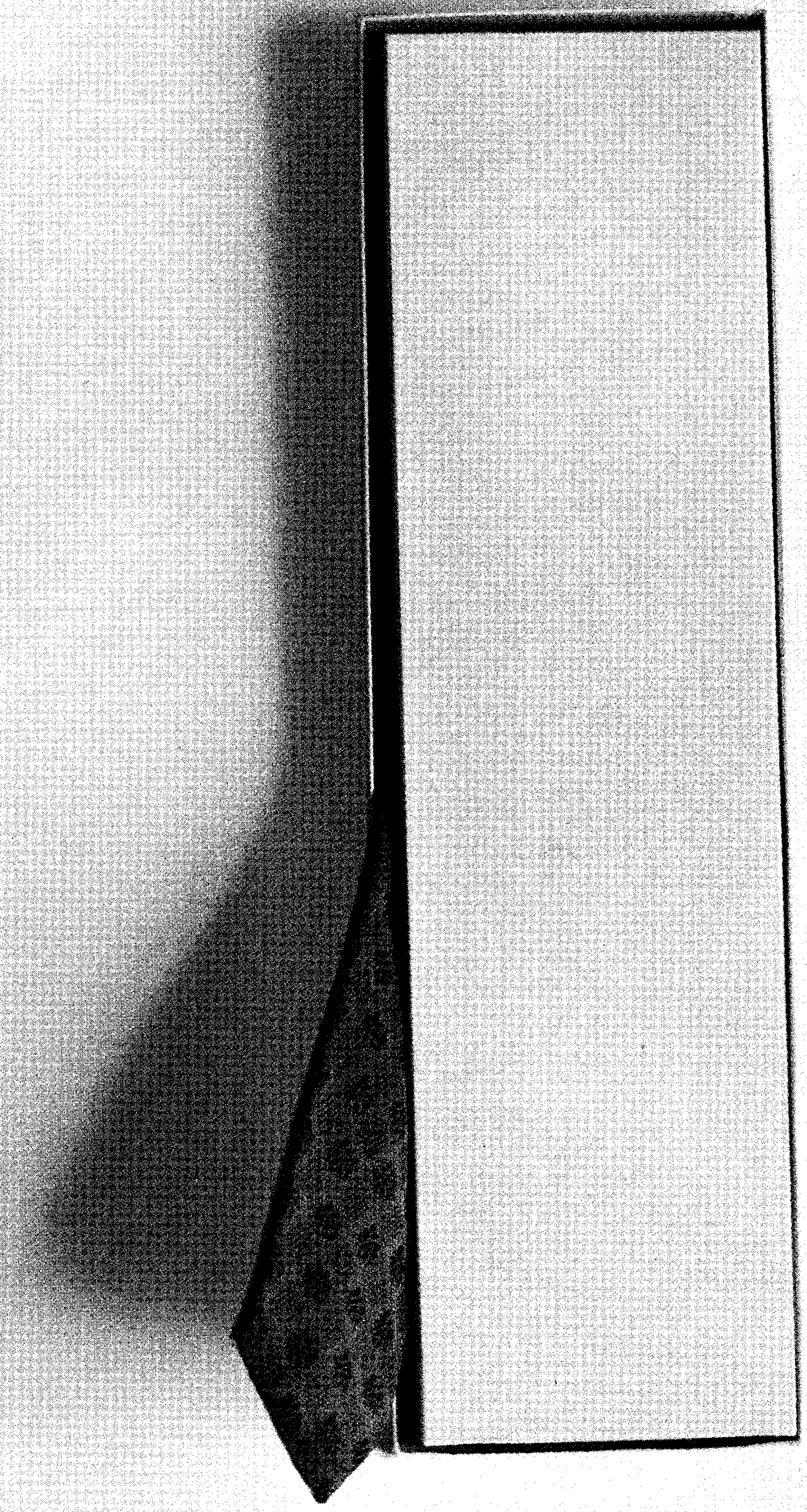
ntertaining recipe! Stir teaspoon of rum in stemmed glass of Medaglia d'Oro. Add lemon twist. Sweeten. Think Via Veneto. S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Palisades Park, N. J. Established 1899.



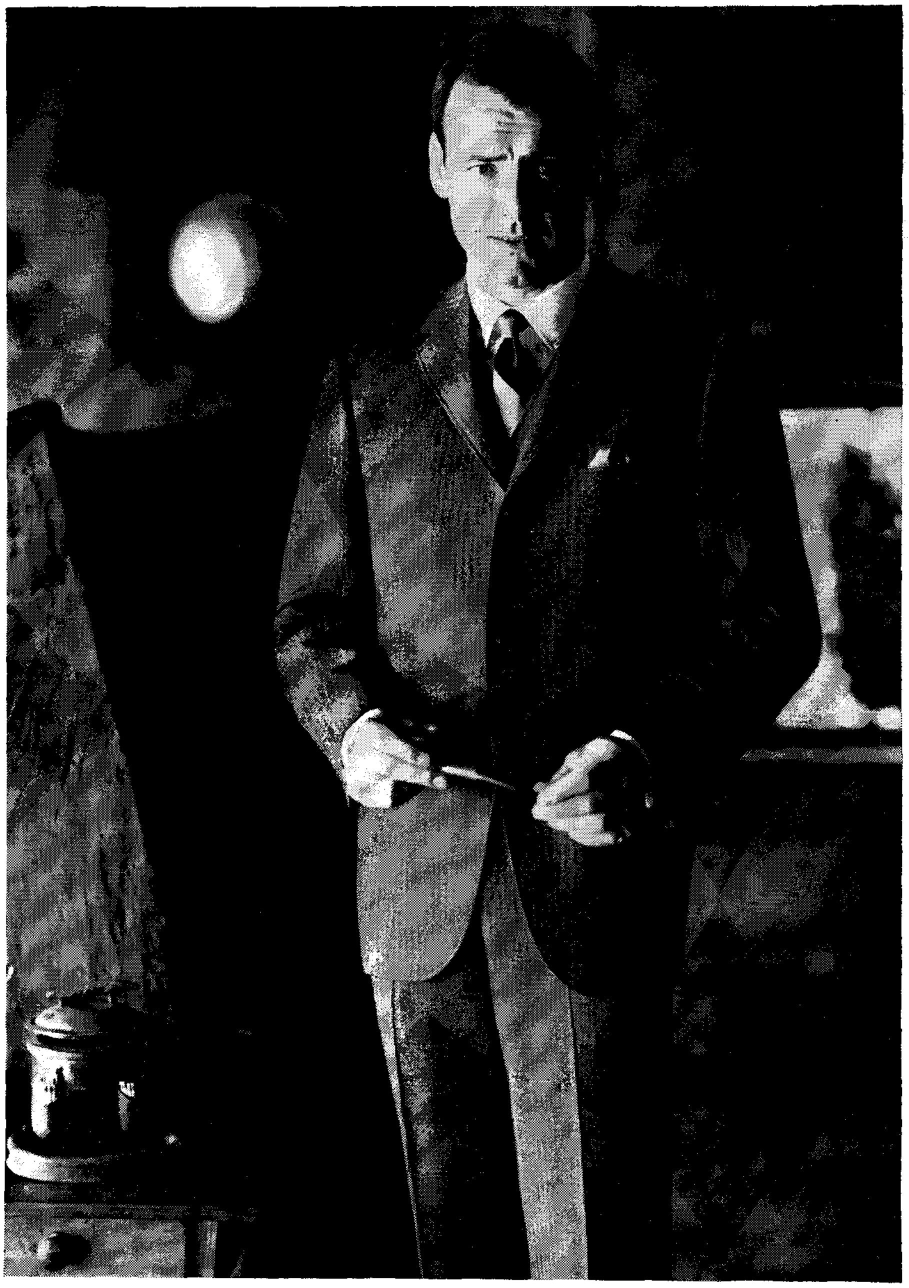
The Tie of Silk is one of the few ways a man expresses himself. And enjoys wearing. It is also one of the few things you can give when you know a lot about him or a little. Quite a wonderful gift, when you think about it. International Silk Association (U.S.A.), 185 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16.

ONLY SILK IS SILK

three rosewood tables, the largest of which measures fourteen inches by twenty-two, stands nineteen and a half inches high and costs $105; and if a teacart can be counted as a table, Jensen has an extremely graceful one in teak (twenty-seven and a half inches long, twenty-seven and a half inches high, and sixteen and three-quarters inches wide), with two shelves and oversized casters, that costs $115.

There is so little chance of going wrong at Jensen that we had planned to leave you here to make your own way among the many lovely objects; on second thought, though, the risk that you might overlook even one of the treasures we particularly admired is too great, so maybe we had better stick with you for a while. Overlooking any of the newly arrived collection of round mirrors would be a serious oversight, certainly, because they are charming and quite original. They all (except one) measure thirteen inches in diameter, and are exactly right for some small spot on a wall that needs enlivening—in a foyer, a deep window embrasure, or the like. The most decorative of the group, we thought, is one set in a rough-textured six-inch frame of entrancing cerulean-blue glass, at $20. Several others, from the Arabia factory in Finland, have ceramic frames in subtle dark colors with interesting decorations done in broad brush strokes; these at $46. The group includes one mirror that is suitable for a toilet table. This one is twenty inches in diameter and stands out from a concave white enamel frame that conceals three incandescent bulbs; their light entirely circles the glass, giving the effect of a circle of neon light without neon's trying illumination. Actually, this cleverly manipulated light is so very becoming to any mirror-gazer that $63 seems a small price for the comforting reassurance it supplies.

Still at Jensen, there is, just arrived from the Royal Copenhagen factories, a strikingly handsome bowl of off-white stoneware, which might be used for flowers or for salad, but which is really a thing of such beauty that it doesn't need to serve any practical purpose. Its only decoration is a raised medallion on one side that somehow gives it a vaguely Chinese feeling. Eleven and a half inches across and five and a half inches deep, it costs $35; it also comes in a smaller size (eight and a half inches across and four deep), at $15. And, a long way below this dramatic showpiece but mighty cheerful on a breakfast table, there are some delightfully cozy little jam jars, which Jensen has brought from Finland. These come,



THE NATURAL GENTLEMAN

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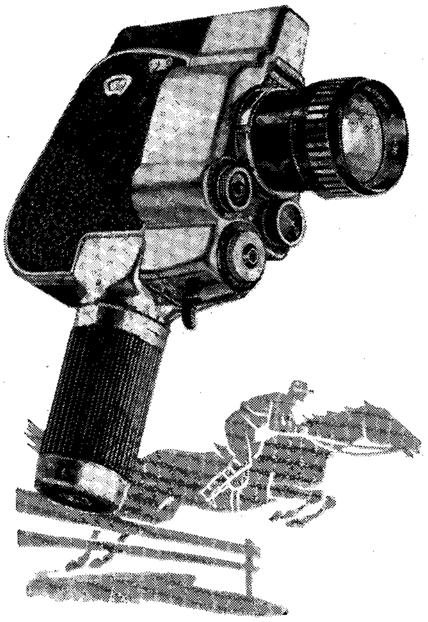
To get your copy of the booklet, "The Personal Touch" and the name of a nearby dealer, write H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut St., Phila. 3, Pa. (a subsidiary of Botany Industries)

FOR THE THRILL
OF HANDLING A
THOROUGHBRED...



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self-patterned (conventionalized strawberries, lemon slices, and the like), in white, deep blue, and brown; they hold a comfortable fourteen ounces of jam; and they cost $5.50, complete with a stainless-steel ladle. And if somebody dearly loves a serious bird lover who is also a serious hostess, Jensen can supply a practically perfect avifaunal token of his affection in some beautiful hand-painted dessert plates, recently arrived from France, each accurately depicting a different variety of songbird and each priced at $6.50.

IF you suspect that your favorite cook is being forced to abandon the idea of serving a four-rib roast of beef or a fifteen-pound turkey for Christmas because she has no platter of adequate size, you had better consider a collection of such dishes—all old and some quite valuable—at La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd). One of these generous serving platters—an oval twenty-five and a half inches long and twenty-one inches wide—is of late-eighteenth-century blue-and-white Wedgwood earthenware, with an exceptionally deep gravy well, holding nearly a pint; $32.50. A white-and-gold Wedgwood dish of a later date (probably Edwardian) is nineteen inches by fifteen, and priced at $37.50; a seventeen-by-thirteen-inch Staffordshire platter with an unusual frilly edge costs $22.50; and there is a rare blue-and-white Staffordshire well-and-tree dish, built into a pewter hot-water container, at $60.

ALL those enthusiastic *cordons bleus* who have learned so expertly at their cooking schools to mince parsley or chives in the approved professional manner on the school's fine chopping block may be dismayed to find that the trick won't work on their own warped chopping board. The answer to this kind of frustration is one of the superbly made boards of the Quality Maple Block Company, 341 East 109th Street. Owing to the splendid construction of these boards, they simply can't warp, split, or succumb to any of the other misfortunes that ordinary chopping boards are heir to. The company turns out these noble laminated blocks in almost every conceivable size, but the one we find most useful in the home kitchen for chopping, pounding, mincing, cleaving—everything—is eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide, and two inches thick. It's $7.50.

IT follows that the Salton people, makers of those blessed Hotrays, have now turned their attention to the *quality*

THANE®
FULL-FASHIONED
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MARINER IV SHIRT
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Fine 30 gauge full-fashioned
knit shirt in classic, tasteful styling.
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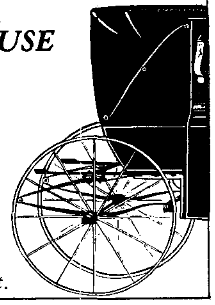

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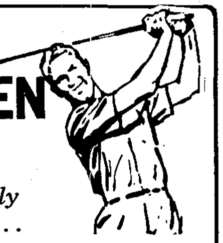
in relaxed, leisurely accents of course . . .



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SEBRING, FLORIDA • LAKES CLUB, AVON PARK, FLA.
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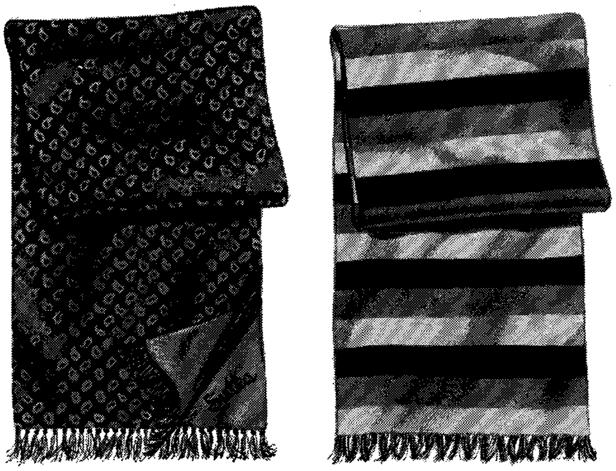
of the coffee they have so long been keeping nice and hot for us. The result is a new kind of drip coffee maker, of Corning heat-resistant glass with a flat-bottomed glass filter (they call it a "filter basket") fitted over a perforated disc—a combination that does actually seem to do what its manufacturers claim, which is to extract extra strength and flavor from the coffee. The glass carafe has a walnut handle and a flip top, and is, naturally, provided with its own small Hotray. The set costs $14.95 at Hammacher Schlemmer, Bloomingdale's, and Altman, and the carafe can be bought separately, for $8.95.

AS for those friends who are going to show you the color slides they took in Europe last summer anyway, it would vastly benefit all concerned if you provide them with a silica-coated projection screen, called the AutoMaster, that has only recently made its appearance. Besides having the obviously important advantage of projecting an unusually sharp and grainless image at every angle of viewing (far superior to anything else of the sort *we* have seen), the screen folds up into a long, thin shape that is easy to find storage room for, and it is also as easy as pie to set up. You just pull it apart, like an accordion (there are handles for the purpose), and as it opens, the folded steel tripod legs fall into place. A screen forty inches square costs $44.95, and one that's forty-eight inches square costs $54.95, at, among other places, the Willoughby Camera Stores, 110 West 32nd Street; Peerless Camera Stores, 415 Lexington Avenue (43rd); Dumont Camera Exchange, 154 East 34th Street; and the Wall Street Camera Exchange, 120 Wall Street.

ONE might have thought that M. André L. Simon's vast knowledge of French wines would excuse him from the need to make any profound acquaintance with the vintages of other countries, but here (in collaboration with S. F. Hallgarten) he comes up with a scholarly and enormously informative work called "The Great Wines of Germany" (McGraw-Hill), a handsomely illustrated volume that is bound to be read with pleasure and profit by the large company of Americans who need to be set right about German wines.

We are always hearing about "the armchair cookbook reader," and if such a creature really exists (we can't imagine anybody sufficiently interested in *reading* cookbooks who won't get up from that armchair and start cooking), we have the perfect book for him, or



Words cannot describe the luxury of these mufflers.
See them at Sulka in New York, Chicago, San Francisco or Palm Beach.

Left: English cashmere wool and silk, reversible. Navy, black, natural, grey, wine. $22.50.
Right: 70% cashmere, 30% wool. Stripes of black, red, blue; black, grey, light grey; black, green, blue. $7.50.

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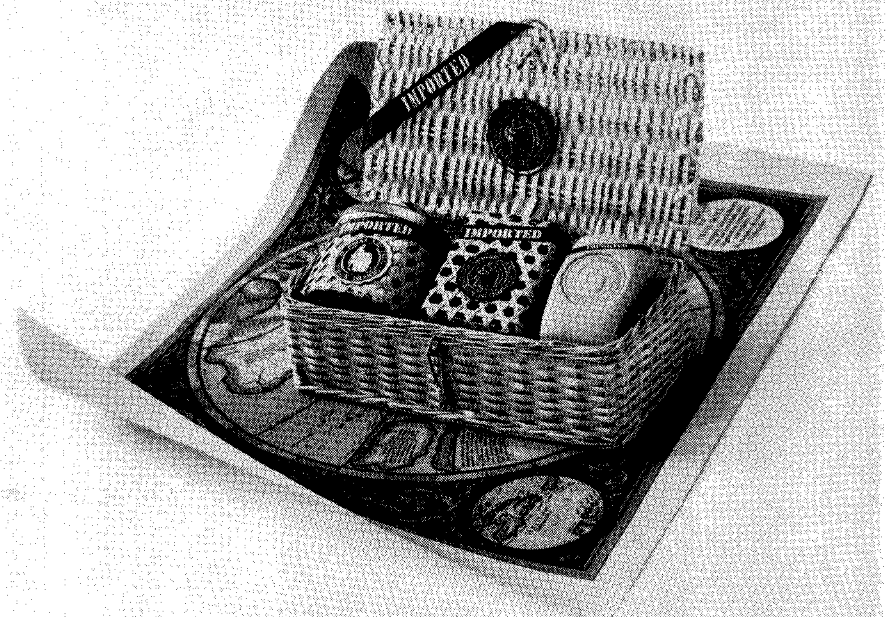

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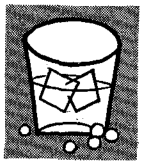

SPECIALTY
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her. We make no bones about saying that "The Margaret Rudkin Pepperidge Farm Cookbook" (Atheneum) is the most beautiful book of its kind we've ever seen—and, for that matter, it's a mighty beautiful volume of *any* kind. Each of its four hundred and twenty-five pages has one, two, three, or even four utterly enchanting marginal sketches—some in color, some in black-and-white—by Erik Blegvad, done with a wit and charm that might have suitably been applied to illustrating the works of Jane Austen. The recipes, alas, are so much less admirable than the pretty pictures that the armchair cook will feel no urgent desire to rise.

IF you have an appreciation of modern applied art and a certain amount of cash, it might be a good idea to hole in at America House for the duration of the Christmas-shopping ordeal, thereby saving an awful lot of wear and tear on your feet, insuring presents of distinction for all your friends, and considerably shortening this report. We realize, though, that this is no way to trifle with the Christmas spirit, and that there must be no rest for your feet or ours, so we merely urge a lengthy stopover on West Fifty-third Street and a careful look around among the shop's interesting recent acquisitions. To begin with one of the more impressive items, there is an extraordinarily handsome representation of a fig tree, five feet high in its pot-shaped concrete base, whose great, broad copper leaves have a greenish patina—just the sort of splendid decoration to dominate a large, sparsely furnished contemporary room. It is priced at $200. The same gifted metallurgist has produced a number of less heroic flower pieces in the same medium—a small bouquet of fancifully conceived dandelions to be used as a table decoration ($36), something called Desert Flower, which is twenty-seven inches high ($60), and things like that. Just as striking as the fig tree, in a different way, is a round rosewood table with a top of yellow enamel done in a dramatic sunburst pattern and framed in an inch-and-a-half band of rosewood. The top measures thirty-three and three-quarters inches across, and the height, as shown, is thirty-four inches, but the table can be had with a longer center pedestal, and used as a dining table for two; either way, the price is $450. The jewellike enamelware for which America House has a great reputation is represented by any number of new pieces, in which the workmanship is as fine as ever and a whole new range of simply breathtaking colors has been introduced.

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POLLY SHORROCK
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There are, for example, some enamel serving plates in a ravishing springtime green that are indescribably lovely, at $23 each. Here, too, you will find an unusually large collection of beautifully modelled ceramic jars for holding house plants. These, as you may know, go by the name of "planter" in these parts, but since neither they nor any others we have seen around town have the drainage necessary for planting, we should call them *cachepots*. Whatever they are called, their prices start at $45 and go up and up.

UNDISMAYED though we usually are about assuming an attitude of omniscience toward matters that, to put it mildly, are over our head, we find ourselves as nervous as a witch in venturing into the field of hi-fi, long preempted by the experts. What emboldens us to speak up now is the appearance of a very superior hi-fi unit (Model 15, it's called)—a compact stereophonic phonograph system recently produced by the K.L.H. Research and Development Corporation, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a firm with an enviable reputation in the manufacture of topflight speakers. The important feature of the Model 15 is its two speaker systems, each made up of a pair of tiny (three inches in diameter) speakers, which project, with the utmost clarity and a complete lack of any distortion, both very low and very high notes, producing a quality of sound that seemed to us remarkably fine. It is sold at the Liberty Music Shops, at 450, 795, and 975 Madison Avenue (50th, 67th, and 76th, respectively), and 150 East 42nd Street; the Harvey Radio Company, 103 West 43rd Street; G. Schirmer, 4 East 49th Street; and Bloomingdale's. The price is $259.

IF the harassments of Christmas shopping have produced the sort of seasonal indigestion that comes of a surfeit of banal objects, with the banal objects in one shop beginning to look exactly like the banal objects in the next, we strongly advise the aesthetic relaxation that comes of a visit to Gene Tyson, and this firm's showrooms, at 19 East 69th Street, are especially recommended if your list is headed by a cherished name for whom the best in eighteenth-century bibelots is only just good enough. A couple of such items that delighted us are a small white porcelain group, done in Japan in the eighteenth century, of a child snuggled against a dog, both apparently sleeping, and both portrayed with infinite tenderness, at $800, and a marvellously wrought bit of eighteenth-

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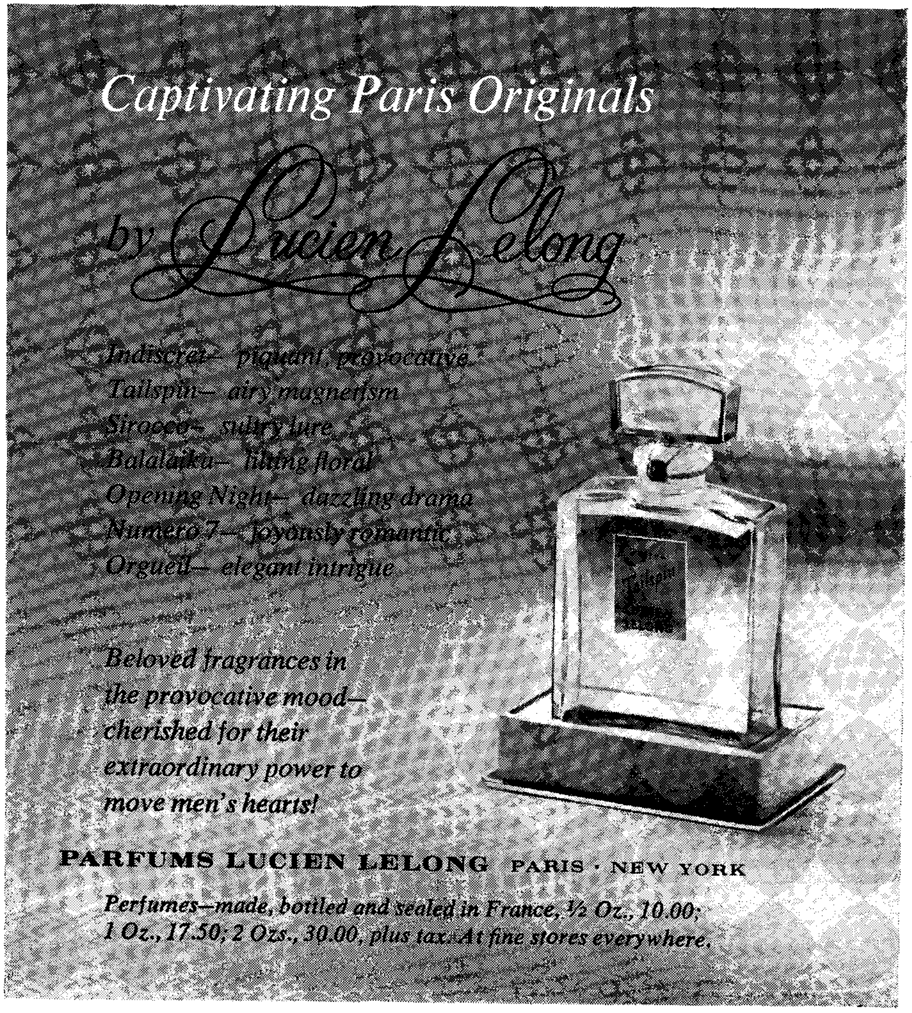

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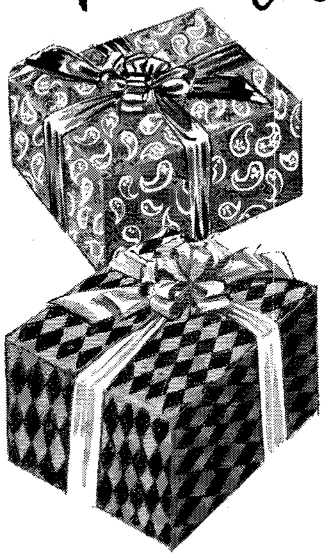
century French *chinoiserie*—a small figure (five inches high) of a Chinese coolie, or a Directoire version thereof, in painted bronze, holding a cornucopia that ends in an exquisitely chased bronze *doré* candlestick, at $440. As if the beautiful workmanship lavished on this little figure were not enough, it is set on a pedestal of mother-of-pearl supported by bronze *doré* claw feet. Other valuable trifles to delightfully clutter desks or occasional tables (you may have observed that the bibelot has come into a vogue it hasn't enjoyed since Victoria's day) are a small statuette in bronze *doré* of a poodle couchant on a tasselled pillow, the whole mounted on a rectangular piece of marble ($650); a cloisonné goose, made in China around 1775, with an intricately colored body, a baleful eye, a bronze bill, and bronze feet ($375); and a pair of small multicolored Chinese dogs that were probably incense burners ($390). Among the shop's more imposing decorations—important enough to ornament a mantel—are a superb pair of large green porcelain frogs made in China in the eighteenth century and adapted to holding flowers ($950); a pair of wonderful dogs in coral-red Chinese Export Porcelain, of around 1790 ($850); and an extremely rare dog in Brussels faïence, of 1760 ($1,200). It goes without saying that in such an impeccable establishment a history of every article is furnished with the sale.

CASTING a critical eye over our friends' cocktail-tray accessories (not to speak of our own), we frequently notice the lack of a suitable carafe for the plain tap water that many highball drinkers prefer to soda. If you are looking for a present for a household in need of such a thing, Baccarat, of course, is the place to find it. Alas, by the same token, Baccarat is a place where it is hard to keep your head if you are at all susceptible to the intoxicating charm of beautiful crystal. We shan't pretend that we kept ours, even in examining half a dozen such relatively modest objects as water carafes, since the same grace and lustre characterize a twenty-dollar Baccarat pitcher as are apparent in the firm's more valuable pieces. The containers that we particularly admired aren't actually carafes at all but water jugs (*brocs*), among which were one of very heavy crystal, potbellied, and with a broad, flat bottom, at $21.50; a slimmer and taller design, brilliantly spear-cut at the base, at $25; and an exquisite tall pitcher (eleven inches) whose slender form is the very perfection of grace, at $27.50. To give an extra-lav-

B Altman & Co



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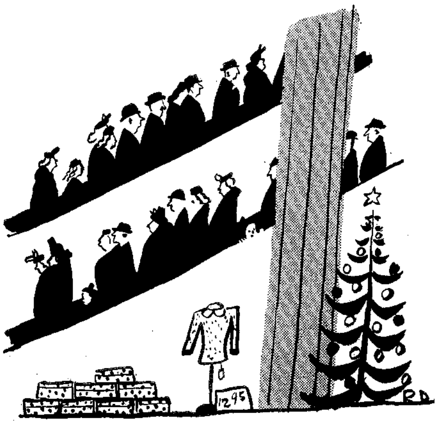
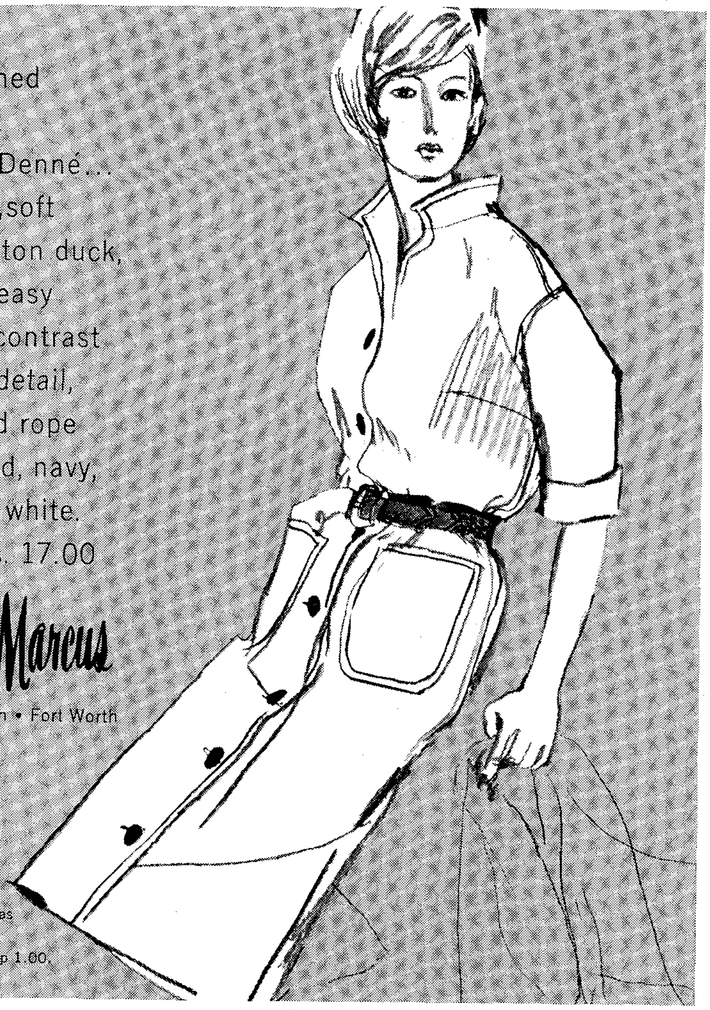
ish touch to the cocktail tray we are refurbishing, Baccarat has a couple of simply dazzling ice buckets—crystal pails five and three-quarters inches tall, deeply incised in a flat cut, and bound with gold-washed hoops—which are $115 apiece, complete with gold-washed handle and tongs. A similar bucket in a slightly less elaborate cut is $110. Moving away from the cocktail things, but still at Baccarat (why ever leave the place?), you will find a group of crystal obelisks, one of which, just arrived from France, is likely to make any covetous collector of rare bibelots swoon with delight. This particular variety of crystal was first made at the Baccarat factories in the eighteen-nineties, was later discontinued, and has only recently been reproduced, in what must surely be recognized as a chef-d'œuvre of the great French firm. The obelisk stands a foot and a half high, and its jagged edges refract the light so brilliantly that the beautiful object looks as if it were somehow illuminated from within; $195. Still another Baccarat bibelot that has only just made its appearance is a crystal sitting cat, elongated in the manner of the cats in ancient Egyptian art—very heavy, very appealing. It is six and a half inches tall and costs $77.

IF—and now we are addressing the big-time givers—the lady you love must have, at all costs (somebody else's cost, of course), a piece of fine table linen, then Porthault, at 55 East 57th Street, is the place to head for. Once there, you can't go wrong if you settle for one of the charming linen lunch cloths printed with flowers, for which the shop is famous, and which cost a mere $90, complete with matching napkins. Our advice, though, is to plunge right off into *le grand luxe* and examine some of the most exquisite and original linens that ever made an amateur of such things giddy with delight. What if a linen dinner cloth on which incredibly fine birds dart amid the branches of a sprawling tree embroidered by real art-

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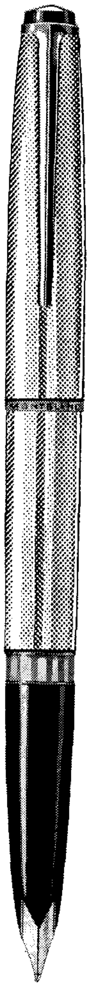
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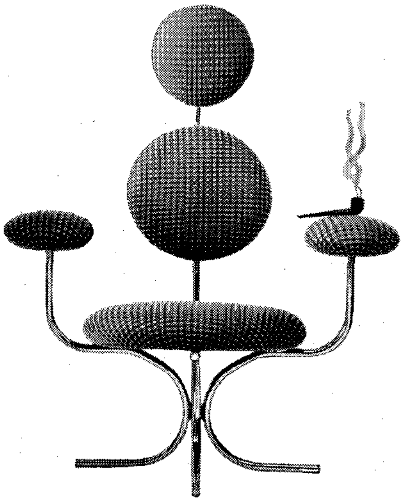

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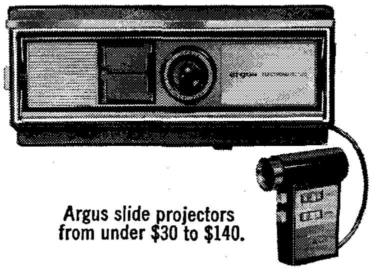

Argus slide projectors from under $30 to $140.

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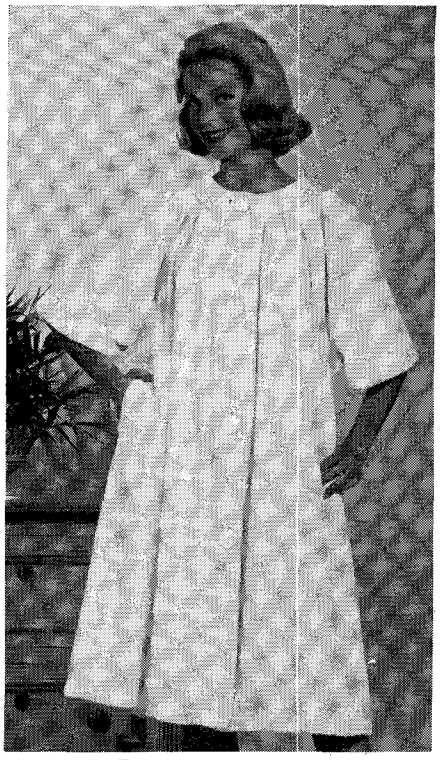
ists in needlework costs, with its twelve napkins, $975? (It takes two, and sometimes three, *brodeuses*—each an expert in her own special stitch—to produce some of these lovely patterns.) Or if another cloth, sprinkled over with field flowers, is $650? Or if one with sparse bunches of nasturtiums costs $645? Do, for heaven's sake, find something *else* to economize on, and succumb happily to one of these works of art. We must note, though, that Porthault has a series of cloths in which marvellously done hand appliqué takes the place of embroidery, at considerably lower prices. There is, for example, a perfectly stunning circular cloth (seventy-two inches in diameter) on which life-size lemons and an occasional green leaf are appliquéd ($150); another, ninety-six inches in diameter, has cherries appliquéd on a tree that takes up most of the circle ($375). And now that you're economizing, you might look at Porthault's charming plastic breakfast trays, on which any one of its pretty linen flower prints is laminated. With one matching napkin, a twelve-by-eighteen-inch tray is $7.75 and a fifteen-by-twenty-two-inch one, on collapsible legs, is $15.50.

WITH a lady in mind who takes flower arrangement seriously and who demands of a vase more than that it be pretty to look at, our next stop should be Bonniers, where there is a collection of vases, newly arrived from Italy, that not only are sensationally lovely in themselves but have obviously been designed with the arrangement of specific flowers in mind. The trouble we find in reporting on them is that the technique in which they are executed is so dazzling that one would have to understand a lot more about glass blowing than we do to be able to describe them comprehensibly. There are, for example, a group of slim bluish cylinders of varying sizes (each just right for a couple of long-stemmed white roses), with flat bottoms made up of layers of blue and a brilliant green, which, in certain lights, appear to run up the side of the vase. You see what we mean about not being able to give any idea of what these vases really look like? At least, though, we are on firmer ground when we say that the price is $17.50 for a cylinder thirteen and a half inches high; that a cylinder with small bubbles showing all through the violet glass is $12.50; and that a splendid round clear-crystal bowl, eleven inches in diameter and decorated with a white lacy pattern, is $65. A ten-inch crystal cologne bottle that looks like an enlarged teardrop is $17.50.



TERRY PARFAIT too pretty to eat but heavenly to wear—our angelic little robe of floating **terry.** In parfait tints with a delicious topping of white braid at the curved neckline and a sprinkle of white buttons down the front. Soft pleats give the skirt and sleeves a gentle sweep. Parfait Pink or Parfait Blue. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18). **$12.30 postpaid**

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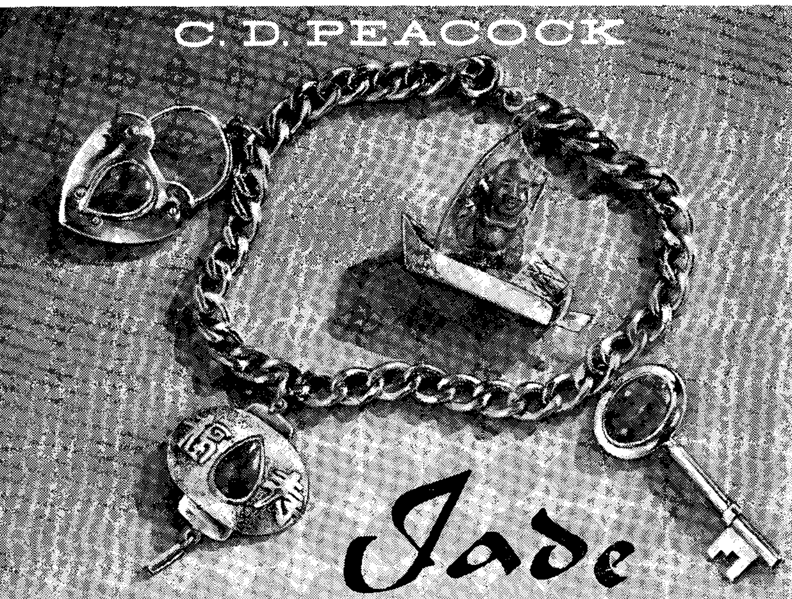
Attractive table china so rarely gets on—or anywhere near—the bargain counter that we take pleasure in drawing your attention to a couple of particularly fetching new patterns at Bonniers that won't make unduly serious inroads into the Christmas budget. A quite striking one with a rust-and-black floral border on a cream ground might be rather overpowering in a whole service, but it is most effective in after-dinner coffee cups ($2.75 apiece) or in salad or luncheon plates ($2.25 and $2.50, respectively). A more discreetly charming pattern of orange-colored flowers is $2.25 strewn all over a white after-dinner coffee cup, $2 on a dessert plate, and $1.75 on a pretty little soup bowl. And before leaving Bonniers, if you have friends with an open fireplace in an informal country living room, you might have a look at a set of oversized black fire irons—a pair of tongs accompanied by a poker that looks like Neptune's trident—at $10.25.

WE still maintain, as we have over the years in these reports, that a good phonograph record is one of the best possible presents for a child. We must admit, however, that there is a world of difference between making such a pronouncement and *finding* that good phonograph record, which tends to get buried under a terrible lot of trash. Rooting around in the trash, we have come up with a number of records in which we found charm and distinction, and in which some very young listeners, whom we hauled in so that we might benefit by their critical judgment, appeared to find vast entertainment. The new crop of above-average records aimed at the young is unusually small, but, on the other hand, it is unusually good, including some absolutely first-rate recordings. One of these is Decca's "The Best of Burl Ives for Boys and Girls" (DL-4390 monaural and DL-7-4390 stereophonic), and, hard as it must have been to select what goes to make up the great man's *best*, this is unquestionably it. All the old favorites are here—"Blue Tail Fly," "Boll Weevil," "Ballad of Davy Crockett," "I Know an Old Lady," and so on—plus a number of spirited not-so-well-known pieces, and Burl is at the very top of his form.

Although pickings are particularly slim for the pre-school group this year, with no "Mother Goose" and very few nursery songs, this crowd should count itself in great luck that Pathways of Sound, a concern that, in its brief existence, has entranced young listeners with recordings of much delightful juvenile



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prose and poetry, has come up with a highly satisfactory collection called "Come for to Sing" (POS-1033). Most of the songs were fresh and new to us, as were the singers, whose dash and spirit make something quite entrancing even of the few old standbys ("Froggie Went Courting" and "The Gray Goose," for example) that are included here—things that turn up with, we think, rather too much regularity on such programs. The same company has brought out a second installment of selections from A. A. Milne, called "More Winnie-the-Pooh" (POS-1034), read by Maurice Evans, who can now count his sympathetic portrayal of these endearing little nursery animals among his very brilliant roles.

On "Let's Listen Stories," by Caedmon (TC-1182), Julie Harris and Boris Karloff read four unfamiliar stories that should hold the joyful attention of even the most critical seven-year-old. The stories are "Petunia Beware," by Roger Duvoisin; "The Pony Engine," by Doris Garn; "Six Foolish Fishermen," by Benjamin Elkin; and "The Red Carpet," by Rex Parkin. When we asked the Caedmon people why on earth they made this charming entertainment so brief, we were told that they simply could not find any more stories good enough to go with the ones they had—quite a plausible excuse, given the quality of the four.

That we didn't crack a smile during "A Journey to San Francisco with The Glups" (the latest Jim Copp and Ed Brown offering of Playhouse—No. 606) is perhaps irrelevant, since a couple of six-year-olds, whose judgment is usually to be depended upon, laughed themselves sick during much of the performance. All the same, we are pretty sure that this isn't the funniest of the Messrs. Copp's and Brown's productions.

Pete Seeger's "Children's Concert at Town Hall" (Columbia, CL-1947 monaural and CS-8747 stereophonic) is just the sort of record that children adore; not only is Seeger in splendid voice and not only are the songs of the sort to put everybody in high spirits, but there are opportunities for a great deal of merry audience participation, which the young Town Hall audience that attended the recording takes full advantage of.

If, from remembrance of your own childhood reading, you had thought that "The Jungle Book" couldn't be improved upon, you should just hear what Boris Karloff has added to the old enchantment in Caedmon's recordings of "Toomai of the Elephants" and "How Fear Came" (TC-1176). In telling

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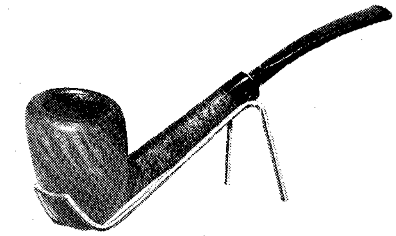
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the two stories, Mr. Karloff employs to the full his talent for getting every smidgen of drama from tales that were plenty dramatic to start with.

In spite of what your child has been subjected to in the way of horror by television and the silver screen, the chances are that "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," which is one of two Sherlock Holmes stories admirably read by Basil Rathbone on a Caedmon record (TC-1172), will raise his gooseflesh just as deliciously as it did yours at the age of twelve. "The Final Problem" (recorded on the second side), while certainly not one of the best of the Holmes saga, is good entertainment and will probably not disappoint a generation that doesn't expect perfection to come out of Baker Street.

One serious difficulty we have encountered in compiling this report has been how to divide what is and what isn't a "children's" record. Here, for example, we have the Weavers' "Reunion at Carnegie Hall, 1963" (Vanguard, VRS-9130 monaural and VSD-2150 stereophonic)—a splendid performance that is obviously not *aimed* at children but is enormously enjoyed by them. We think we shall just leave it in the children's column and let the grown-ups borrow it.

For those friends with whom, thank heaven, we are not on Christmas-giving terms of cocktail shakers, or occasional pillows, or *cachepots*, or tablecloths, we believe that a good phonograph record so exactly fills the bill that, emboldened by our success—or what we like to think is our success—in picking winners for the young, we here go on to make a few suggestions for their elders, if not betters. If a friend's Christmas wouldn't be made merrier and altogether more enjoyable by the presence under the tree of Mantan Moreland's wonderful recital of Roark Bradford's "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun" (Caedmon TC-1174), you might be well advised to give up the friend rather than the idea of buying the record, which not only is indescribably funny and a valuable addition to Negro folklore but possesses a pungent wisdom that puts it on a very high level of American humor. Whether anybody's Christmas will be made any merrier by Columbia's recording (DOL-287 and DOS-687), on four discs, of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" is debatable. All the same, it's a superb performance, with Uta Hagen and the rest of the original Broadway cast. "Beyond the Fringe" (Capitol W-1792) is just as funny as it is on Broadway, though the laughter of an appreciative audience (especially that portion of

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it which must prove that it knows how funny what's coming next will be) rather gets in the way of the show. In much the same vein, Riverside has recorded "The Establishment" (RM-850)—the first, not the current, offering—which will appeal to whomever the real-life performance appealed to.

With "Hamlet," "Much Ado About Nothing," and the "Sonnets" (SRS-232, SRS-206, and SRS-241), Caedmon adds to its magnificent collection of the Shakespeare Recording Society's performances; so fine are these recordings that when the collection is completed, "a set of Shakespeare" may well mean not the Variorum Edition but Caedmon's faultless productions.

In "Odetta Sings Folk Songs" (R.C.A. Victor LPM-2643 and LSP-2643), the richness of this singer's powerful voice is as moving as ever and the program is varied and extremely interesting. Whether your friends will enjoy other contributions to this season's bumper crop of folk songs depends upon how much they can bear of death, hardship, and a hopeless yearning for that old-timey pie-in-the-sky that ignores the fact that this confection can now be had at the five-and-ten. How much misery pervades Harry Belafonte's "Streets I Have Walked" (R.C.A. Victor LPM-2695 and LSP-2695) we can't rightly say, since several of the songs are in Yiddish, Portuguese, and even Japanese; the tunes, though, are all melodious, the choice of some Negro spirituals is most felicitous, and Belafonte's voice has never been more stirring. Warner Brothers has a new Peter, Paul, and Mary record, called "In the Wind" (W-1507 and WS-1507), that presents this increasingly popular trio in first-rate form. And R.C.A. Victor offers the Limeliters in "Making a Joyful Noise" (LPM-2588 and LSP-2588)—a nostalgic collection of pious rural hymns that R.C.A. calls "religious folk songs," which is probably what they are. All the hymns—even "We Shall Overcome," the integrationists' marching song, which turns out to be an old Negro spiritual—go back no telling how far in our country's religious life.

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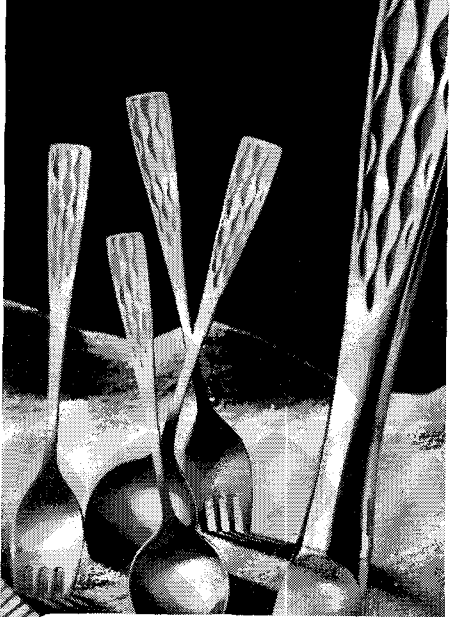

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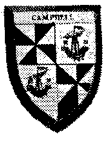

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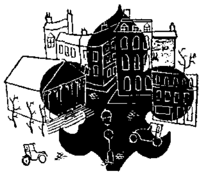
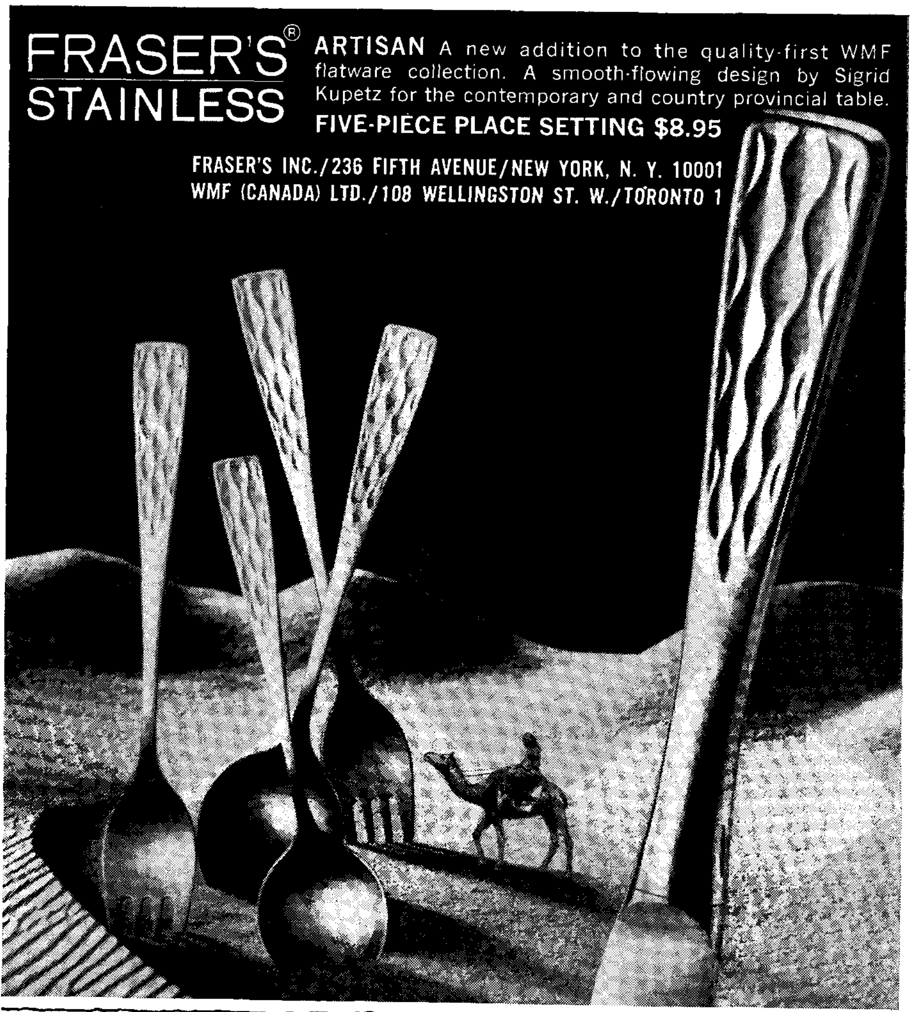
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 20



IT cannot be too late now, even almost a fortnight after the event, to write about the second, and final, supreme performance here, at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, of Rudolf Nureyev and Dame Margot Fonteyn in the London Royal Ballet's "Swan Lake," since the occasional brief perfections seen in dancing, that most ephemeral of entertainments, rest incised in the viewer's memory, in a sort of special visual phenomenon of recollection that can remain fresh for weeks, for decades, for the rest of a lifetime, which is what has made Diaghilev's Russian Ballet immortal. Nureyev furnished precisely that indelible kind of single spectacle, that kind of unforgettable muscular magic, in soaring through the air as if it sustained him and his aesthetic grace, as if it were upholding his easy defiance of the law of gravity, which was what made him breathtaking to observe, as Icarus must have meant to be, with his early wings.

From the theatre's second row, though this spot was less desirable for viewing the familiar progress of the ballet as a whole, it was possible to observe what had been reported as a unique aspect of the first performance—besides Nureyev—and as something to be noted. This was the physical harmony with which he and Fonteyn performed together, so that their dancing had a new dual identity. Their relationship in terms of fleeting corporeal composition was of an art that a master choreographer might see for a moment in his mind's eye but that mortal frames rarely produce. In their unity, she embodied the exquisite logic of nuance—the slight, perfected stresses, the total simplified grace in the lifting arm and the bending throat, the technique of the great *ballerina assoluta* refined by experience to the lightness and drift of a swan's feather. In dual identity, their miming, their facial expressions, their eyes (his small and flashing, dark as pieces of jet), visible at close range, endowed their legendary roles with fresh personality, fresh melancholy, and even fresh drama. Nureyev's prowling around the chorus of Swan Maidens was certainly dramatic and feline. As for that young British corps de ballet, never has Paris seen dancers perform so flawlessly the famous



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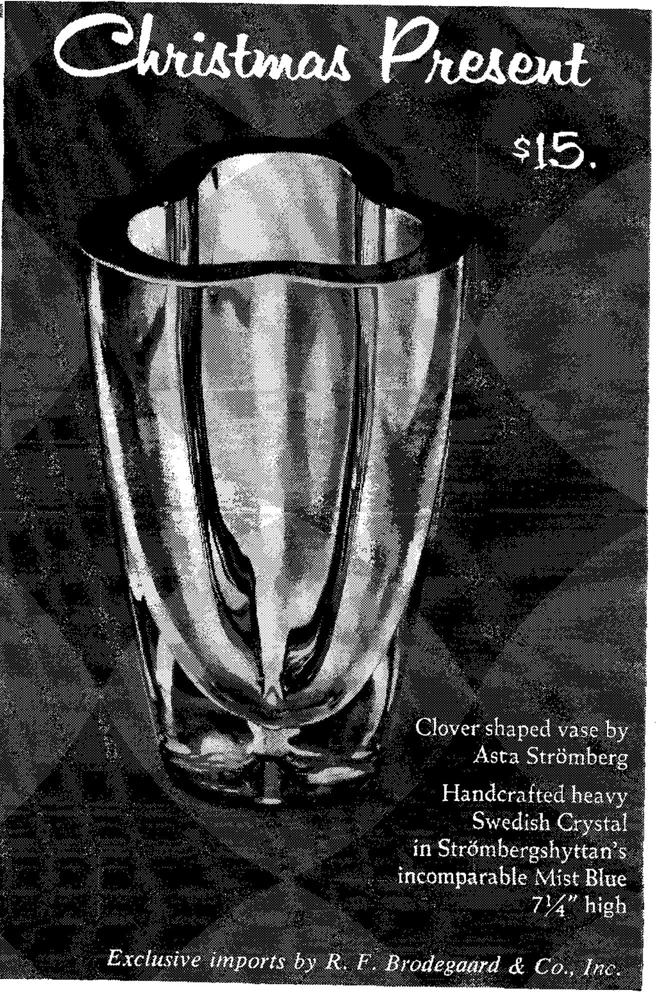

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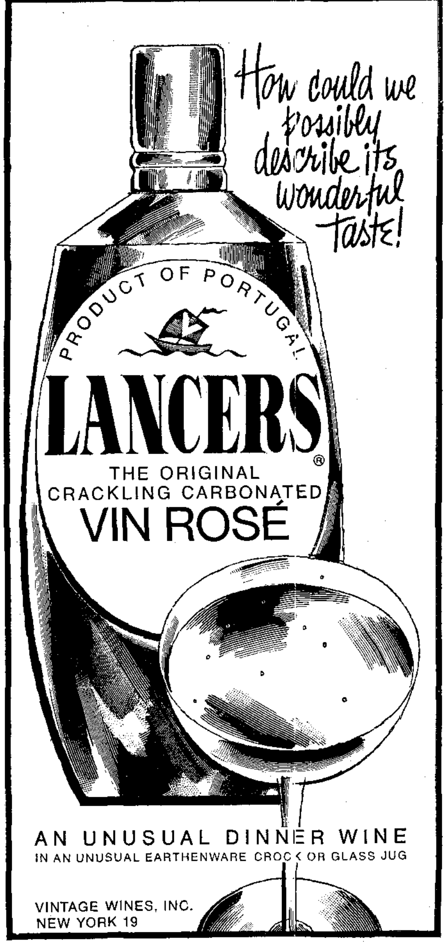
linear choreography of Act II—dancers so fluid in their movements yet so impeccably precise, their arms lifting with balanced irregularity, like the beat of the big birds' wings; their pink ballet slippers pointing in exquisite neat alignment; their grace of movement irreproachable even in those treacherous, circling, lunging leaps, on one foot only, the other limb trailing in the air behind, to imitate the silhouette of the birds in flight. As Parisians admit, the London Royal Ballet has a style, a spirit, and a preserved tradition that no other ballet troupe in Europe can hold a candle to. Aside from what are known as the white scenes, the mounting of the ballet was less successful; the peasant costumes and their sickly color combinations in Act I were judged by the French to be inexcusably ugly, and certainly the set for the royal hall, in Act III, was at least as ugly as that of the Bolshoi Ballet when it recently danced "Swan Lake" here.

FOR the third year in a row, the number of tourists coming to France has remained stationary, at a little under six million, which means that Paris has been slipping from its position of classic capital-city attraction. Premier Pompidou has just remarked, as if in explanation, that French hotel equipment may need modernizing (which would cost a fortune), and that the French welcome to strangers "should always be accompanied by a smile" (which ought to cost nothing). Actually, the great complaint made against Paris by tourists, by Paris bourgeois residents, and even by taxi-drivers is the so-called taxi crisis—simply the increasing physical difficulty of getting a taxi, principally between 6 and 8:30 P.M., except over the weekends, when few people want one. Success in capturing a taxi in midtown Paris in the early evening in less than half to three-quarters of an hour is so unlikely that for the recent opening of "Cleopatra," at the Rex, the management supplied reserved cars in the Métro for its fashionably dressed-up guests, which carried them free to the Bonne Nouvelle station. To get the taxi-crisis facts straight, this correspondent has just talked with the secretary of the largest French union of cabdrivers and his assistant at their headquarters—intelligent, educated labor-union men of vast experience, both of whom wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. To begin with, they said, half of all the French cars made each year settle down in Paris or its suburbs, so now there are a million and a half private cars here—either in motion on the streets or parked permanently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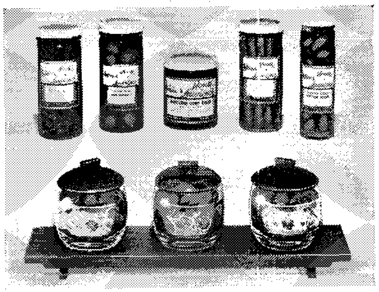

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by the curbstones—which produce what the secretary eloquently called "an asphyxiation of the traffic." Against this strangulation, the drivers of the preponderant day shift of the city's thirteen thousand five hundred taxis, who are on duty ten hours, starting at 6:30 A.M., struggle to deliver twenty-two or twenty-three fares per diem, instead of the thirty or forty they handled seven or eight years ago on streets relatively so empty as to seem like Paris Sundays nowadays. (On Sundays, incidentally, today's chauffeurs can drive three fares in the time that it takes them to accommodate only one on weekdays.) There used to be clusters of taxis in the taxi ranks scattered around town—a great tourist convenience. Today, with so many one-way streets, the taxi ranks are mostly reduced to a few vehicles, lined up so as not to be in the way, near squares or *carrefours*. If one or two places in a taxi rank are temporarily empty, private cars sneakily park in them, and as a natural result of the war between policemen and taxi-drivers the *agents* usually let them remain, on squatters' rights.

It is a mistake to suppose that several thousand more taxis in Paris would ease the situation, the secretary said—in a statement with which many citizens would not agree. He argued that such thousands would only add to the evening-traffic bottlenecks, when—true enough—it is not the scarcity of cabs but the fact that about ten thousand of them are crawling around in semi-paralysis that is the main cause of the taxi crisis. Psychologically, it is definitely unfortunate that the changeover from the day to the night shift of the company drivers comes in the late afternoon, when, by law, his ten hours of work finished, a driver must cover his flag with a little black hood and may not take a fare except one who might be going in the same direction as the driver's garage—which is rarely in the direction of the Ritz Bar. Nothing infuriates foreign tourists more than to be incomprehensibly turned down by a Paris taxi-driver who shrugs, jabbers, points to his shrouded meter flag, and drives off in a cloud of *argot*. If it is true, as travellers say, that the evening Paris traffic is the slowest and its bottlenecks the worst in the Western world, then the taxi-driver here is not very well paid for all he endures. He earns between thirty and forty francs a day, based on his quarter share of what the meter has clocked up, plus his theoretical ten-per-cent tip, plus a salary of literally one franc a day—a total, with luck, of eight hundred or a thousand francs

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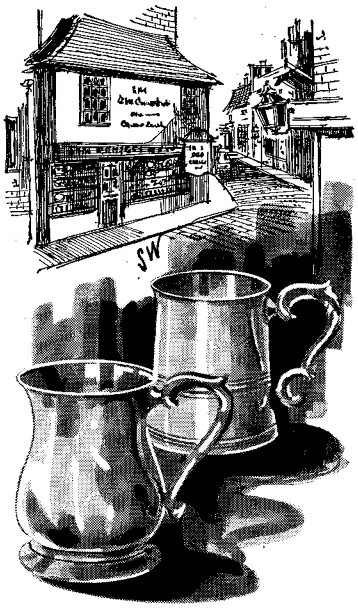

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—GENÊT

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feathers are no matter;
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and disordered, as if
in sudden, contending
winds a field of flowers
waved crazily all ways.
Wild, he was once a voice
drawn deeper into
the wood; he spoke through green
shutters, though not shyly;
he haunted tapestries
of autumn leaves; he was
the red man waiting where
the unwary passed, or
coming forward toward the
cabin, calling. Now he
is lost in the noisy,
glittering shuffle at
the troughs; he makes endless
genuflections that, seen
from a distance, are like
the ocean's waves. Close up,
the lines of dancers bob
ceaselessly and stomp on
clumsy feet; they wag their
heads; they cluck and hunch; they
blink; under gilded skins,
they are carried forward,
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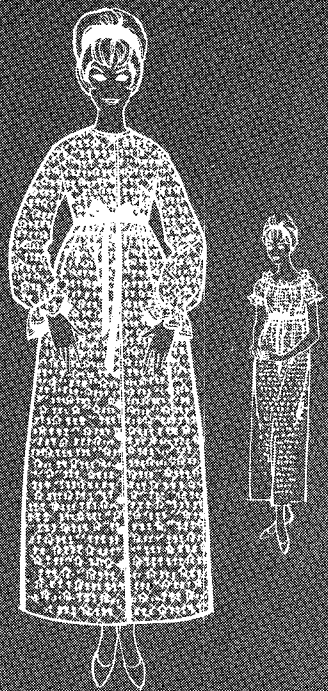

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As you've probably heard, on Election Day the voters in New York City approved, by a three-to-one vote in a referendum, Mayor Wagner's proposal to authorize a committee to study the best methods of operating, controlling, and taxing legalized off-course betting. What these findings and recommendations will be won't be known until they come up in bills at the next session of the state legislature, in January, but the subject is already engrossing the thoughts of politicians, racecourse managements, and horseplayers. If off-course betting is legalized, one will be able to bet in town not only on races at Aqueduct, Saratoga, and Finger Lakes, and on the trotters at Roosevelt Raceway, Yonkers, and elsewhere in the state, but on horses running in New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, New England, Kentucky, Florida, and California, not to mention Chicago and Canada. All this, I'm told by its proponents, could happen next spring. They say it would not require a constitutional amendment, which would take three years to go through (with passage twice by the Assembly and then a statewide referendum); a simple amendment to the on-track betting law would do the job.

I suppose the procedure for handling off-course betting would follow, in the main, the procedure outlined in the three bills dealing with the subject that were introduced during the 1963 session of the legislature, which never reached the floor of the Assembly. Whether New York City will operate this setup, if I may call it that, through a commission appointed by the Mayor, after he has selected sites for the betting shops, or will turn it over to an agency (there have been whispers that the New York Racing Association was asked to do it and declined) will depend on how the law is written. As proposed in the bills this year, bets on the races run in New York State would go to the tracks where the horses were running, and would be entered in the mutuel pools, so there would be no difference in the payoffs. (Horse-

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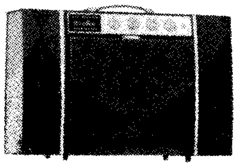

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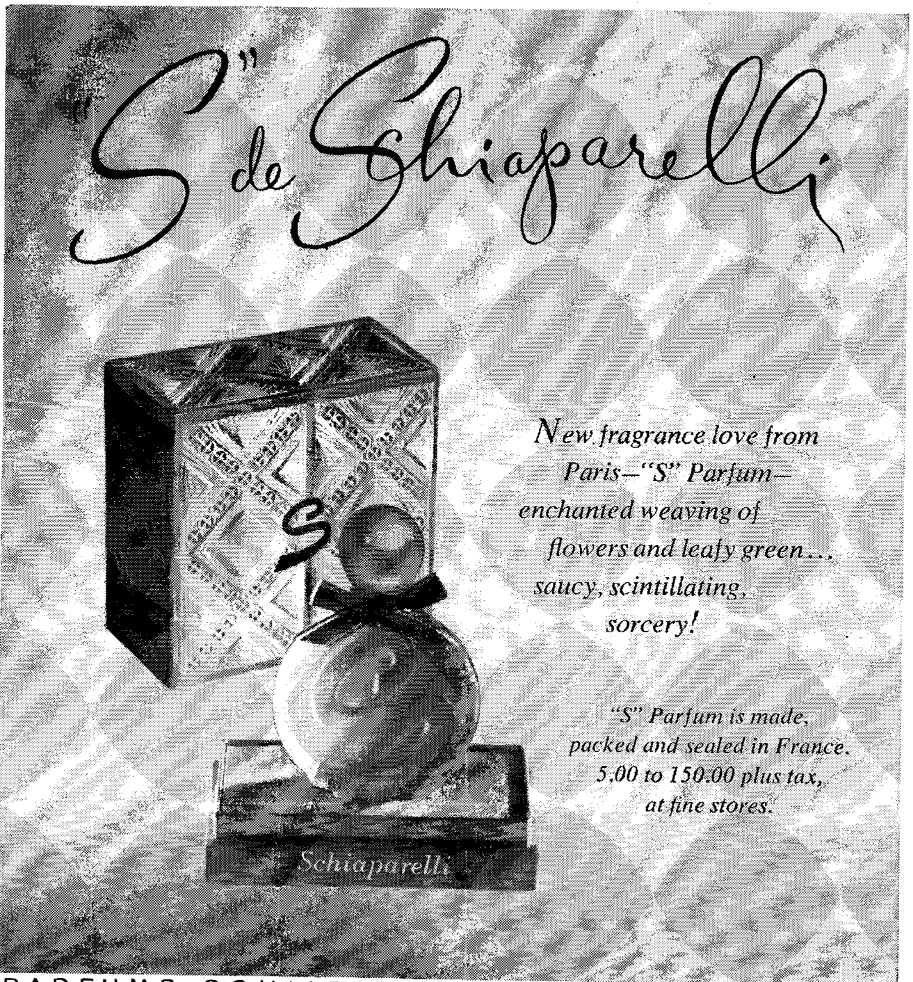

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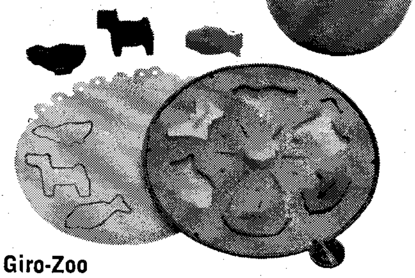

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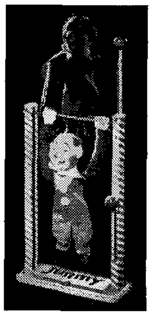

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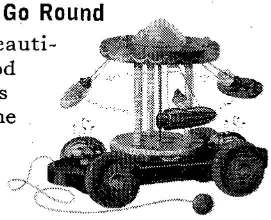

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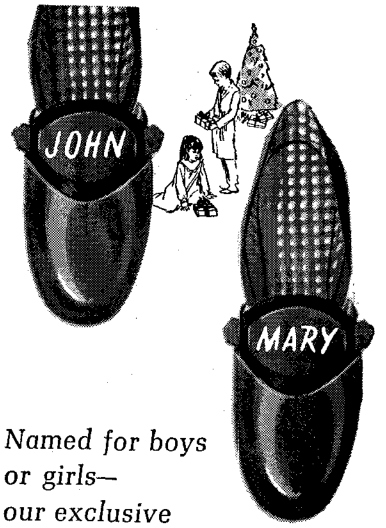
players would be pretty annoyed if a winner paid $16.80 at Aqueduct and $5.70 in the betting shops in town, or vice versa.) The disposal of wagers on races at out-of-state tracks would be another matter. Because there is a federal law prohibiting the sending of racing bets across state lines, the city or its agency would have to install a totalizator of its own somewhere and calculate the payoffs in the regular way—on the money in the pool and the number of tickets sold on the winners.

The take—the tax, or, if you prefer, the service charge for handling wagers—would be the same on off-course bets as it is now at the tracks: fifteen per cent plus the breakage, which is the odd pennies (above any multiple of five) left over from the payoff, and which comes to nearly two per cent. The state gets the lion's share of this take (ten per cent of the total bet, plus the breakage), and the track gets the rest. Under the proposed legislation, the state's cut of off-course bets would be substantially less; after deductions for operating expenses, the state would get seven per cent of the take, the city seven per cent and the breakage, and the track one per cent—for the use of its tote, perhaps. On out-of-state bets, the state would get seven and a half per cent and the city seven and a half per cent plus the breakage. I don't think Albany is going to like that.

If off-course betting is legalized—and a surprising number of people in racing fear it will be—I'm sure everything connected with it will be functional and very expensive. Those who should know tell me that the machinery and its installation will run into at least a couple of million dollars and that the cost of operation will be more per dollar handled than at any track in the country. I wouldn't hazard a guess as to exactly how much revenue the city will get, but I think Mayor Wagner overestimates when he puts it at a hundred million annually, with an equal amount going to the state. Of course, the Mayor could remind me, if he cared to, of my doubts when State Senator John J. Dunnigan predicted, before the coming of the mutuels in 1940, that the state's share would be ten million a year. (It was $110,646,044 last year.) Politicians, fascinated by the immense sums tossed into the totes at Aqueduct and the trotting tracks, seem to believe that all one needs is mutuel machines, some horses, and a place to run them, and the road to Golconda is open. Few know, or care to know, more than that. An exception is Abraham Beame, the City Comptrol-



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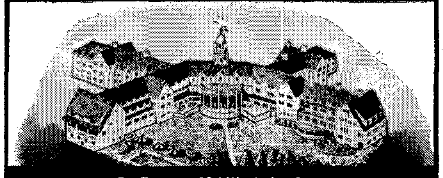

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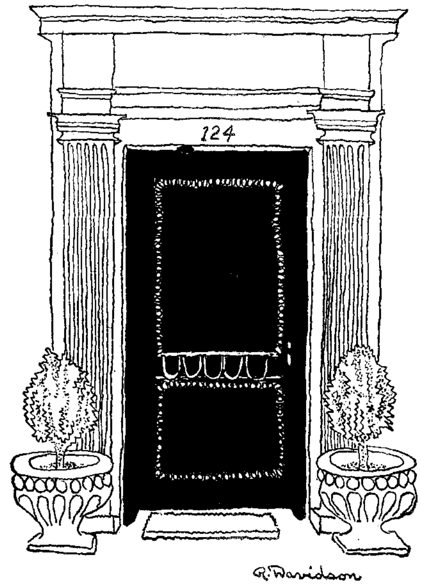
ler, who likes to go racing himself, now and then. Although he has supported the measure from the start, he feels that its progress toward complete success will take a long time.

I have no idea whether the referendum was a mandate from the people—to borrow the politicians' phrase—for off-course betting, but I'll bet a cookie that a lot of horseplayers voted yes thinking that it would be adopted immediately, and that many non-horseplayers who voted yes thought so, too, and hoped that revenue from it would reduce taxes. If off-course betting does come, it will do racing no good. Only the other day, I heard someone suggest in all seriousness that it would be smart to turn some of the movie theatres that haven't been doing so well into betting shops, with closed-circuit TV from the Big A as an added attraction. If that came about, I would think that the N.Y.R.A. would almost be justified in closing its gates. Even without this arrangement, attendance would drop. It has dropped in England since two years ago, when betting shops were legalized. There has been off-course betting in England since Queen Victoria's day, but with bookmakers—beg pardon, turf accountants. Until 1961, you did it on credit—by post, telephone, or telegraph. Indeed, it was always easier in England to wire your bets from the racecourse to Duggie or Ladbroke or Cope and take the starting price than it was to brave the crowd in Tattersall's, the big ring. Now you can bet cash—any part of a shilling, I daresay—at the shops in the East End. Not at all incidentally, attendance has fallen off and two tracks have disappeared from the picture—Hurst Park, near London, and the hundred-year-old Manchester track, which



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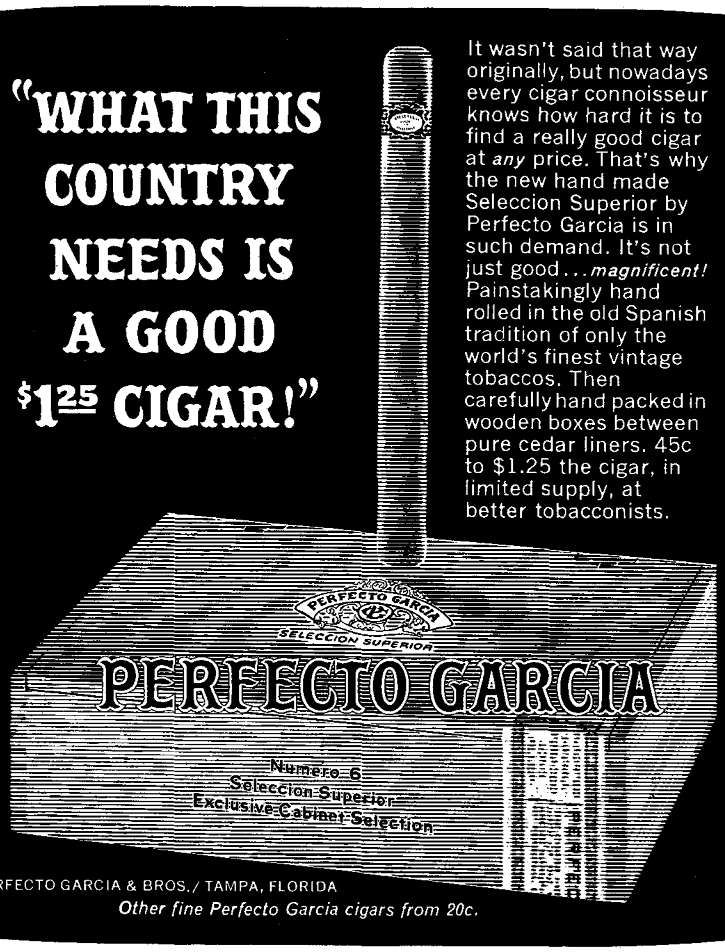

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traditionally closed the flat-racing season. It could happen here.

One thing I feel sure about: legalized off-course betting won't get rid of the bookmakers. I expect that our betting shops, when we get them, will have the daily double but not the twin double or the other get-rich-quick combinations. They certainly won't take parlays. Those will go to the book on the block, as they always have, along with if-money bets, such as "$2 on No. 4 in the sixth at Aqueduct, if-money [that is to say, if it wins] $4 on No. 2 in the eighth at Pimlico, all to go on the football Giants on Sunday," and the round robins, which are a series of parlays too complicated to explain. The other afternoon, three horses with No. 8 on their saddlecloths won the first three races at Aqueduct, paying $6.40, $23.30, and $46.10, respectively. A round robin on them figured to pay roughly 840–1, but as things are now, the book on the block would have given you only 50–1, since that's his limit on round robins. Every bookmaker has a limit on long shots, usually 20–1. (Curiously, the daily-double limit is usually 100–1.) And you can't make a dollar bet any more. From Pool Alley to Brownsville, if you offer them one they'll tell you "I can't use it." Bets over the telephone? The minimum is ten dollars. But if legalized off-course betting comes in, the bookmakers will change their tune and make things more attractive to the talent. You can take it from Colonel Martingale that there will be plenty of them hanging around every betting shop, waiting to take the action on any scraps they can pick up. Off-course betting will make a new generation of horseplayers—and of bookmakers, too. —AUDAX MINOR

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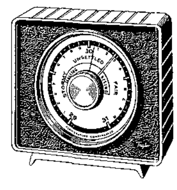

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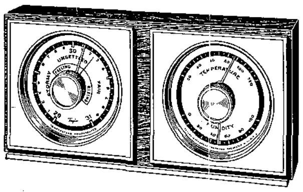

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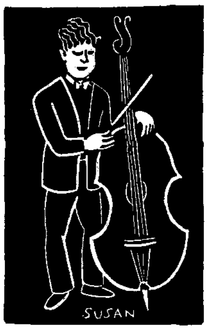

IN recent years, America seems to have been having a bumper crop of fine young pianists. I have, from time to time, noted some of their exploits in these pages, but until now I have failed to pay tribute to one of the finest of the new men, having missed his New York début last month with the Philharmonic because of the immense amount of musical traffic just then. He is Jerome Lowenthal, a Philadelphian by birth, and his recital at Town Hall on Tuesday evening of last week, though it was played to a comparatively small audience, was something to make one sit up and take particular notice. Arriving late, I missed the first part of his program, but it was evident to me from what I heard—Bartók's "Out of Doors" suite, Prokofieff's Second Sonata, Liszt's seldom played "Vier Kleine Klavierstücke," and Chopin's Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise—that here was a virtuoso of very special attainments. Mr. Lowenthal is an extraordinary technician and a superb stylist, who is capable of both thundering power and the utmost delicacy of touch, and he plays with the sort of authority that seems instinctive. In short, he has everything, except perhaps just a small drop of maturity, and I am sure he will get that with time if he isn't spoiled by rave reviews like this one. The lack of the small drop was felt only in the Chopin work, where there was room for a little more ease of style and a little more attention to transparency of tone, but even this number he played with dazzling virtuosity and flawless accuracy. The future holds great things for Mr. Lowenthal, and right now, for that matter, he is worth making an effort to hear.

I had spent the earlier part of the evening in Carnegie Hall, listening to two new compositions by American composers, played by the National Orchestral Association. They were William Mayer's "Overture to an American"—the American being Theodore Roosevelt—and Benjamin Lees' First Piano Concerto. The Mayer work was essentially impressionistic, by which I mean that what virtues it had derived from its tone-painting rather than from its structure. On the whole, I thought it common-

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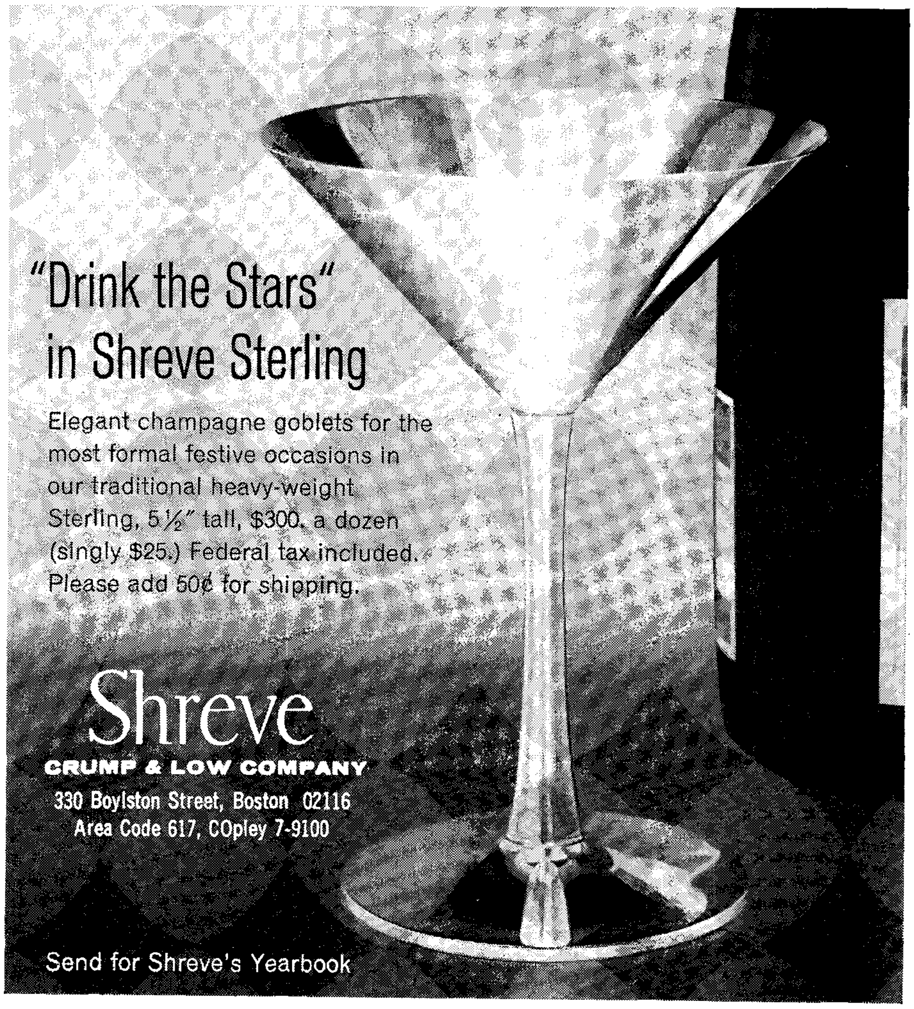
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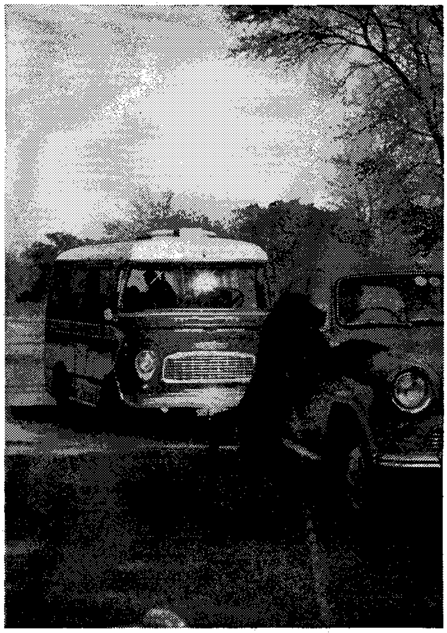

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place, and it conveyed to me nothing whatever of the robustness associated with its subject. The Lees concerto proved to be worth a bit more pondering. It is an effective and, in its way, unpretentious virtuoso piece written in a fairly original idiom, in which a lot of Slavic emotionalism clearly lies buried beneath a surface too chic and clever to allow it to pop out. Much of the slow movement sounded like Stravinsky contemplating the bust of Rachmaninoff. The technique of the work is agreeably tonal, though its tonalities shift with kaleidoscopic rapidity, and, altogether, it makes an energetic impression, even if there isn't much in it to arouse intense feeling. The pianist Joseph Bloch played the solo part expertly, as far as I could judge, and the orchestra, under John Barnett, performed acceptably but with no outstanding brilliance.

ON Wednesday evening, a huge throng gathered at the Metropolitan Opera House to pay its respects to Giovanni Martinelli, who was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his début at that institution. A program of excerpts from operas in which he had sung involved the services of a large number of younger singers, and I shall not treat it from a critical point of view, because it was not that sort of occasion. Suffice it to say that the highlights, to my mind, were Cornell MacNeil's singing of the Prologue to "Pagliacci;" Robert Merrill's singing of "Nemico della patria," from "Andrea Chénier;" an aria from "Simon Boccanegra," sung by Giorgio Tozzi; and the "Salce, salce" and "Ave Maria" from "Otello," sung by the ageless diva Zinka Milanov. The evening concluded with the Triumphal Scene from "Aïda."

The old tenor with the leonine aspect did not, of course, sing himself; he merely made a graceful speech in accepting a present from the board of directors of the institution. A number of his one-time colleagues were present to do him homage, among them the great soprano Maria Jeritza, and the evening was notable mainly as a sentimental ritual. Still, for those who, like me, remember Martinelli at his peak, it had its interest. Program notes informed me that he had spent thirty-three years as a singer at the Met—an astonishingly long period for a tenor—and that during those years he had sung no fewer than thirty-six roles, in four languages, and had appeared in six hundred and fifty performances. He was the greatest Otello I have ever heard, and one of the greatest of all the Manricos, Canios,

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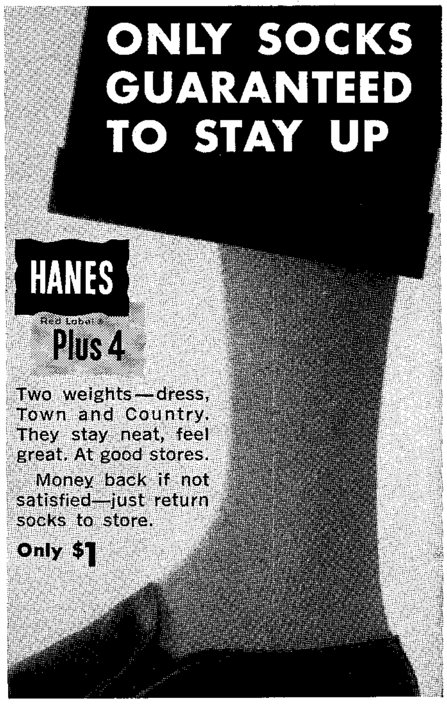
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Fausts, and Enzos (in "La Gioconda"). Moreover, unlike many artists of foreign origin, he made the Metropolitan his home from the time of his début there. His last years as a singer were a marvel of survival. Even when his vocal cords were no longer at their finest, he managed, with consummate art, to project the grand manner into everything he did, and in "Otello," which he first sang as late as 1937, his final scene of remorse had a heart-wringing sincerity about it that I shall always remember, and use as a yardstick in measuring his successors. He was that rarity, a genuine Italian *tenore robusto*, and he was also one of the great singers of operatic history.

During a break in the performance, I managed to get to Philharmonic Hall to hear part of a recital by the violinist Joseph Fuchs. Mr. Fuchs, who is an earnest, scholarly, and fastidious artist, rather than a brilliant one, has done a lot to propagate works by contemporary composers. Peter Mennin's Sonata Concertante, which I heard him play, will certainly take a lot of propagating; to me, it seemed a fearfully tedious composition. But I also heard Mr. Fuchs play the Bach Chaconne, which he did with considerable eloquence, and without a trace of the scratching that one is likely to encounter in the performance of this work by lesser men.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

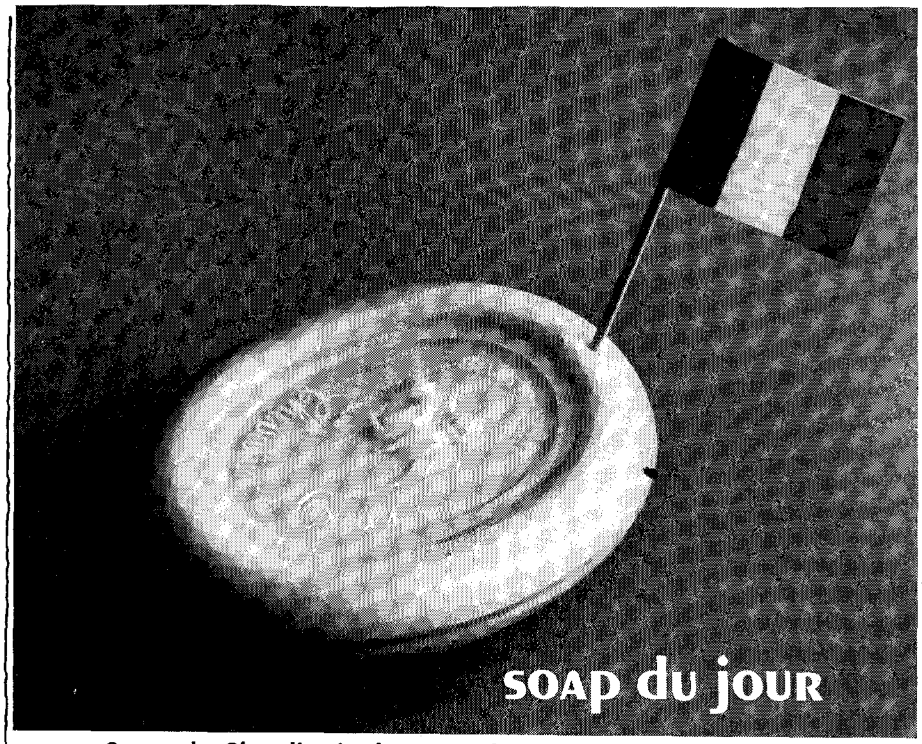
He [Lorenz] hand-reared jackdaws in isolation from their species from the day of hatching. As a result, the birds developed all their social reactions in response to human beings instead of other jackdaws. When first old enough to mate, each bird's courting and mating responses became released by human perceptual signals. Lorenz himself was the love object of one bird's choice. The bird tried to induce him to creep into a nesting cavity and put worm pulp into his mouth as he would into a female bird. When Lorenz would not open his mouth to receive the worm pulp, it was stuffed into his ear cavities.—*From "Recent Advances in Biological Psychiatry," edited by Joseph Wortis, M.D.*

Served him right for being so standoffish.

•

The *sch(m)*-sound may be added to a person's first or last name, as *Danny-Schmanny*, *Johnson-Schmonson*, *Vera-Schmera*, to mean "discount Danny, Johnson, or Vera, their opinions, beliefs, talents; they are not vital, interesting, smart, talented, or worthy of consideration or talking about—who cares about them?" —*"Dictionary of American Slang," by Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner.*

Or you can just say "Faugh-schmaugh!"



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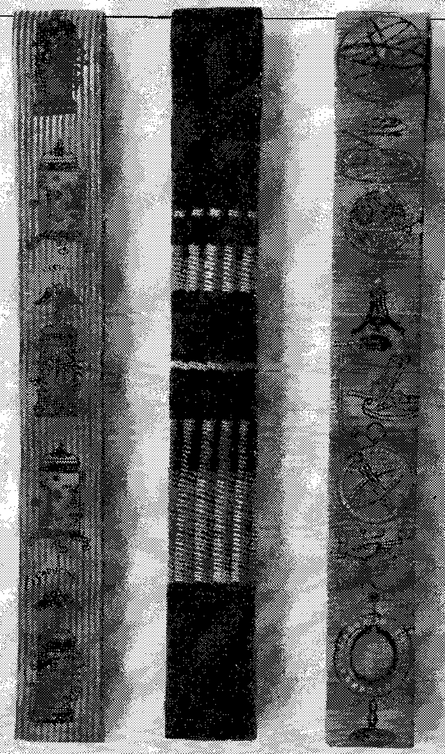

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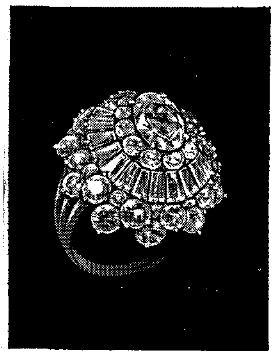

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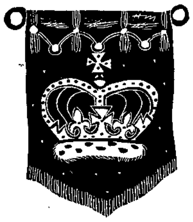
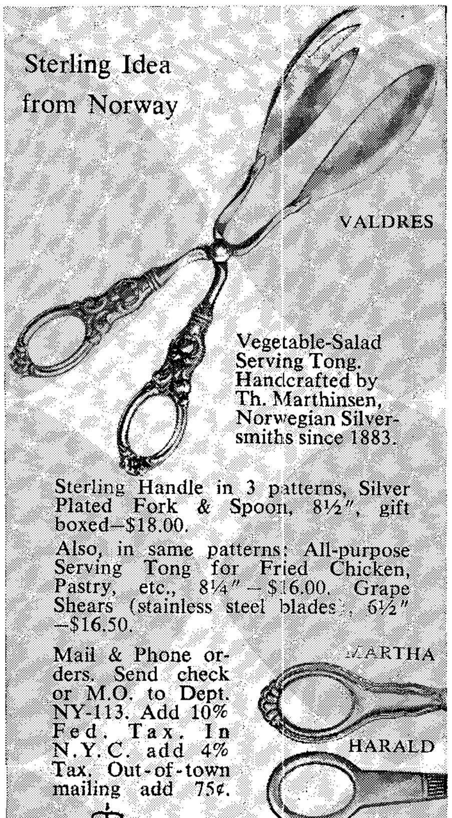
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 20



IT is too bad that the idea of televising Parliament, now being pressed for on many sides, has not yet got beyond the discussion stage, for last Tuesday afternoon's opening session of the House of Commons, which was also Sir Alec Douglas-Home's first experience of coming under fire there, would have provided a uniquely odd Parliamentary spectacle for the public to gaze upon. At one minute past four, the Prime Minister's slight, engaging figure rose from among the Cabinet Ministers flanking him like burly bobbies on the front bench and launched into his maiden speech as the new Member for Kinross and head of the Government. When he and his two sponsors had taken the traditional march down the chamber toward the Speaker's chair, stopping twice in their stately pacing to bow at the prescribed intervals, everybody in the packed House had craned forward to see him—the Conservative Members jumping to their feet and waving their papers ecstatically like flags, the occupants of the Peers' Gallery wagging their heads benignly as they gazed down at their lost colleague, and journalists jostling one another for a better view. By five o'clock, when Sir Alec sat down at the close of his speech, the rapturous roars of Conservative cheers had run into long passages of uneasy silence, and the Labour jeers had become rapturous, obviously from the Opposition's growing conviction that twelve years in the deep peace of the House of Lords were no preparation for the hurly-burly of the House of Commons, of which Sir Alec had just had such a raucous, heckling taste.

In the hubbub of discussion that broke out immediately in the lobbies and bars of the House, it was admitted with fairness that the ordeal of a first major speech in these peculiar circumstances was gruelling enough to make even an ex-Foreign Secretary suffer from nerves. The exhausting weeks leading up to this overdramatized "confrontation" between him and Harold Wilson (who preceded Sir Alec with a highly professional speech of cordial welcome that artfully concealed several political mantraps, especially on the economic ground where the leader of the Opposi-



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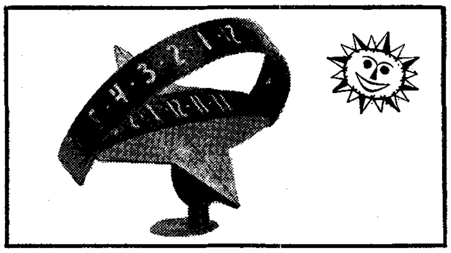

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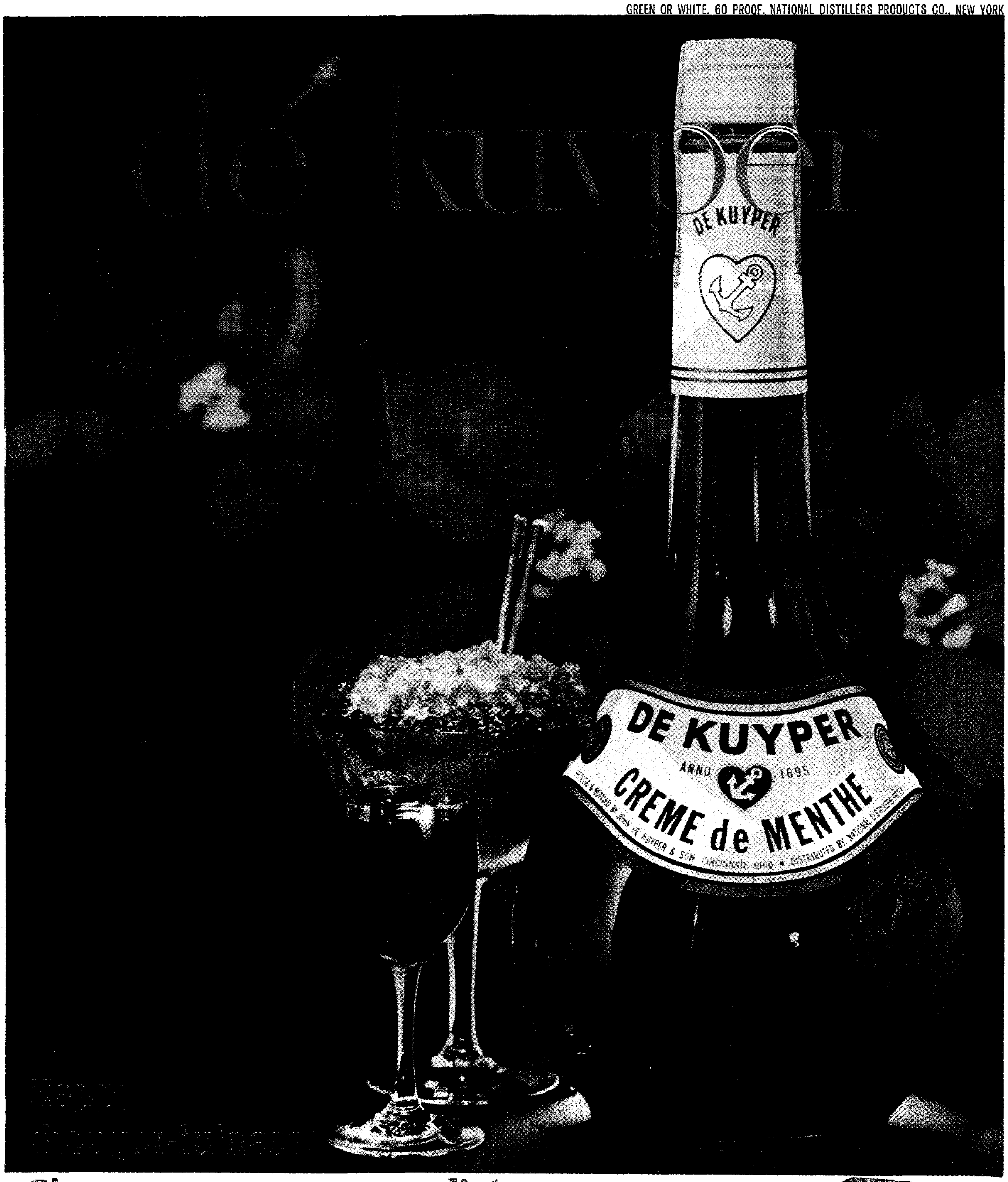
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tion walks most confidently and, he may guess, the Prime Minister does not) were also cited as an excuse for a performance in which few of Sir Alec's supporters could candidly find much of the freshness or vigor that they expect from their new leader. They were well pleased with him, however, for carrying the battle valiantly into the howling Opposition camp at one or two points and doing some neat damage there, and in the sections of his speech that dealt with foreign affairs he seemed to step back with obvious thankfulness and a sudden renewing of authority into the skin of the lately defunct Lord Home. In the rarer, gentleman's-club atmosphere of the Lords, the debating style is verbally brisk but the going is gentler. Most Conservatives seem staunchly certain that Sir Alec will quickly adapt himself to the tougher new school.

Meanwhile, even if his oratory has so far galvanized no one, the candor of some of the things he has said since becoming Prime Minister appears to have taken even his own supporters by surprise. For instance, he challenged Harold Wilson on Tuesday to state whether he was really going around the country "as leader of the Opposition and later, possibly, as Prime Minister" saying that he had no belief in the independence of the British nuclear deterrent. This remark, which broke the sacred rule that no party admits the possibility of its own defeat in a coming election, got a hoot of joy from the Opposition and produced some less pleased expressions among his backbenchers. There are also those who feel that Sir Alec was all too frank in saying in a recent speech what was only the truth, as ordinary citizens are cynically aware, but what most politicians would not have exposed with such seeming artlessness—that from now on every act and attitude of the Government will be colored by the general election ahead. The Opposition lost no time in attacking, on the ground that the Queen's Speech (the nominal authorship of this customary agenda of Ministerial intentions seemed more nebulous than ever this year, since the Queen was unable to come along to Westminster in state to read it) was indeed a collection of election sweeteners rushed forward in a suspicious hurry by a party that has been in power for twelve years, in the last three of which expansion has been severely braked. Now, in the maximum of twelve months that remain before the Government must appeal to the electorate, it is to be full steam ahead, apparently, into a modernized Britain, with thousands of millions of pounds allotted

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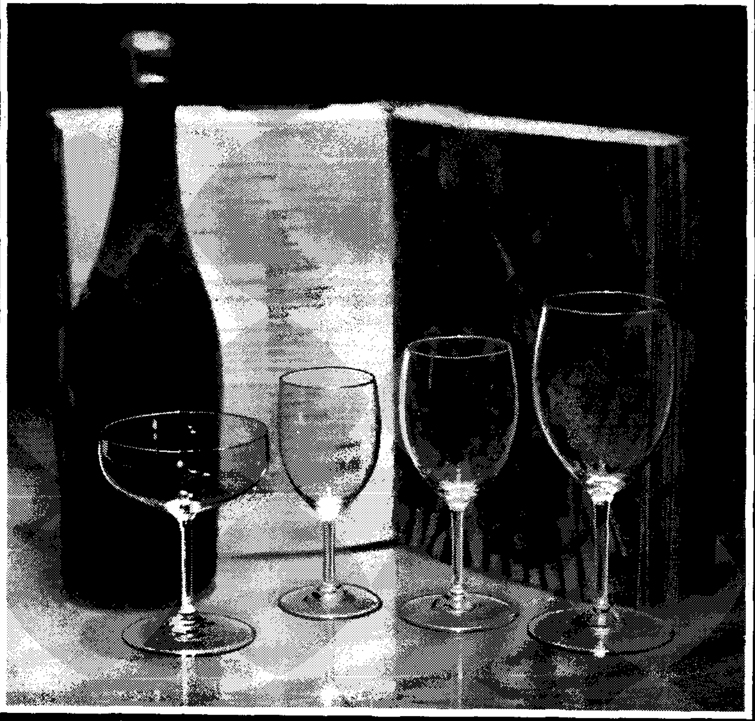

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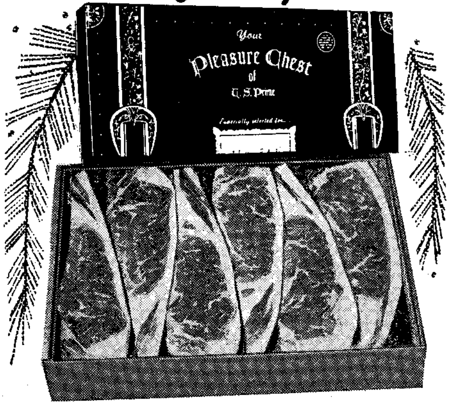

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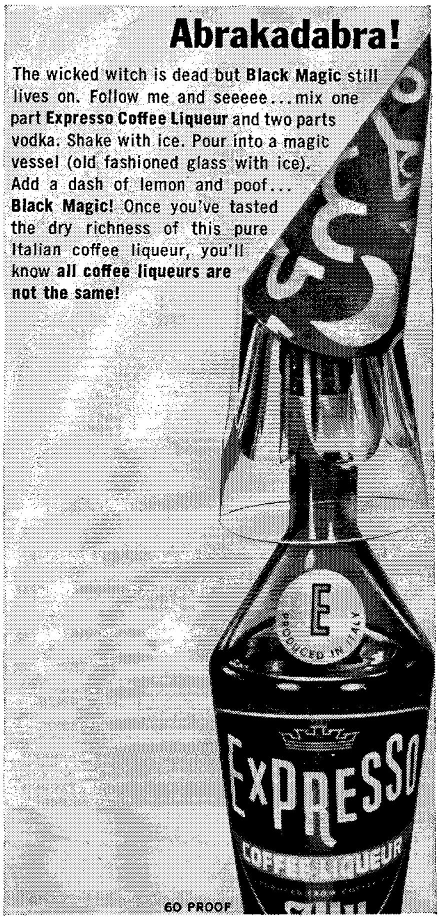

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to a program of greatly expanded higher education, new schools and hospitals, motorways, and housing, which is suddenly jacked up to four hundred thousand houses a year—all this, according to Labour taunts in Parliament last week, from a Government that two years ago could not dig up an extra shilling or so of pay for the nursing profession, and slashed university grants on a plea of threatened national solvency.

It was made clear by the Prime Minister, however, that the real nub of his administration's policy, and the issue that he intends to hammer home to the country right up to the general election, is the *importance* of "keeping Britain great" by retaining her own nuclear deterrent. As a vote catcher, this would not appear particularly bright at first sight. The Labour and Liberal parties are in official opposition to it, and so is a slice of Conservative opinion, and much influential press comment has come out flatly against Sir Alec's recent statement, "The way we shall get to the peace table is to be there by right because we are a nuclear power." The critics of this policy argue that so-called British "independence" is a myth (even if it were not, George Brown cried from the Opposition front bench last week, where could Britain see herself using it? In what situation or portion of the globe was it feasible that she would be going it alone without her American allies?), and that the idea of the bomb's being a membership card to the big powers' club, to which Britain has some special right, rules out objections to the entrance of China, West Germany, and other aspirants. Many people doubt whether the young who will be voting next time will feel idealistically drawn to the notion that Britain's "influence and authority on the world stage"—in the words that Sir Alec used in his speech in the Guildhall to the City magnates, who squinted down their cigars with the air of men who knew very well where these virtues resided—depend on the retention of nuclear arms. The Conservative Party leaders and area workers obviously believe, however, that the Government's arguments for keeping up nuclear appearances will have a big emotional appeal in the country—particularly, perhaps, among those of the older generation who are touchily sensitive about Britain's exact place in the world today. This may be so. What is clear is that the Conservatives intend to go on needling the Labour leaders in and out of Parliament to say more plainly than they have said so far what they will do

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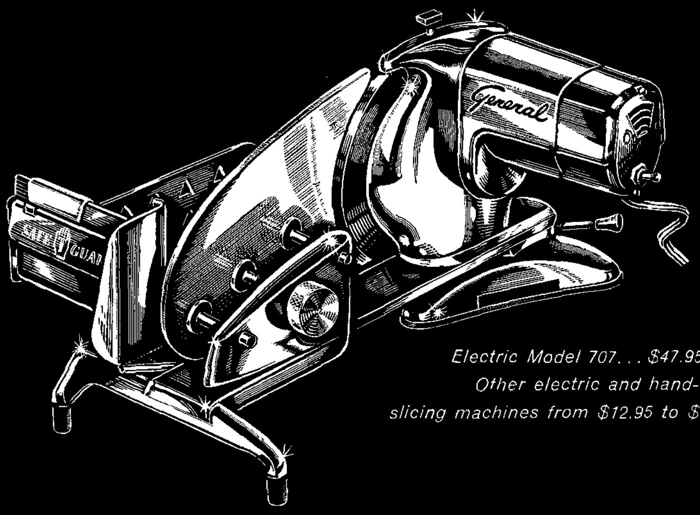
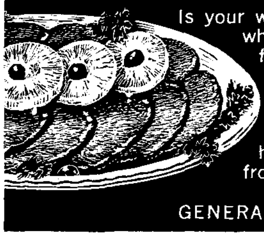
with the existing nuclear situation if they inherit it as the next Government, in the hope that the old, anguished questions of the bomb and defense may reveal the crack between sections of Labour thought that has been mended since Mr. Wilson took over.

A BRILLIANTLY original and haunting film, "The Servant," is now drawing crowds, having drawn admiring critical notices. This is an adaptation by Harold Pinter of a novel by Robin Maugham. It is a theme that would have appealed to Henry James, being the story of a master and a servant under the exciting surface entertainment of which can be read a darker fable of Everyman faced with the old interior choice between the different levels of good and evil, between remaining master and becoming slave. Some critics saw it also as a study of the pent-up hatred between classes. The film unfolds like a series of modern Hogarthian canvases—a Rake's Progress of the corruption, by comfort and too much money, of the charming, young, not too bright upper-class Tony (played and looked perfectly by a blond, boyishly handsome actor named James Fox) through the agency of his new manservant, a dark North Countryman called Barrett. As perfect a servitor as James's Brooksmith, but with a chilling reminder now and then of the satanic Peter Quint in "The Turn of the Screw," Barrett sizes up Mr. Tony's potential weaknesses as expertly as he serves his claret. The young master has a fiancée, who Barrett decides must go, as being the female danger to the luxurious little male kingdom where he, and not his idle, fatally weak employer, is progressively becoming the real ruler. He succeeds in prizing Tony away from fiancée, friends, and life itself. The young man, turned alcoholic, becomes a vicious, pathetic child, to whom Barrett, who now lives with him as an equal, is a combination of nurse, bullying boss, and pander to the desires that will eventually wreck him. As Barrett, Dirk Bogarde gives a flawless performance of great power and artistry. In the battling for position among the three main characters and the ruthless cruelty with which one corner of the triangle has to be rubbed out, the film recalls, in a way, Pinter's "The Caretaker," on a different social level. Under Joseph Losey's masterly direction, the camera creates another vastly important personage out of the little Chelsea house into which, at the opening of the story, Tony is happily moving. It wanders

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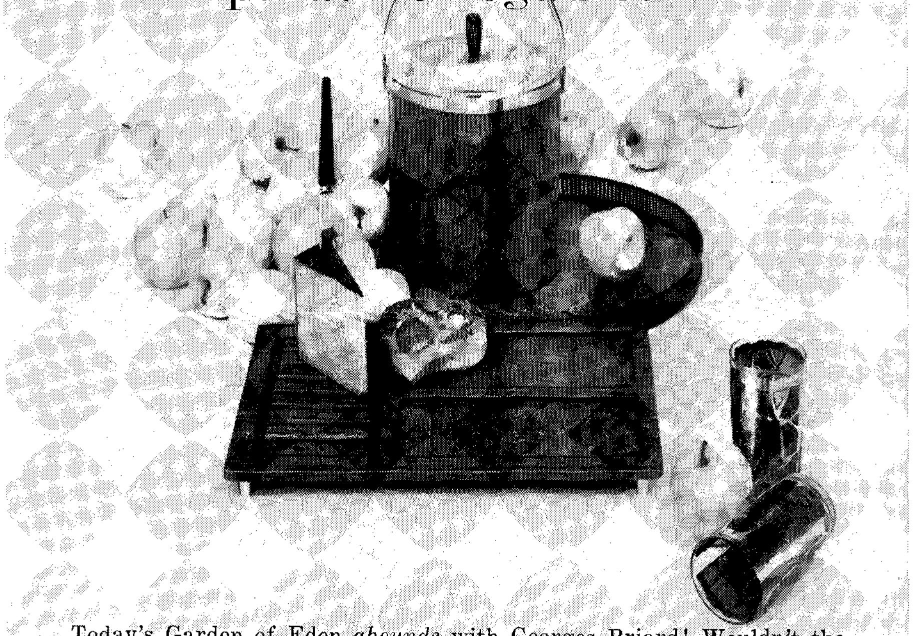
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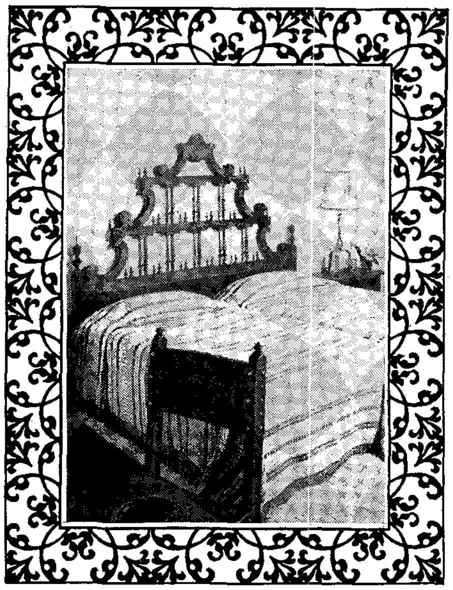
around the elegantly furnished rooms, picks out the subtle signs of the establishment's gradual drop into squalor with its owner, and leaves it, in the tragic finale, a shuttered place of shadows. The most horrifying shot is not the erotic orgy scene, which reminds one of a slightly comic sequence from some German film of the thirties, but the dreadful game of handball played up and down the once pretty staircase between Barrett and Tony, the master-servant who no longer has the physical or moral strength to leave the house.

TO judge by the tweed-covered, booted ladies queuing up outside it the other day, the new exhibition at the Queen's Gallery at Buckingham Palace is the favorite art attraction for country cousins in London for Christmas shopping. Going around "Royal Children"—the show of pictures from Her Majesty's collection—is like leafing through a family album and coming across dark baby Charles, plump Vicky, pretty little Bertie in his sailor suit (who so improbably became stout, bearded King Edward VII), and kilted Georgie, in all their chubby-fisted, red-cheeked prettiness, with their attendant spaniels and terriers, and there were cries of pleased identification from the visitors. Faced with the formidable assignment of painting a child who happened also to be a royal personage, some of the artists—notably Sir Thomas Lawrence and occasionally the prolific Winterhalter—gave up and produced sentimental dimpled flesh without a trace of the sniffing, fidgeting, bored human infant within. Among the show's great pleasures are the splendid Van Dyke portrait of the sensitive, intelligent-looking Stuart children, grouped around a dog the size of a Shetland pony; two delightful Zoffanys of the rosy family of George III; and a flood of doting portraiture from the overflowing nurseries of Queen Victoria. The best, most psychological portrait is the pastel of George III himself, as an awkward boy who suffered from being the unloved one of his parents—brilliantly, truthfully painted by Jean Etienne Liotard in all his thin-skinned, white-eyelashed homeliness and touching insecurity. The pleasant exhibition includes cases of royal children's pothooks and pious letters to relatives, and some baby clothes and carefully preserved playthings, among them Queen Adelaide's miniature donkey-barouche, built in 1847, which the present Queen had done up last year for the holiday use of her own children.

Not all of the furnishings at Hotel El Convento are authentic Spanish antiques. The air conditioning and telephones, the swimming pool and ice-cube machines, for example.



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The current exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum is a big, dazzling Arts Council show of magnificent medieval embroideries—the *opus anglicanum* for which English workers, men as well as women, and chiefly working in the City of London, were so famous throughout Christendom in the Middle Ages. It is the most stunning collection of its kind to have been assembled here since the Reformation, with, among the treasures lent from abroad, the gorgeous Lateran Cope and other vestments from the Vatican; the red-and-gold Vich Cope, from the Museo Episcopal de Vich, in Spain; and the lilac-colored Melk Chasuble, from Austria. The English-owned exhibits include the Syon Cope, brought back triumphantly by nuns from their years of exile, which it had shared, in Belgium, and a masterpiece of medieval piety and portraiture that is the treasure of the village church of Steeple Aston, in Oxfordshire. Expert visitors wisely brought magnifying glasses through which to appraise the incredible fineness of the stitches, invisible to the unassisted eye, in the faces and hands of the Christs and saints and sinners. To the ignorant viewer, the show was like a slowly unrolling frieze of the details of medieval life and dress, in which the anonymous artists had naïvely portrayed and arrayed their Bible characters, enriching them with gold, silver, and jewels, and it could be enjoyed as if it were great painting.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

The least you can do every morning, whether you're in a car pool or not, is to make yourself look like a woman. As you get ready to slide behind the wheel, make this quick self-appraisal and smile with joy if you can pass.

If those five men in the car with you were Rock Hudson, Cary Grant, Paul Newman, Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster, would you feel that if they had their choice, instead of proceeding to the train they would much rather take you in their arms and sweep you back into the bedroom? If you shudder at the thought, you're incorrectly dressed, and must change your ways. —*Boston Herald.*

Better enlarge that bedroom, too.

•

TERI MEINSHAUSEN, 18, a freshman at UC: "I think that college is a necessity. It helps a person to move ahead in the world. I'd like to continue my education and perhaps go into law school. I picked UC as the college I would attend because my father had went there and spoke highly of it. The important thing in college is your academic standing."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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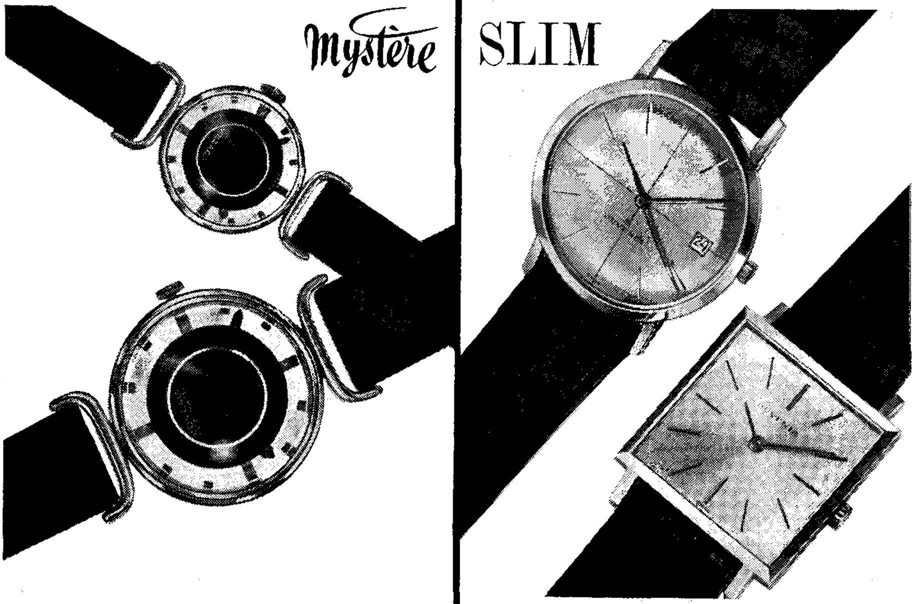

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BOOKS

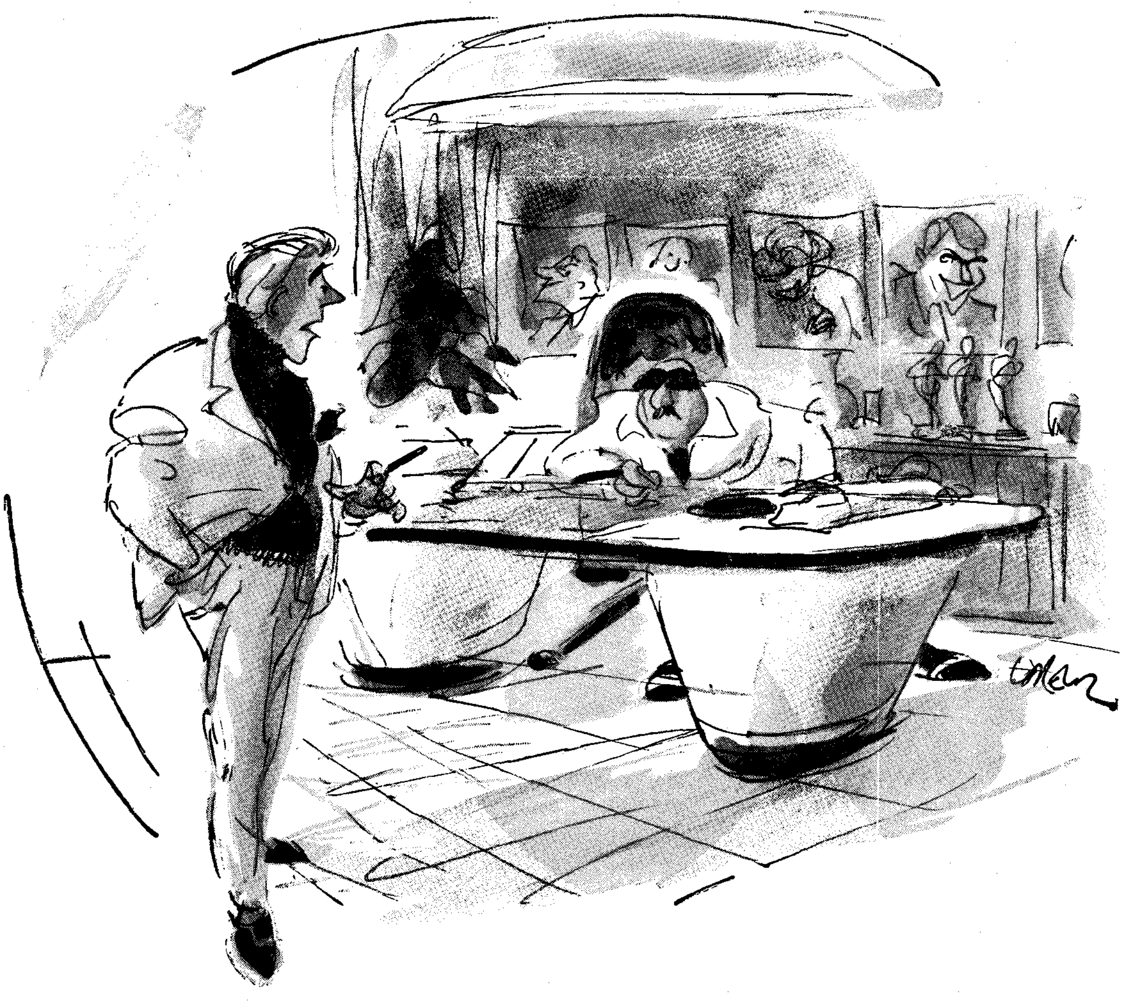
A Thimbleful of Grass, the Siege of Vienna, Noon Marks, Some Elaborate Oysters, and a Very Old Bee

TO adults, one holiday seems to crowd another all winter long, but to children there is Siberia to cross between jack-o'-lanterns and mince pie. Every morning they are in school, reasonably well-behaved peas in a pod, getting their multiplication tables by heart and teasing the lima beans and the lentils. Their patience worn thin, they arrive at last at the threshold of Christmas. After a brief rest, they arise at four in the morning, and spread the contents of their Christmas stockings over their quilts. Racing matchbox cars, working puzzles, setting up tiny painted wooden tea services that come out of a painted apple, they refresh themselves with tangerines and chocolate money.

What a terrible and—for the kind of children who love to be frightened—*wonderful* thing to find amongst the riches in their stockings "The Wuggly Ump" (for ages six and upward), by Edward Gorey, with illustrations by the author (Lippincott). The Wuggly Ump is a blown-up reptilian creature. ("What nasty little willful eyes For anything of such a size!") As long as the Wuggly Ump is far away, three carefree children sing "tirraloo" and "tirralay," and pass their happy childhood hours in weaving endless chains of flowers. But when it leaves its den, they know it, and sing "hushaboo" instead, and say their prayers, and stand listening behind the locked front door, and peer down at the intruder fatalistically from an upstairs window, and end up singing "glogalimp" and "glugalump" from deep inside the Wuggly Ump.

A little girl who is too small and serious to laugh at a Wuggly Ump would much prefer to find in her stocking "Sarah's Room" (ages four to seven), by Doris Orgel, with tender, solemn pictures by Maurice Sendak (Harper & Row). It is a story in verse about a girl called Jenny, who longs to go into her older sister Sarah's room and play with her things. Once, when Jenny was even smaller, she went in there and got Sarah's wallpaper dirty and tore a doll's best dress and made a mess of everything Sarah took such care of, and then the latch on the door was raised so that Jenny couldn't reach it, and the room was forbidden to her. One night she dreams that she goes in and has a lovely time in that room. There is a light in the doll's house, and the dolls call out, "Jenny, come inside our house, it's not too small at all!" Sure enough, she is just the right size to play with the doll children, who show her their belongings, and then refreshments are served, and when she leaves the dolls kiss her goodbye. How forlorn (never did a little child in a picture look so sad) to wake up in the morning and find that it was only a dream! But Jenny has grown, and by standing on tiptoe she can just reach the latch and open the door. Noon comes all too soon, and so does Sarah. "You get out!" she cries. "You're not allowed to be in here." Then she sees that Jenny hasn't messed up anything at all this time; the doll's house is neat, and she has lined up the glass animals in a good way and brought the glass cow a thimbleful of real grass from the garden. After that, the room is no longer forbidden to her, and she can play in Sarah's room or her own, as she chooses.

It has always seemed to me that one of the nicest things about dictionaries is their way of giving antonyms. For two-to-six-year-old girls who share my enthusiasm, there is still another stocking-size book in rhyme, called "Karen's OPPOSITES," written and illustrated by Alice and Martin Provensen (Golden Press). Two engaging little girls with round faces and twiggy hair—one's is yellow and the other's is brown—and a habit of changing their delectable pastel dresses on almost every page act out opposites or take part in scenes in which contrasts are presented: "We NEVER say, 'Gimmee!' We ALWAYS say,



"You may have the brains, Ernie, but I'm the one who's beloved."

'Please.' . . . We DO want ice cream. We DON'T want peas. . . . My dog is BLACK. My cat is WHITE. . . . If this hand is LEFT, which foot is RIGHT? . . . UP here is the sky. DOWN here is the ground. . . . My ball is LOST. Look what I've FOUND. . . . A puddle is SHALLOW. A well is DEEP. . . . My dolls are AWAKE. Sh-h-h, mine are ASLEEP."

MANY books made for very young children really are a matter of the emperor's not having any clothes on. There is a lot of conspicuous measuring and running the hands over the fine stuff and standing off to get a better view, but to the eyes of a child, at least, there is too often no substance. The dog-eared picture books that have survived hauling to and from school and public libraries for a decade or more are invariably simple, straightforward, and clear. In fact, I think the real gift in writing for young children must be the simple heart, the ability to be plain. To be plain and interesting at the same time is an accomplishment not to be sneezed at. Here, then, are some books in which, unless I am mistaken (only a child could say for sure), the emperor is fully clothed:

"The Bear on the Motorcycle" (four to seven), by Reiner Zimnik, with colored illustrations by the author, and translated from the German by Cornelia Schaeffer (Atheneum), is about a fat brown bear, one of the star performers in a little European circus. A contented, friendly, well-adjusted animal, he spends his days snoozing in his cage, takes the weather as it comes, and, when people ask him how he is, rumbles, "Hmm . . . Just no excitement, please. Just quiet, please." Every evening and on Sunday afternoons, he rides a red motorcycle thirteen times around the ring, and the audience, very properly, claps. But one day, as he is going around for the tenth time, a boy calls out, "The bear's stupid; the bear's stupid—all he can do is go around in circles." Even though his mother and his four aunts point out that it may be nothing special for a person to ride a motorcycle but that for a bear it is a fantastic achievement, the boy shouts again, "Circles, just circles!" The bear is very angry. At the next performance, having finished his thirteenth time around the ring, he doesn't get off his motorcycle but rides out of the circus tent, past his cage, through the gate, and on into the center of town. "Unbelievable," the traffic policeman mutters as the bear rides by his intersection. "Simply unbelievable." But, thanks largely to the illustrations, which are misan-

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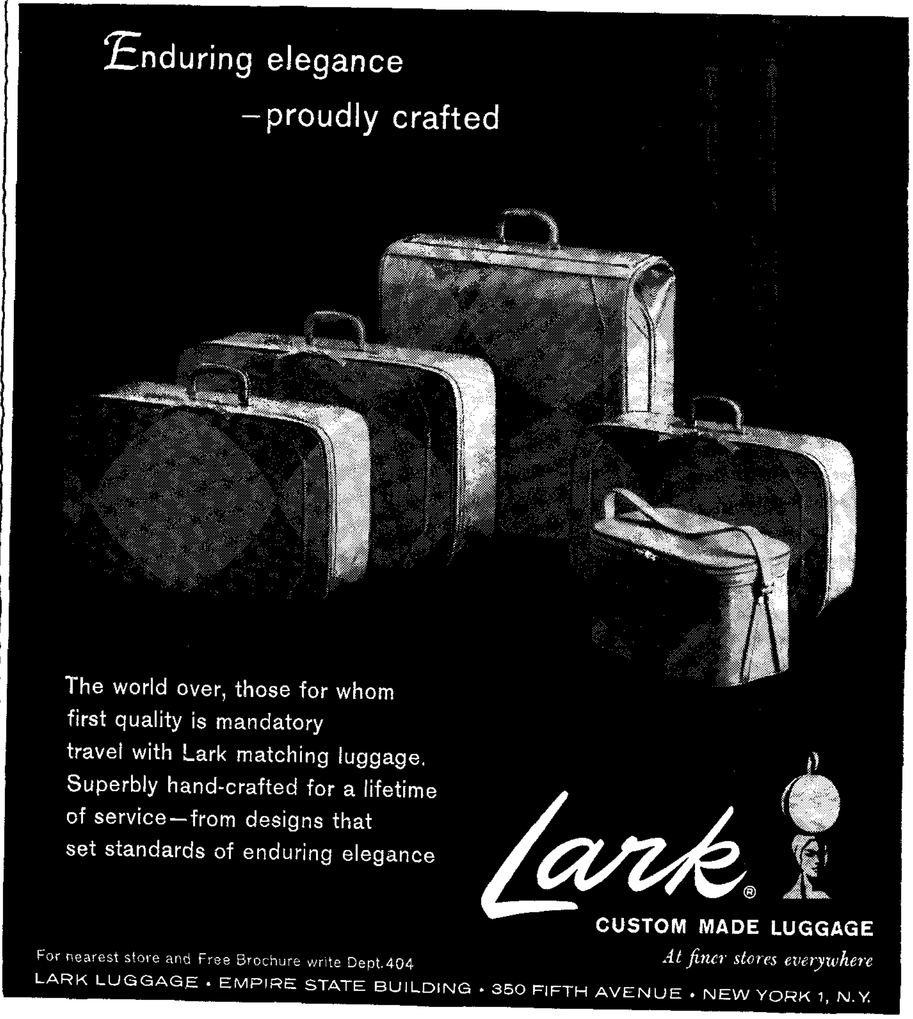

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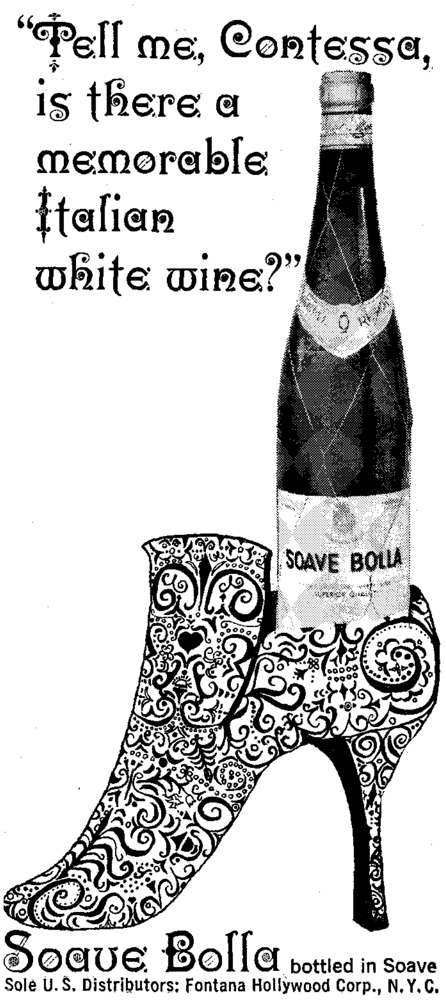
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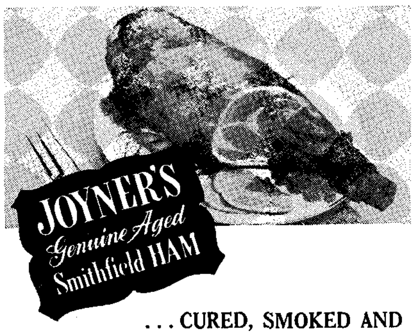

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thropic and funny, the whole thing is quite believable.

It doesn't take much perspicacity to deduce that "The Story of Vania" (four to seven), written and illustrated by Helene Pons (Viking), was told dozens of times to an appreciative audience before a word of it was ever written down. It begins, with the text superimposed on the colored illustrations:

> This is a true story of something that happened one day when my brother Vania was five years old. The other children in our family were also quite small. Grisha, the eldest, was seven. Lena (your grandmother) was six, our sister Varia was four, and Kotik, our baby brother, was only two and a half. We were spending the summer in Teriokké, a little bit of a town on the Gulf of Finland. Here is the map, and here is Teriokké. And here we are on that beautiful day playing boat in the attic of our cottage. . . . We have an upside-down table for the hull of the boat and a tablecloth for the sail. Each of us is at an important post. Vania holds the sail. Lena and Kotik are at the tiller. Varia has a broom for an oar, but Grisha has real binoculars to search the horizon. We are very happy. Then suddenly, we hear Papa calling us. At once we abandon our game and dash for the stairs. . . . "Quick, children! I have a surprise for you. I have rented a boat. We are going sailing." "No, no," cries Mama. "They are much too small." "Nonsense," Papa insists. "They will be perfectly safe with me. Hurry! Our sailor is waiting."

They *aren't* safe with him, though all goes well until a storm blows up. The sailor glances at the sky and yells, "Quick, get the children to the bottom of the boat!" Huge waves splash over the side, and they are drenched. At last, the sailor gets the boat back to the pier. Grisha jumps ashore, into his mother's arms. But when it is Vania's turn, a wave pushes the boat away from the pier and—splash!—Vania falls into the Gulf of Finland. Nose in the air, fists clenched, he waits patiently until the sailor fishes him out. He is wrapped in his mother's cloak and carried home and undressed and given an alcohol rub and dressed in warm flannel pajamas and put to bed under many blankets. "You cannot swim, what made you float? How did you stay on top?" the other children ask. "Well," Vania answers, "I was holding on to the water." The next day, the whole drama is acted out all morning long in the attic. The pictures that accompany this utterly charming and unsophisticated story—of the five children, dressed in middy blouses, with long brown stockings and high button shoes, sailing their upside-down table; of Grisha sliding down the banisters; of the cook, in a peppermint-striped dress, sitting at a table in the long

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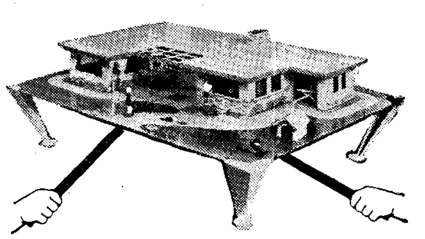
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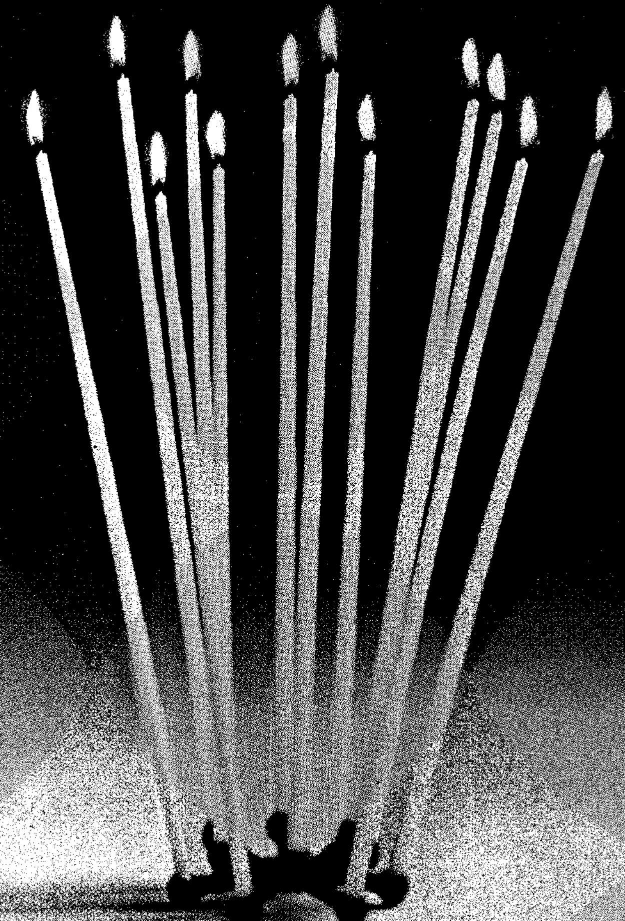
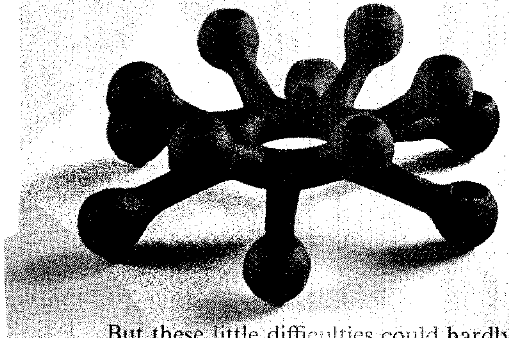


When Jens finished designing this candleholder we had to invent a whole new kind of candle.

Jens Quistgaard is not an easy man to reproduce. Commercially. So when he first brought us this little candleholder we looked it over with a wary eye.

That hand-cast original of his had a curious grainy texture and an elusive color—neither exactly black nor brown, nor gray—which gave the thing the look of some ancient ritual object. Reproducing that look, in quantity, would take some doing.

Then there were those little glass-smooth dots which turned up when we turned the thing over. An extra manufacturing step, but worth it. (We didn't want our holder scratching anyone's table.)



But these little difficulties could hardly be compared with the production problems Jens usually sets us. Quistgaard-wise, this thing still looked like a lead pipe cinch—until we tried to make candles to fit it.

They had to be very skinny. Otherwise Jens couldn't keep his holder small enough to fit any table—and still end up with twelve flaming candles. And twelve flaming candles, as Jens (and we) see it, are more practical than one, or two, or even eleven flaming candles. Because one, or two, or even eleven candle flames are less magical than twelve candle flames all glowing and flickering and dancing hypnotically together. And, in this electric-lit age, the only practical function of candles is magic.

But if our candles were very skinny, they'd have to be very long. Otherwise they wouldn't last through a leisurely dinner and a due period of candle gazing over coffee.

So we set a Danish candlemaker to dipping us some long, skinny candles.

And they bent. They bent even before we lighted them. They were just too long and skinny. Once lighted, they showed us another difficulty. Candles placed this close together melt each other. And drip. And burn too fast.

Those first candles were paraffin, the stuff of ordinary candles. Next we tried beeswax. And then tallow. And they bent. And melted each other. And dripped. And burned too fast.

Right about then, we began to feel at home again. In the past, Jens had set us to inventing new manufacturing methods. Now we had to invent a new kind of candle.

So we did. With the help of people who make waxes for molding and waxes for taking impressions and waxes for things we never even knew waxes were made for, we cooked up a new kind of wax. Out of it, we hand-dipped a new kind of candle.

These candles don't bend. They don't melt each other. They don't drip. (They're the skinniest dripless candles ever made.) And they burn for a full 2½ hours.

They also take color beautifully. Which is fortunate, because we set our minds on some pretty mysterious and magical colors. A strangely clear, frosty-windowpane white, a deep purple, a sea green, a stormy-sea blue, a pumpkin, a glowy deep pink, a true red, an ambery yellow.

They come 12 of one color to a box. They're 15" long. And, thanks to a little magic of our own, they're very practically priced. 5.90 for holder and candles together; 1.95 for candles.

If you've read this far, you must like practical things that do magical jobs. So perhaps you also like magical things that do practical jobs. There are 493 things of both sorts in the free catalogue of our "Top of the Table" collection. Write for it to: Dept. W, Dansk Designs, Great Neck, N.Y.

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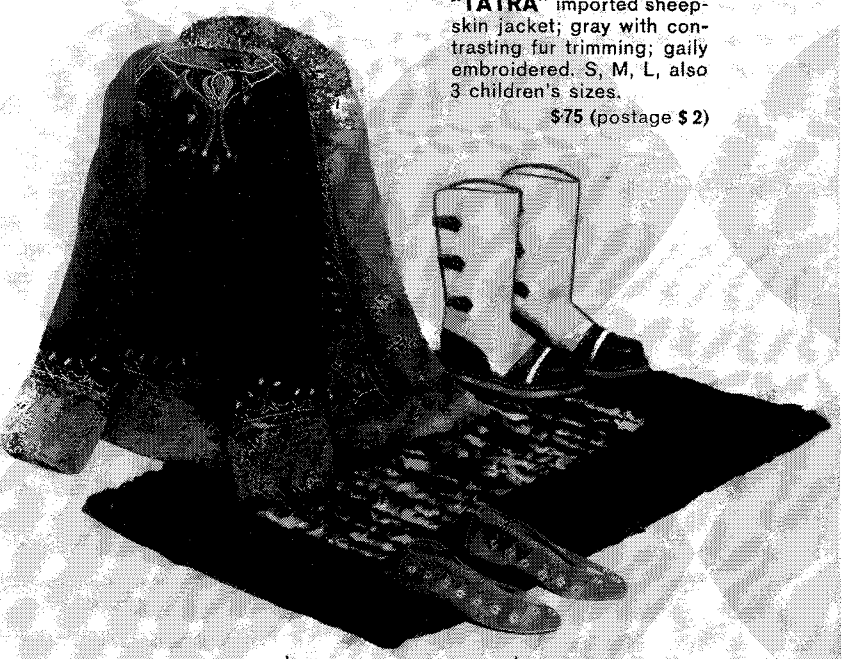
hall pitting cherries to make a quantity of jam; of Mama, in a long brown dress, reading aloud her famous recipe; of Papa, kind, overenthusiastic Papa, looking like a character out of Ibsen; and, best of all, of Vania being put to bed with a cup of hot milk in the nursery, and the others being dried and changed in the warm kitchen, and finally Mama playing the Moonlight Sonata to put them to sleep—are sometimes amateurish, but it never matters. They illustrate the story to perfection. (Too many illustrators go on the theory that if children are never seen at gallery openings on Fifty-seventh Street, it is because they have to go to bed early and not that they aren't keen on Abstract Expressionism.)

"The Golden Frog" (five to eight), by Anico Surany (Putnam), takes place on the island of Mulatuppu—one of the San Blas Islands, off the coast of Panama. In illustrating this beautiful book, Leonard Everett Fisher has drawn with great effect on the traditional narrative designs of the San Blas Indians. The colors are bold, and the design is strong and not at all like the usual patterns of folk art. Every morning, Aurelio, a small Indian boy, his father, and the other islanders sail in dugouts to the far-off mainland and climb the narrow jungle paths to their patches of farmland. With his machete, Aurelio helps his father chop away the creeping vines that would soon crowd out the sugar cane and the banana trees. While they work, Aurelio's dog, Chico, chases the lazy iguana lizards. Every evening the San Blas people return to Mulatuppu, for at night the mainland is a black country, full of evil spirits. The village badly needs a new trading boat, and as they work on their farm Aurelio often says to his father, "Ay, Papácito, am I really helping to buy the boat this way? Isn't there something more I can do?" The father laughs and answers, "But, my son, what more can you give than the help of your hands? You are too small to be able to give more." One afternoon, Chico disappears, and Aurelio goes off into the jungle looking for him. Here the giant trees, covered with vines, shut out the sunlight. He hears a marmoset squeaking from a branch overhead, and the chatter of parrots and parakeets. A line of leaf-cutter ants, each carrying a green leaf umbrella, passes by his bare toes. A coati-mundi scurries past him. The light is failing, and Aurelio is lost. But something unexpected happens—"Chico, Chico, where are you?" he calls, and there is a faint barking in the distance. Racing toward the sound, Aurelio comes upon a great mound in a clearing. At the foot



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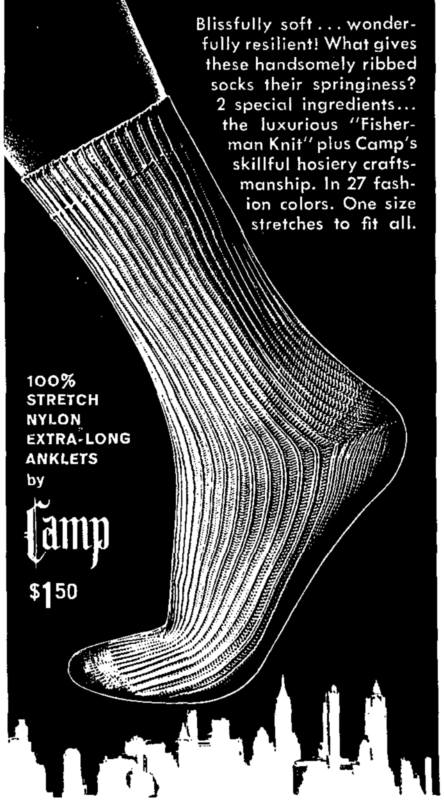

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of it there is a hole leading into a little room, and here, in an old clay pot, is a gleaming gold frog left there long ago by his own people. Added to the money saved by the village, it will buy the best boat in the San Blas Islands.

"Hans and Peter" (five to eight), by Heidrun Petrides, translated from the German by Winifred Herwig (Harcourt, Brace & World), was written and illustrated by a fifteen-year-old girl, as a present for a young friend, and she spent a year on it. Miss Petrides is the daughter of an architect of Greek extraction, was born in Poland, and grew up in Germany; the book was first published in Switzerland, and this edition of it, also printed there, is in English. A fantasy with one eye on the real world, the story moves the way a child's mind moves. When Hans, a long stringbean of a boy who lives in a garret, looks out of the window, all he can see is rooftops, and when his small friend Peter, who lives in a basement, looks out of the window, all he can see is paving stones, feet, and legs. As they play together, Hans and Peter dream of the house they will live in when they grow up. From the windows they will see trees and meadows and fields, and there will be flowers in their garden. One day when they are exploring after school, they come across a deserted hut at the edge of a field, and they get permission from the owner to turn it into a house of their own. A painter gives them paint, in return for their helping unload a truck, and they set to work, but, to their dismay, the weathered walls soak up the paint as fast as they put it on. They light the old stove, hoping to dry out the walls, but the stove smokes and turns everything black. They almost give up, but the painter tells them how to cover the walls with newspaper, so the paint won't soak in, and a chimney sweep fixes the stove for them. The house is beautiful when it's done—flowers outside, along a tiled path; inside, a table, chest, and benches, all made from packing boxes; on the floor, a rug of braided rushes; and, at the windows, lacy newspaper curtains. This book could only have been printed in Switzerland, it has such extraordinarily brilliant, clean colors.

GROWNUPS are always telling children not to worry, it's only a dream; what a comfort to a child to find the situation reversed. In "The Dream of a Dormouse" (six to nine), by Edgar Parker (Houghton Mifflin), the myomorphic protagonist, under the impression that he is dreaming, meets

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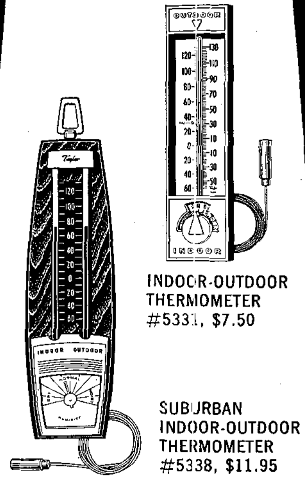

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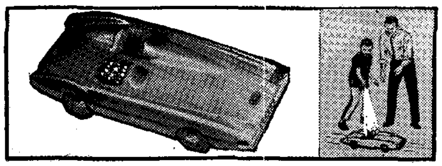
BY **Taylor**



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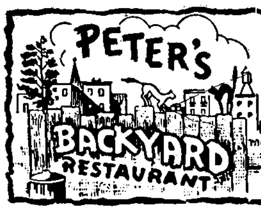

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all sorts of adventures with reckless bravery. The dormouse is a scribe, and earns his living by writing letters for the other animals. The pig, the governor of the forest, can't so much as write out a laundry list without making a dozen smudges and getting all his "N"s backward. No sooner has the dormouse settled in for the winter, to hibernate and dream rich dreams over the long cold months, than he is kidnapped and taken onto a pirate ship. The captain, a bulldog, can't read his own writing and has made a mess of the log, and wants a secretary. When the dormouse wakes up, he appreciates, with a connoisseur's discrimination, what he takes to be the start of an excellent dream. The pirate crew are jolly, but they live in terror of their evil-tempered captain. Ignoring their admonitions, the dormouse strides into the galley, where the captain is enjoying a solitary breakfast. The dormouse is hungry, and there is a limit to the extent to which he is willing to be inconvenienced by creatures who are merely a part of his dreaming. "Good morning," he says, drawing up a chair to the captain's table, and thrusts his knife into the captain's jam pot, and proceeds to spread a piece of the captain's toast and eat it. "Oh dear," he says, "I see you've only BLACK, BLACK coffee. I shall need cream in mine and several spoons of sugar." "PUT HIM IN CHAINS!" shrieks the bulldog. The dormouse remains calm. "You're undoubtedly the nearest thing to a nightmare I've dreamed of in ages," he says, and spreads jam liberally over the captain's whiskers. Such is the absolute power of courage when one doesn't know enough to be afraid. The illustrations, in halftone, are by the author, and have a furry quality, almost like rubbings, and they are strangely appealing, once you get used to them. Far from being "basic"—the word that is proudly displayed on so many children's books—the vocabulary is rather exalted, which suits such an elaborate conceit and makes the book a pleasure to read aloud.

For families who are fond of reading aloud and are always looking for books that will hold the attention of children of various ages, here are three others, two of them especially well illustrated, for the delight of the youngest child, who sits in the crook of the reader's elbow and never takes her eyes off the picture through the whole long page, searching, it seems, for clues to the author's profounder meanings:

"The Big Goose and the Little White Duck" (seven to eleven), by Meindert De Jong, is a new edition, with new black-and-white illustrations

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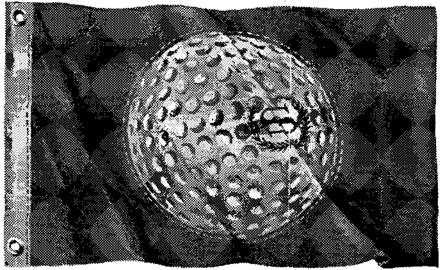
by Nancy Ekholm Burkert, which nicely reflect the authenticity of the prose (Harper & Row), of a book that came out in 1938 and shows signs of wearing well. A big boy on a Michigan farm, short one dollar of being able to buy a pet goose and the duck who has attached himself to the goose, gets the money out of his grandfather, who is under the impression that the goose is to be roasted for his eighty-eighth birthday. The old man keeps insisting that this bargain, which exists only in his mind, be observed to the letter. The book is written in simple prose, with repetitions that are at once conversational and formal, like the repetitions a storyteller uses. The look of the farm, the sounds, the weather, the way time moves by chores done, and the people and the animals are all marvellously captured, and in such a way that you almost never catch the author working at it. In the end, the goose having proved himself a hero by driving off a tramp, the "bargain" is rescinded. After which there is a most remarkable scene. The goose calls and calls, and runs and runs, and flies around and around the house, and finally stands still and stretches his neck higher than before and shouts, "I am glad I saved my little old lady from the tramp. And I am glad I helped Grandpa out of the pond. I am terribly glad, for now I can stay on the farm forever. On this farm I love. With the little old lady and the little white duck. With the boy who brought me here. And with Grandpa, who is a fine fellow, after all. With the cows and calves and Molly the horse. With Oatmeal Joe and all the other cats." On and on the goose shouts, louder and louder. About Tiby, the hunter cat. About Topsy, the old white horse. About the black cow who did *not* step on Grandpa. He shouts about everything on that farm. Everything he can remember. He even shouts about the big rat who once came into the house—although that rat long ago left the farm. At last, the goose can remember nothing more to shout about, so he starts all over again from the beginning, and gets as far as "on the farm forever" and stops, for that is what he was really trying to say—why he is so happy.

"The Griffin and the Minor Canon" (six and upward), by Frank R. Stockton (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), was first published in *St. Nicholas*. The book is illustrated by Maurice Sendak. When a griffin, out of curiosity, comes to see a stone likeness of himself over the door of an old, old church, the townspeople are scared out of their wits, and send

nassau



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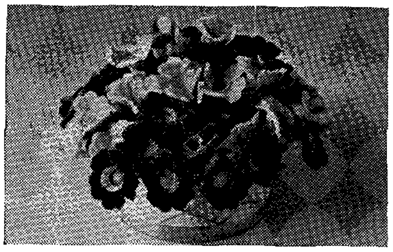

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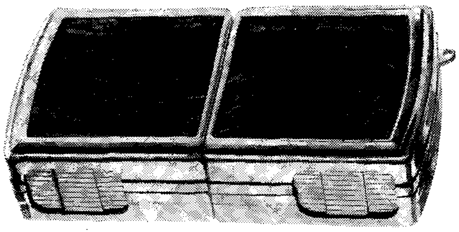
the Minor Canon, who is assigned all tedious and disagreeable duties, to find out what the monster wants. "Well," says the griffin to the Canon, who is pale with fright, "I am glad to see that there is someone who has the courage to come to me." Delighted with the likeness—for he has had until now no idea how he looked—the griffin stays on, and becomes the responsibility of the Minor Canon. The townspeople are relieved to learn that the griffin dines only twice a year, at the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. Life settles down to its old routine, but the griffin, who has become attached to the gentle Canon, follows him on his daily rounds. The townspeople grow uneasy as the summer draws to a close. "It will not be long," they say to each other, "before the autumnal equinox is here, and then that monster will want to eat. He will be dreadfully hungry, for he has taken so much exercise since his last meal. He will devour our children. Without doubt, he will eat them all. What is to be done?" They consider that it is the fault of the Minor Canon that the griffin is still about, and send him far, far away, to the wilds where the griffin used to live, hoping that the griffin will follow him. The griffin misses his friend but shows no inclination to go and look for him. Instead, the griffin decides to take up the Canon's duties, teach the bad children their lessons, and visit the poor and sick. The bad children all turn scholars, the sick are up and away, completely recovered, before the griffin can get around to visiting them, and the poor are all hard at work at something or other, earning their daily bread. When the time arrives for the griffin's semiannual dinner, two old men are appointed to offer him mutton, beef, fish, and game, and if he should refuse, they are to mention that there is an orphan asylum in the next town. How all this resolves itself I will leave to the author, adding only that Maurice Sendak's griffin couldn't be improved on; he is not fierce but rigid, severe, angry, and Victorian. The medieval town is also just right.

Halfway through "The Return of the Twelves" (seven to eleven), by Pauline Clarke, illustrated in black-and-white by Bernarda Bryson (Coward-McCann), Mr. Morley said, "Listen to this," and began to read aloud from his newspaper at the breakfast table:

> "Sir,
>
> "Is it too much to hope that somewhere, lurking unrecognized in some attic or farmhouse or parsonage, or perhaps treasured but unknown among the objects in a living-room cabinet, there may survive



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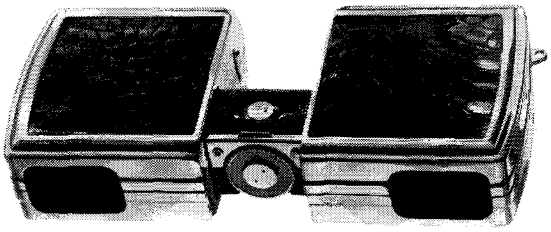

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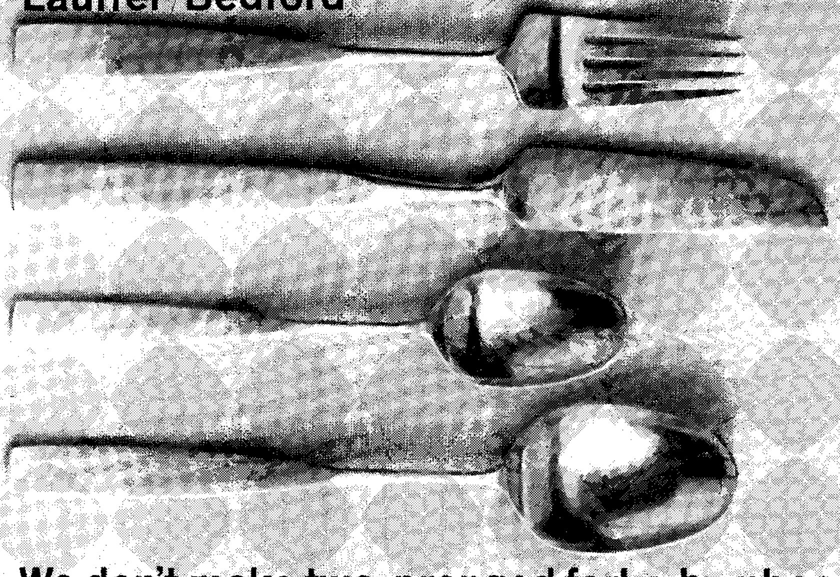

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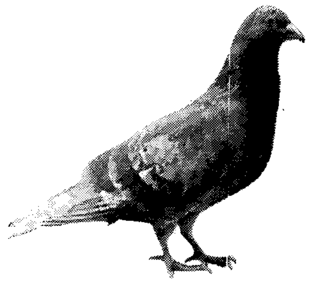
"I am ready to purchase them for the price of £5000 sterling, or to reward suitably anyone leading me to the discovery of them.

"Be assured that these soldiers would be entrusted to a museum, perhaps in Philadelphia or Boston, where they could be admired by all.

Your obedient servant,
Seneca D. Brewer, *Professor*"

Mr. Morley was amused by the academic pomposity of the letter, but Max, who was eight, and his sister, who was slightly older, did not see anything funny in it. They were terrified that their secret would be discovered. For there was no doubt in their minds that the wooden soldiers Max had found in a dirty roll of torn rag underneath a loose board in the attic did belong to Branwell and Charlotte and Emily and Anne Brontë, who gave the soldiers names and personalities, recorded their African adventures in tiny writing meant to look like print, and even wrote magazines for them to read. All this the two children learned partly from a book and partly from a visit their older brother made to the Brontës' house, now a museum, in the neighboring village of Haworth. But there was more to it than that. Shortly after Max found the soldiers, and before he even knew who the Brontës were, he came upon an amazing sight: *The soldiers were drilling in formation on the attic floor!* As soon as they realized that they were observed, they froze. Hoping to encourage them, Max softly tapped out a marching song on his great-grandfather's Ashanti drum. Then he began to sing, "Oh, the brave old Duke of York, He had ten thousand men . . ." The toy soldiers broke ranks and consulted together. Then one of them came over to Max, bowed from the waist, and put out his arms to be picked up. Max held him, wriggly and lively as a lizard, close to his ear. "Are you one of the genii?" asked the soldier, and Max, who had read the "Arabian Nights," said he was. From the beginning, he knew, intuitively, that the soldiers would lose the breath of life if they were not allowed to do everything for themselves, or, at least, that appearances must be maintained. That first day, he opened the attic door for



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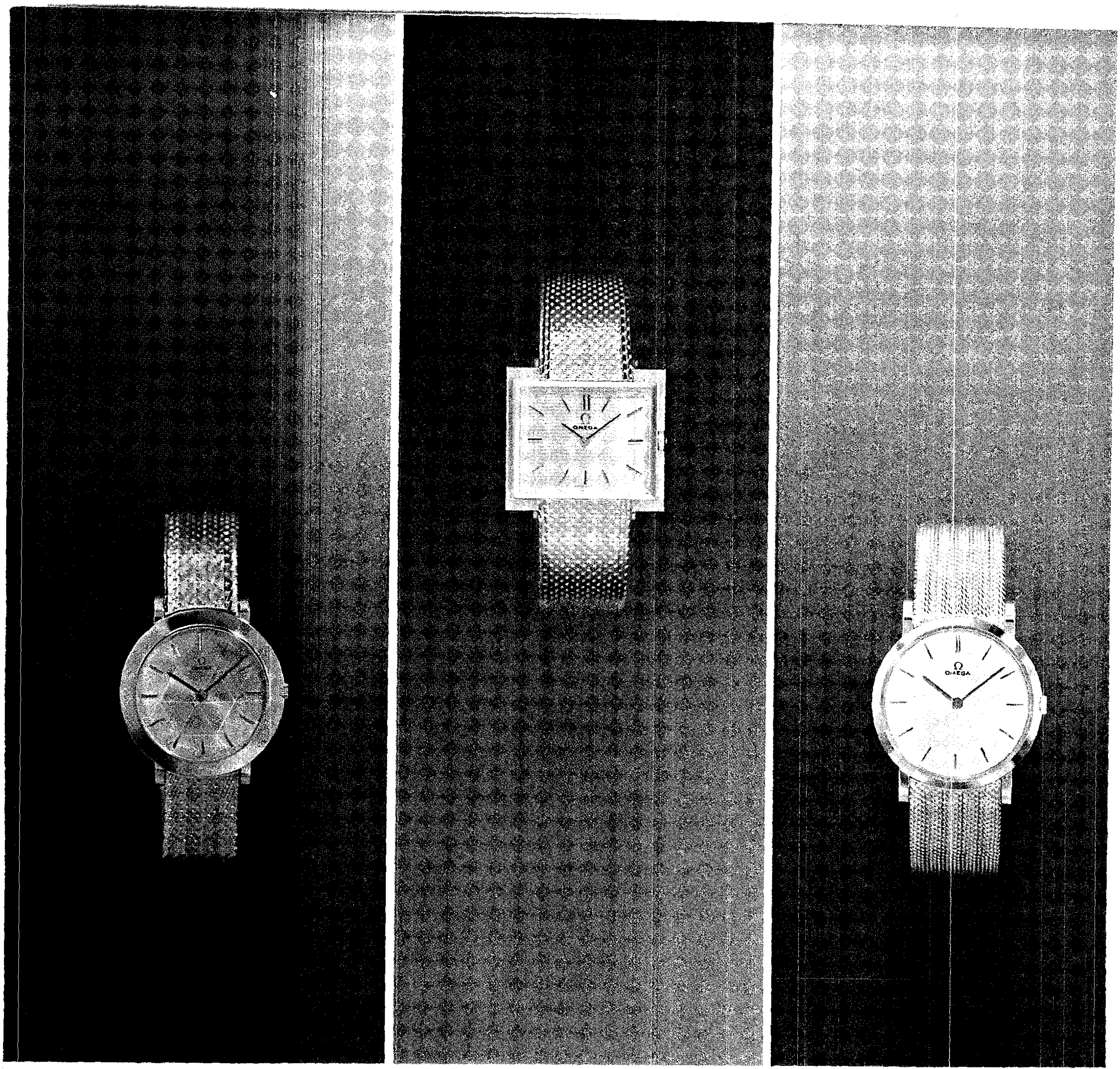

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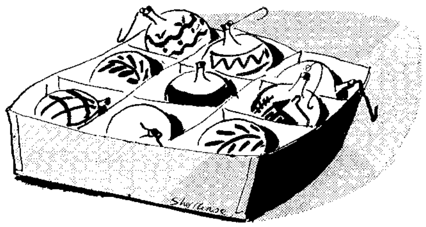
When they reached the fearful precipice of the stairs, they halted, broke out of their column, and stood along the top step like people on top of a cliff. They waved their arms, peered over, nudged one another, pointed, consulted each with his neighbor, and then . . . formed into a line again and lay down, every man holding onto the ankles of the one ahead. The first was the tall leader; the last was the patriarch. But the leader was the other way around, holding the hands of the next and facing him. He wriggled to the edge of the top stair and began to drop carefully down, backwards. The steep attic stair was twice as tall as he was. Before he had touched ground, the man holding him was leaning well over but held safely by his ankles. The leader gave a small shout, let go of the man's hands, and jumped, sprawling onto the first stair. . . . Max watched fascinated as each soldier in turn was lowered. . . . But this was only one step. Now they clustered at the brink of the next. Max could see their difficulty. There wasn't room for them to lie in a column and hold each other this time. What they needed was a rope or ladder. We'll be here all night, he said to himself, thinking. . . . He went into the attic and got the ball of string which was kept in a trunk full of brown paper for packages. He tied one end firmly to the banister post, low down, so that if a soldier stood on the slope the wooden spindles were fitted into, he could hold onto the string and walk down the slope as if it were a ramp. Then Max crept past the chattering soldiers, down the stairs with the string, now and then putting it around a spindle to keep it firm . . . until he had made a handrail down the two main flights to the hall. . . . To his utter delight, he met the tall leader on the first landing, waiting at the foot of the slope as if he were taking the salute at a review. Above him at different intervals came the others. . . . They made the descent more and more quickly, with shouts of glee and abandon the faster they went, so that they sounded like a miniature flock of whistling, calling, twittering birds in a woods after rain.

The next day, the following conversation took place between Max and his mother:

"And Maxy, while I think of it, must we have that piece of string tied all down the banisters?" "Yes, I need it monstrously," Max said. . . . "What for, darling? It looks awful. And how can Mrs. Hodgson polish?" "It's an important game. I can't keep taking it off. Anyway, she doesn't polish that slope the spindles are in." "Indeed she does, I hope!" "Well, I hope she doesn't. It'll make it so slip-



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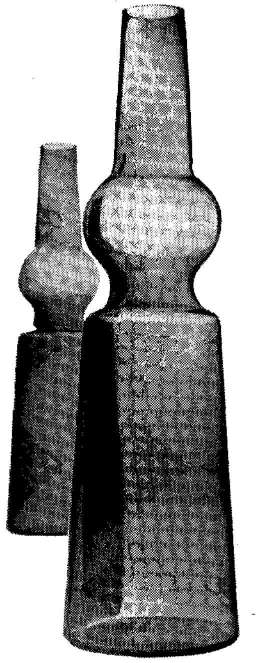

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pery." "But nobody walks on the slope!" "Oh, don't they?" Max muttered. "What? You're not to play tricks with the banisters, Max. You're certainly not to climb down outside; there's too far to fall." "I wasn't going to." "Philip tried it once at the other house." "Did he?" Max said with interest. "I didn't know."

Such reality does the author give to the life of the soldiers and the life of Max's family that, since you believe in the one (and there is no reason to doubt it), you find yourself quite ready to believe in the other. When the Professor learns of their existence and they are threatened with being dragged off to a strange land, the Twelves climb out of the attic window, let themselves down a creeper to the ground, and make the perilous overland expedition to the village of Haworth, where, with the genie's help, they install themselves once more in the nursery of the Brontë house, safe from the designs of Professor Brewer. "The Return of the Twelves" is in a class by itself, and my favorite of this year's books for children.

FOR those Lilliputians who like to hear stories about giants' being outwitted by some small person who has his wits about him, there is a splendid collection of fairy tales retold by Ruth Manning-Sanders—"A Book of Giants" (Dutton). Mrs. Manning-Sanders is Welsh, and she brings the poetic intensity of her native speech to all these stories, whether they originated in England, Scotland, Jutland, Georgia (the Russian one), Rumania, or Germany. Here is that immortal beanstalk:

> It was the rising sun that usually woke Jack of a summer morning, by looking in under the eaves and shining on his face. But next morning the sun did no such thing. "Can it be raining, then?" thought Jack. And he jumped out of bed, and stuck his head out of the window. Mercy me! What a sight! The world seemed to be wrapped in leaves! Look down, look up, look to one side or the other side, nothing could Jack see but leaves, and twisting stems: a mighty ladder of beanstalks, growing out of the earth and rising to the sky, so strong, so broad, so green, so shining, that Jack felt like a gnat must feel under the beans in the kitchen garden.

The black-and-white drawings, by Robin Jacques, are excellent. The artist has a nice instinct for just how big a giant should be, and he has convincingly dealt with the problem of fitting the giant Fin M'Coul (in "Fin M'Coul and Cucullin") into a wicker bassinet.

But if you are looking for a single fairy tale incomparably illustrated, there is "The Seven Ravens," by the Brothers Grimm, with illustrations in soft, subtle colors by Felix Hoffmann (Harcourt, Brace & World). In this story, seven

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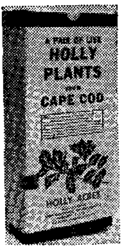

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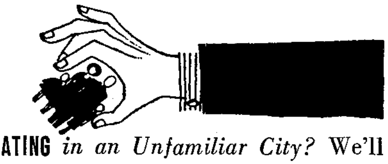

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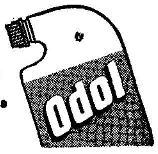

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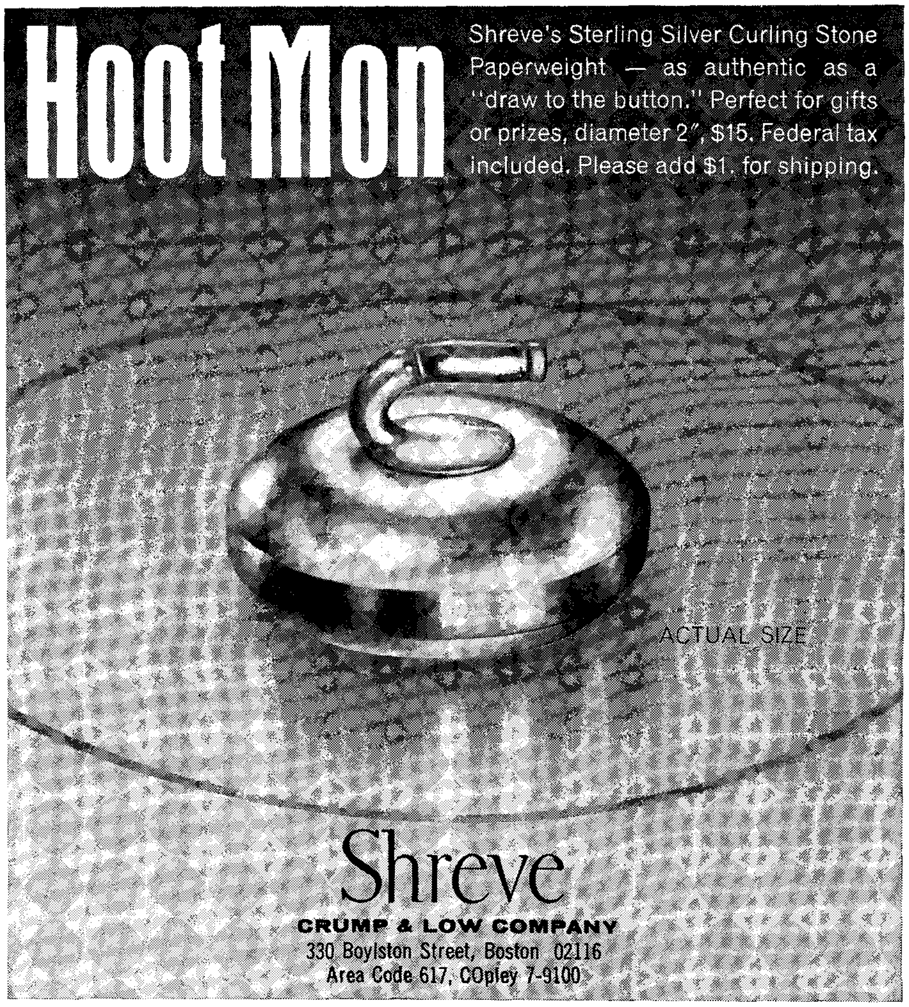
brothers who are full of original sin, always grabbing and poking and pushing each other, are turned into seven sleek ravens. Their sister, setting out to look for them over the most beautiful countryside this side of the Auvergne, goes on through the woods at the end of the world, past the hot sun and the cold, bad-tempered moon, and past the friendly stars, until at last she arrives at the glass mountain that is their home.

"Puss in Boots, The Sleeping Beauty, and Cinderella," retold by Marianne Moore, with drawings by Eugene Karlin (Macmillan), is a literary curiosity, and certainly as much for adults as for children. Instead of (I am quoting now from the "Blue Fairy Book") "The cat's master had often seen him play a great many cunning tricks to catch rats and mice; he used to hide himself in the meal, and make as if he were dead; so he did not altogether despair. When the cat had what he asked for, he booted himself very gallantly, and putting his bag about his neck, he held the strings of it in his two forepaws and went into a warren where was a great abundance of rabbits," you have, in Miss Moore's translation, "The cat's master did not half believe what the cat had said, but many a time had seen what a knack he had in catching rats and mice—how he would hang by his hind legs or bury himself in flour and play dead. Perhaps the case was not hopeless—with no one to rescue him but his cat. He then brought out what had been asked for. Puss drew the boots on like a general, hung a sack around his neck—his front paws holding the strings—and off he went into a brambly place dotted with rabbits." Her characteristic tight-reined language makes all three stories seem new.

FOUR books this year are illustrated by photographs that are as important as the text. The first—"Chico of Guatemala" (eight to twelve), by Betty Cavanna, with photographs by George Russell Harrison (Watts)—is about a young Indian boy who lives in a village near Antigua. Chico's father is a coffee picker on a big farm, but he has his own small plot of ground on the side of a volcano. The volcano is active, and it is common to see puffs of smoke lingering over the cone. On market days, Chico's mother walks the eight miles to Antigua to sell for a centavo apiece the oranges that grow in their yard. The villagers are poor, but they are not ground down by poverty, and Chico's life is happy and full; school is interesting, there are fiestas, his father's plot is bearing this year for the first time,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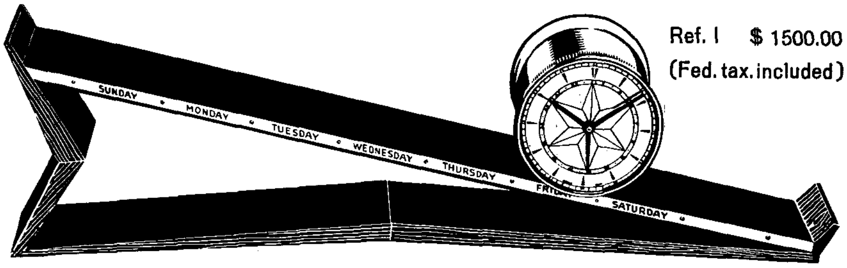

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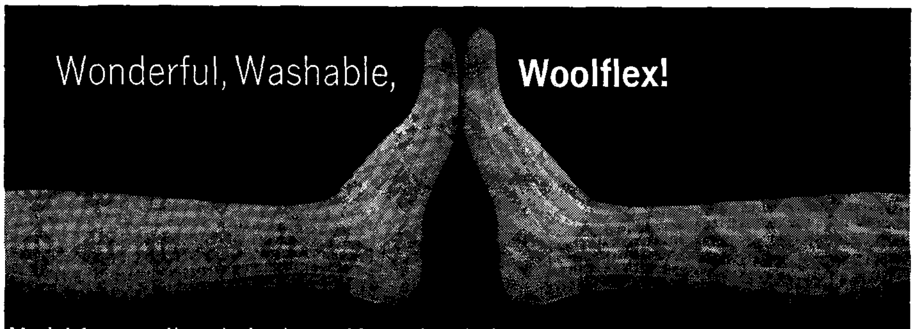
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and on Saturdays he goes there with his father to pick coffee berries. But one morning there is no sun in the sky, the air is full of fine ash, a truck from Antigua appears in the plaza, and the villagers are told, over a loudspeaker, to leave their homes and go to the city. Three days later there is a brilliant sunset, and the next morning Chico and his family go home to their village, to find a foot of ashes over everything. The village is uninhabitable, the coffee plants have been damaged or killed, and the villagers have no choice but to go to the highlands to the west or to Chichicastenango and look for work. After nearly a year of exile, Chico and his family return, destitute, to their village. A miracle has taken place: Rain has washed the ash into the soil, and it has acted as a fertilizer; the coffee trees that did not die are flourishing. This book is more than the usual photographic study of the daily life of children in another country. These descendants of the Mayan Indians are brave and beautiful, and you care what happens to them. With them you scuff through the volcanic ash that is lighter than snow and swirls high in the air when it is disturbed. With them you taste the dust of the tourist buses on your teeth as you trudge along the never-ending highway; are hungry and welcome a supper of tortillas and frijoles; sleep on the ground and are cold under your blankets. And the thought of home is like a waving banner.

"Rabbits in the Meadow" (four to eight), by Lilo Hess, with forty telescopic-lens photographs by the author (Crowell), is an account of the birth and rearing of a family of cottontails. It begins as the mother rabbit is digging a shallow hole, which she lines with grass and soft fur pulled from her chest. The baby rabbits are three and a half inches long when they are born, and homely, with no fur at all, their eyes closed, and two flat little pads of ears that have as yet no opening. At first the mother sits on the nest at night, to keep the babies warm, but doesn't come near it during the long, dangerous daytime. Instead, each morning she roofs the nest over with fur and grass, on top of which she piles small sticks and stones and dry leaves, and then she hops off to a hiding place from which she can keep an eye on her family. After a while the baby rabbits begin to bob up and down and knock the covering off, and she must risk returning again and again in daylight to restore it. A skunk, a turtle, and a farmer pass right over the nest without knowing that it is there. After ten days, the baby rabbits can see and hear. After four weeks, they have left

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the nest and are on their own. One of them discovers a farmhouse and settles down to eat the marigolds in the flower border. One of them comes upon the lettuce patch and stuffs himself until he can hardly move. And the third hears a fearsome rustling among the weeds, which turns out to have been made by their mother. What adventures! Miss Hess manages to be informative without being dull, and she makes the meadow seem a pleasant place for rabbits without resorting to the kind of "poetic" description that gets a child's back up. The photographs to a large extent tell the story, and they are wonderful not only for the sharpness of their detail (grasses, brambles, ferns; the cowlick in the speckled fur on the mother rabbit's back; lichen on a rock; dark liquid eyes) but for the secret life they uncover.

Children who love animals and are interested in how wild ones respond to being domesticated will enjoy "The Lincoln Kangaroos" (ten and upward), by Geoffrey Morey, with photographic illustrations, most of which are by the author (Chilton). Two young kangaroos, male and female, were sent to Dr. Morey from Australia, and were soon at home in his large garden, in the shadow of Lincoln Cathedral. The doe, Nardoo, caught her legs in a wire netting and broke a bone. The Doctor's colleagues at the hospital managed to save her. The anesthetist administered hard peppermint candies incessantly, in place of ether, while the orthopedic surgeon set the broken leg and applied a splint and a cast. At the end of the operation, the animal, hiccuping happily, was still unaware of what had been done to her, but when she tried to move and felt the great weight on her leg, she became depressed and lay down, and it was days before she began to hobble around her kennel. When the cast was removed, at the end of eight weeks, the leg was fine, except that the big (and only) toe was doubled underneath the foot, and a spring was required to hold it in the normal position for a fortnight, after which the kangaroo was again racing around the garden at forty miles an hour. When the kangaroos had been in Lincoln for more than a year, they began a courtship. Facing each other, with their forepaws on one another's shoulders and their heads thrown well back, they pushed and wheeled in a circular dance that often lasted for a quarter of an hour. Some weeks later, the author witnessed the birth of a baby kangaroo. He saw the tiny joey on the base of the mother's tail—a shapeless ball of jelly, which gradually moved, by a series of jerks and wiggles, through the mother's

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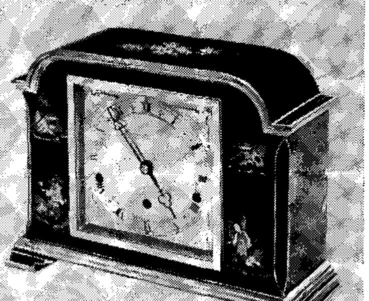
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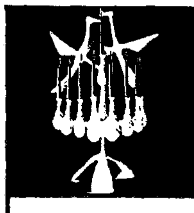
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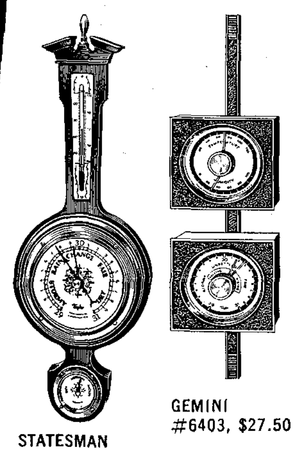

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abdominal fur to the pouch, which, hitherto tight and difficult to detect, was now relaxed and ready to receive the embryo. Six months passed before the joey even put his head out. Eventually, eighteen inches high and covered with a soft, grayish-brown fur, he was dumped out of this warm, comfortable home. He scrambled right back in, and it was two weeks before he left of his own accord for short periods of foraging. In nine years, the Moreys raised five baby kangaroos. The photographs are of kangaroos stretched out in front of the fire with the family's hunting dog; Nardoo in her walking splint; demure kangaroos, boxing kangaroos, kangaroos looking longingly in at the window, kangaroos in the wet snow, kangaroos in a greenhouse, and lots of kangaroos with small, charming, intelligent heads looking out at the world from their mother's pouch.

The first picture in "A Bee Is Born" (ten and up), by Harald Doering, translated from the German by Dale S. Cunningham (Sterling), is a photograph of a bee imprisoned in amber. It looks like an ordinary bee, but the amber is forty-three million years old, and so, therefore, is the bee. In this small book—which is part of a series on nature—the life history of the honeybee is described, and shown in closeup and greatly enlarged photographs by the author. The photographs are so clear and the range is so close that as a pale, jade-like pupa develops within its cell, you feel yourself in the presence of the secret of life. Before there is any color in the body, coloration starts in the great eyes, which turn pink and then purple and then black-brown. Here, on a hot summer day, are bees pumping themselves full of water, which they carry back to the hive and spray lightly over the brood comb. Having wet it, they fan it with their wings; the temperature of the comb must never be allowed to rise above ninety-five degrees, or the wax will melt and the helpless brood be destroyed. And here, on a cold day, are bees clustering over the brood comb, making themselves into a blanket to keep it warm. Here is a guard wrestling with a wasp bent on stealing honey; other guards rush to the scene just in the nick of time, and the wasp is thrown over the landing board. Here are bees returning to the hive with their little pantaloons plumped out with pollen. And here is the queen in the act of quitting her cell, looking incredibly royal, her soft fur marked like ermine, her wings transparent silk, her dark eyes blazing like immense jewels. Ah, and now she breaks into the other queen cells, whose occupants have not yet

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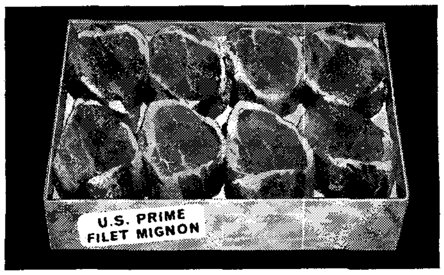

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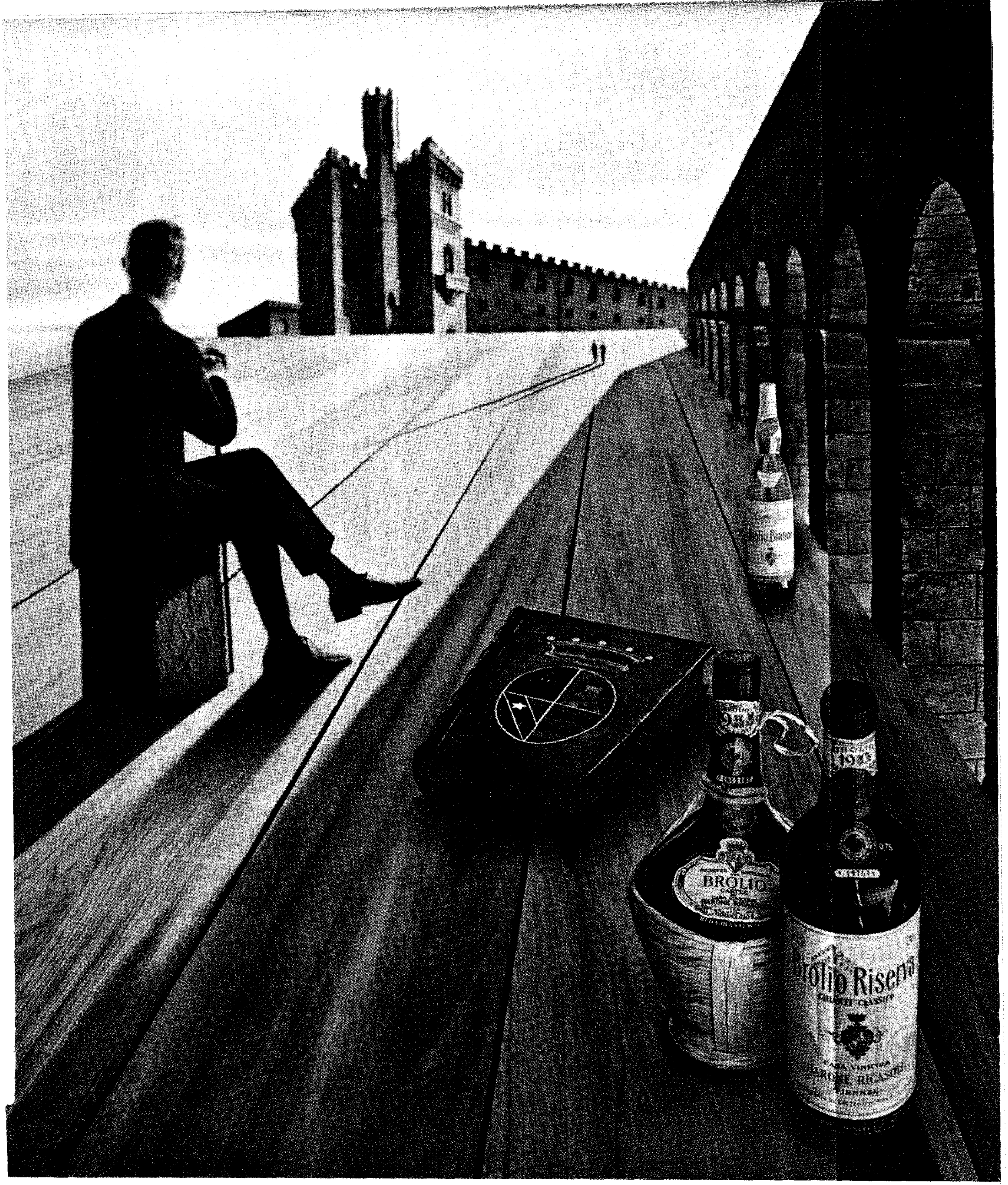
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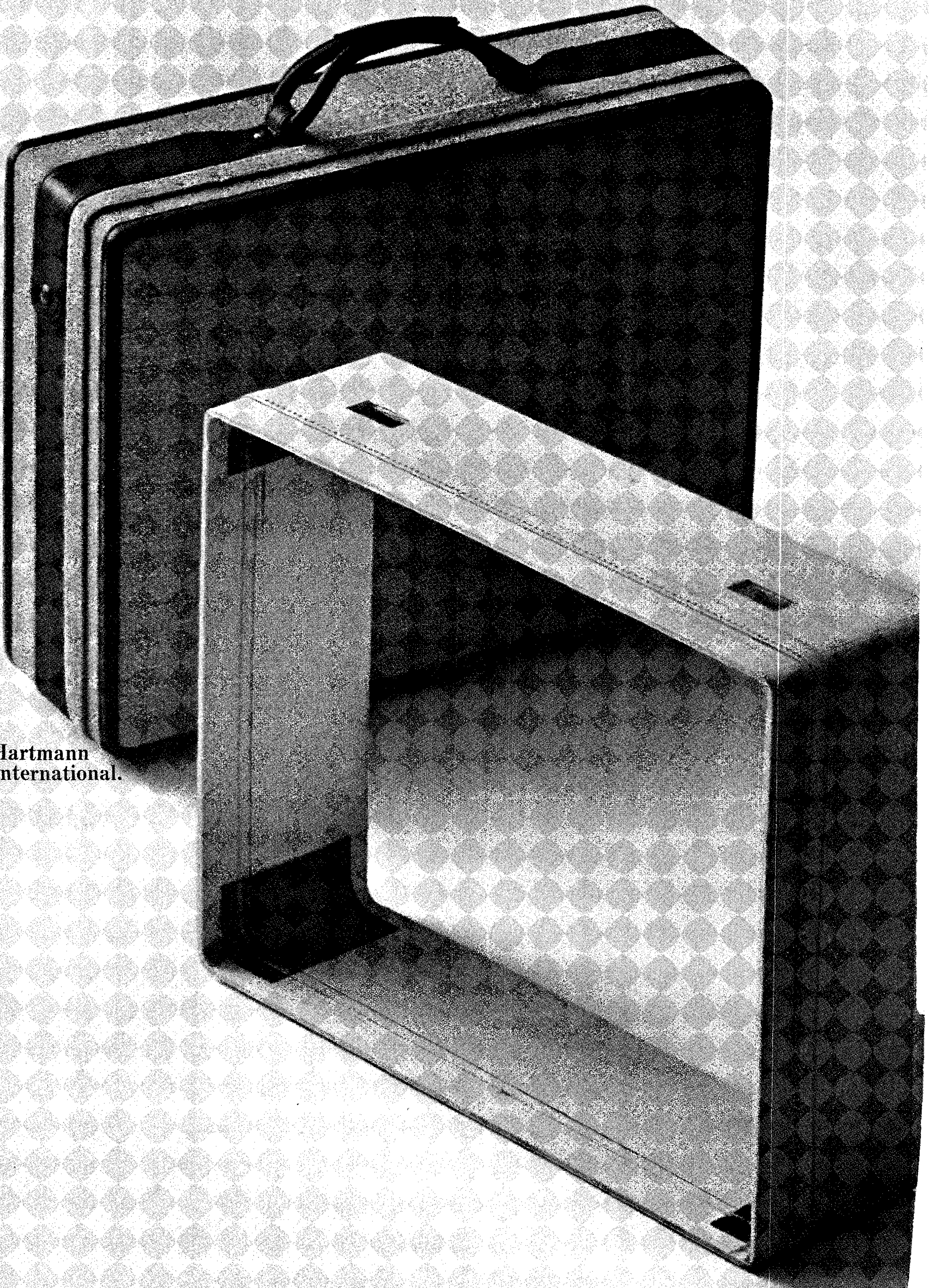

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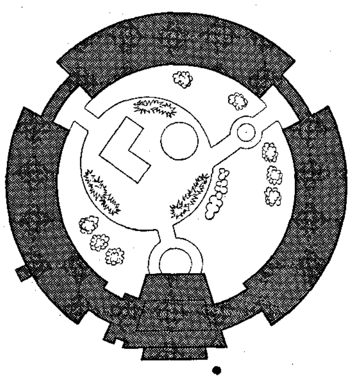

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emerged, and in her jealous passion stings her rivals to death.

THE poem

> "Beg parding, Mrs Harding,
> Is my kitting in your garding?"
> "Is your kitting in my garding?
> Yes she is, and all alone,
> Chewing of a mutting bone"

is to be found in "The Cherry Tree," a large, lively, and altogether delightful anthology of English poetry compiled by Geoffrey Grigson for young people (Vanguard). It contains some five hundred poems and ranges over five centuries of English verse. In addition, there are translations from the Irish, Welsh, Gaelic, and Chinese. The sections are separated by a series of woodcuts done mostly in the first hundred years of printing, are introduced by a paragraph or two of comment ("That ballads were sung, or told to music, often explains why, when you are merely reading them, the metre goes wrong in some of the lines. The lines would have fitted the music perfectly"), and bear such titles as "Moon and Stars," "Never Stew Your Sister," "The Grief of Love," "A Thousand Fearful Wrecks," "The Cries of War," "O Mortal Man," "The Days of Christmas," and "I Think You Stink." The reader is more aware of the anthologist than usual, but Mr. Grigson is good company, knows English poetry, and is not afraid to indulge his own inclinations. Although the book contains many songs, riddles, nursery rhymes, and limericks that appeal to very young children, I wouldn't give it to anyone under twelve, because certain poems are too strong a dose for children younger than that—for example, that grisly song by Gordon Bottomley, "A Louse Crept Out of My Lady's Shift." The lady is a corpse.

I FOUND two historical novels this year that I liked very much. In "The Town Across the Water" (nine to twelve), by Madeleine Polland (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), the reader is caught up in the struggle between the Irish and the English in a sixteenth-century Irish fishing village. A twelve-year-old boy and girl discover a plot by the English-dominated town across the river to send poachers to fish in waters that belong to the village. Since fishing is the only way the people of the village are permitted to earn their living, their survival depends on their having exclusive fishing rights. The men of the village, when the plot is revealed, are content with ambushing the poachers and

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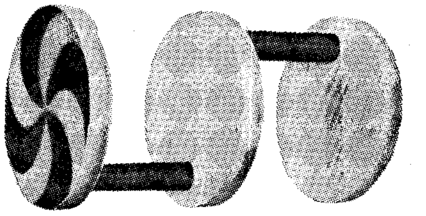

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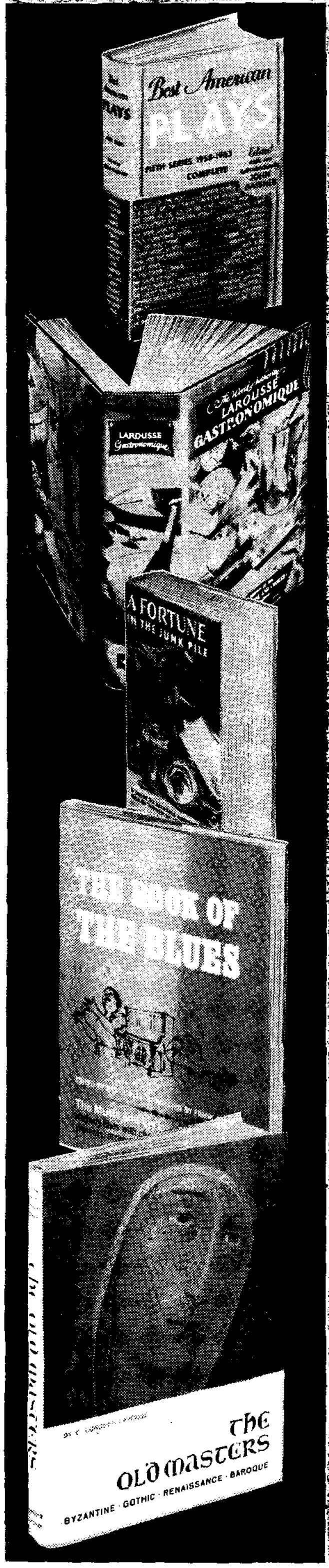

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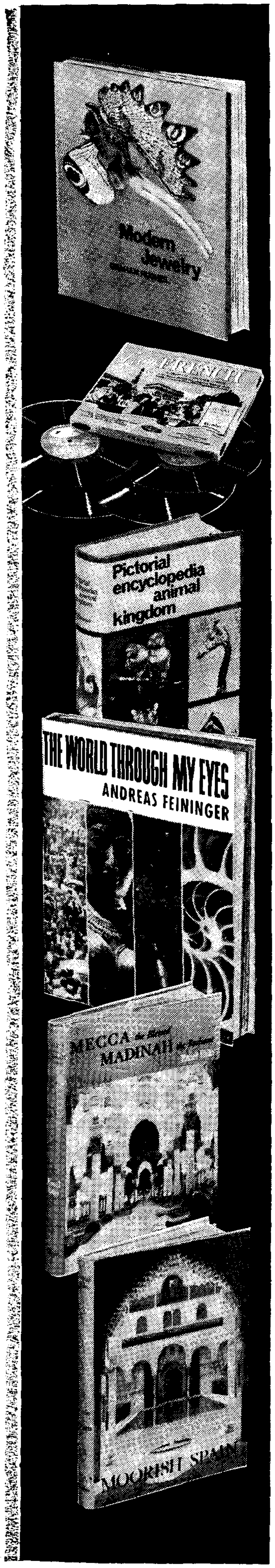

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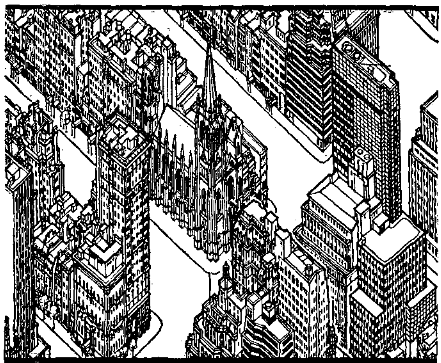

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knocking them over the head and taking their catch, but the two children decide to improve on matters by damaging their boats, and are caught and thrown into a castle keep, from which they escape, only to fall into far worse difficulties. In novels for children, there is usually more than enough action and suspense to go around, and this novel is no exception, but Mrs. Polland is a good writer and quite able to handle the crowded events of her book, through which the soft sea air continually blows. The aquatint illustrations, by Esta Nesbitt, are delicate and dusky, and have a sandy texture that nicely conveys the mists and cliffs and ancient stonework. The fishing village was very real to me, and it was with a sense of loss that I read the author's melancholy statement that though it survived the sixteenth-century poachers and every threat that followed in the next three hundred years, it has now been pulled down to make room for a modern housing estate.

The hero of "Days of Danger" (twelve to fourteen), by Fritz Habeck, translated from the German by James Kirkup (Harcourt, Brace & World), is Andreas, a fourteen-year-old boy whose family has come down in the world and whose mother is the housekeeper of the moated fortress of Raipoltenbach. He sets out for Vienna, in the year 1683, to look up a Count Alram, the son of his godfather, in the hope that the Count will send him to Italy to study art, and it turns out to be not a very good idea. "In 1683," says the Britannica, "invited by Hungarian malcontents and spurred on by Louis XIV, the Turks burst into Hungary, overran the country, and appeared before the walls of Vienna." The Count takes no interest in Andreas, and the boy, worried about his mother, leaves the city and wanders in the black of night into the Vienna Woods, now thickly populated with Tartars, Turks, fleeing aristocrats, outlaws, and angry peasants, who feel that they have been betrayed by the clergy and abandoned by the nobility. Andreas runs into the Count, who is trying to get through the lines with an important message. The boy and the Count and the Count's huge, eccentric servant meet with fantastic adventures, and arrive separately at Raipoltenbach, to find that they have walked into a trap. Some outlaws have holed in there, with their plunder, to wait for the fighting to end. The Count, the boy, and the servant barricade themselves in the main house, with a doctor, a blacksmith, and a Jesuit priest. When the castle is attacked—first by the Tartars and then by the Turks, who between

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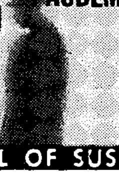

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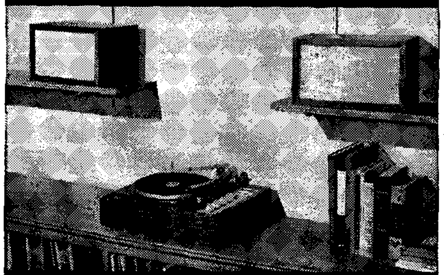

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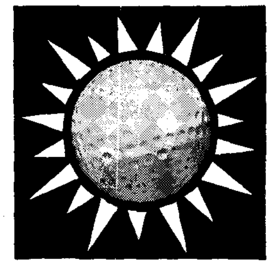
them use every offensive weapon known to the Renaissance—the outlaws, unable to sustain a siege, are forced to put themselves under the leadership of the Count. The last hundred pages are one long, breathless battle. "Days of Danger" is not an easy book to do justice to. It is rather in the tradition of Sir Walter Scott, but the writing is concise and highly stylized, while Scott is leisurely and natural. The action moves by set pieces, now panoramic, now on an intimate scale. This isn't Tolstoy or Stendhal, but it is nevertheless all seen, real, and moving. In the Vienna Woods, you start at every sound, every voice, and think nervously, Who is it, what is it? The book also has humor, and a number of first-rate characters—the charcoal woman, the Jesuit priest, the wicked robber who has no nose or ears, the Count's servant, and the Count, who outdoes them all in his splendid mixture of aristocratic sang-froid, fearlessness, and practicality. Here is a passage describing the Count's reaction to some Tartars who appear at the door of a deserted mansion in the Vienna Woods where he has taken temporary refuge:

> The Tartars had reached the front entrance when the Count appeared on the threshold. They saw him at once and hurriedly reined in their horses. The Count spoke two sentences in Turkish. One of the Tartars took his bow and arrows from his shoulder. "Michel, a pistol, if you please," said the Count. Michel handed him one, the Count unhurriedly raised it and fired, and the Tartar fell from his horse. Again the Count spoke two phrases in Turkish. No one moved. The Count drew his sword. The Tartars turned around; one of them took the fallen man's horse, and then they galloped back down the avenue to the front gate. They left the dead man lying. We climbed up to the first floor. "What did your honor say to them?" I asked. "That I was still at dinner and did not wish to be disturbed—that my servants were also at dinner and had no time to spare!" "And is that why they rode away?" The Count shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "Tartars burn and pillage; they keep alive through the terror they cause. If you face up to them, they're as cowardly as dogs. There were simply too few of them—only twenty or so. Any one of us could deal single-handed with twenty Tartars—you know that."

A WORK of fiction originally written for adults and first published in England—"Finn the Wolfhound," by A. J. Dawson (Harcourt, Brace & World)—has been successfully shortened for readers of twelve and upward. It was never widely read, it seems, and I'm glad it's getting this second chance. As a puppy, Finn has the most lavish care, including a wet nurse all his own,



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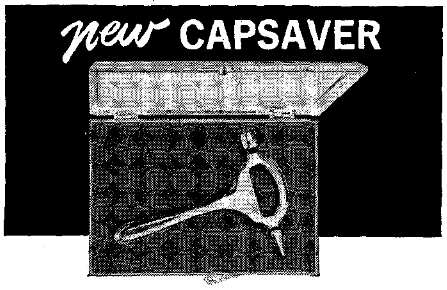

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as befits the offspring of a champion. From the Master and Mistress of the Kennel he knows nothing but kindness; he is never even scolded. When he is fifteen months old, he carries off all the prizes for wolfhounds at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace. Directly after that, he is stolen by a man who saw him at the show, and shut up in a dark hole, from which he escapes, and finds his way home. When he is full-grown, he is seven feet six and a *quarter inches from the tip of his nose* to the tip of his tail, and is a hard, steely-gray brindled color. Like Finn, the Master and Mistress of the Kennel are pursued by troubles. Theirs are the usual ones that beset human beings—ill health and financial difficulties; his stem from his being separated from them after they have emigrated to Australia, taking him with them. Searching for the only master he recognizes, he runs away from the people to whom the Master and Mistress have sold him, is picked up by a low character, and is sold to a travelling circus. He is cruelly mistreated, and escapes again, this time to the bush, where he becomes the leader of a pack of wild dogs. The book ends like a good Grade B Western, but that shouldn't bother a twelve-year-old.

YOU need a tool even to kill a cockroach, says a Spanish proverb, and nothing tells more about people than the implements they use. Anthropologists ages hence would no doubt consider themselves lucky to come upon the contents of the kitchen drawer of any New York apartment, to say nothing of the array of tools in the workshop of a commuter from New Jersey or Westchester. The daily life of the Founding Fathers is laid open in "ABC Book of Early Americana" (nine to ninety), by Eric Sloane, with pen-and-ink illustrations by the author (Doubleday). Under each letter of the alphabet are shown tools and devices that either were native to America or were improved upon or put to special uses by the colonists. Looking through this book, you feel as if you were in an old barn in Vermont. You get a strong sense of the needs and predilections that produced the tools. And then there is the beauty of their design, the mark of the hand that made them. A is for armrest, to be used in church during the interminable sermon. Also almanack and apple-butter paddle and apple drier. Did you know (passing on to B) that Americans invented basketball, the baby carriage, and the bathtub? E is for envelope, first manufactured by a Mr. Pearson, in 1839, in New York. In 1784, George Washington

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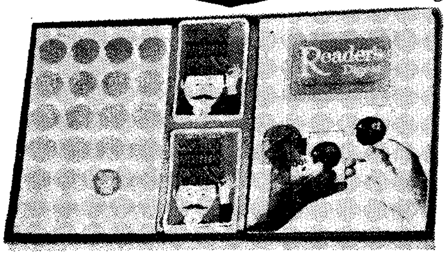

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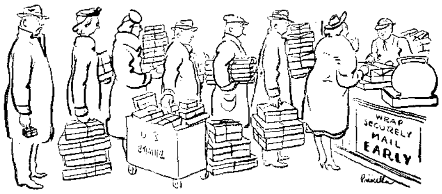
bought a newly invented ice-cream machine. Jack-o'-lanterns are American in origin, and so is the muff, particularly useful for carrying ink around on a cold day. All early houses, it seems, had noon marks, cut into window sills or doorways so that the arrival of a patch of sunlight would mark the time of day. Indians brought the first bag (deerskin) of popcorn to the first Thanksgiving Dinner, in Plymouth. The first rubbers were made in 1820, but they melted in good weather. In a page depicting hornbooks—of stitched leather, drilled bone, ivory, and lead—there is one of gingerbread, decorated, of course, with the alphabet. These edible ones were presented to children on Christmas morning, in the hope that knowledge would be devoured by the child, and a glad year with great wealth of learning would ensue. Worth trying.

For another visual approach to history, look at two Hammond atlases (eight and upward). "Atlas of World History" is a collection of a hundred maps. The first shows the cradles of civilization, dating from 3000 to 1000 B.C. The last shows the original members of the United Nations, the entrants after 1945 (with dates of entry), the non-members, the trust territories, and the alignment of nations in the Cold War. In between are maps of ancient Greece, of the Biblical world, of the barbaric migrations in the fourth and fifth centuries, of Europe in 600 A.D., of Europe in 800 A.D., and so on. "Atlas of American History" has a hundred and thirty-three maps. It is of the same size, but many of the maps are smaller, because they show progressions rather than details. It begins with the principal voyages of discovery and proceeds to the exploration of the United States and adjacent territory, the locations of the Indian tribes, the early Colonial grants, the territories before and after the Colonial wars, and so on, down to the present. Some help and encouragement may be necessary before a young child will feel at home with these maps, but they are dramatically clear, and he will soon learn to use them, I think, with as much pleasure to himself as profit to his homework. To bedevilled parents, they are as rain from Heaven.

"Exploration of Africa" (ten and upward), by Thomas Sterling, with



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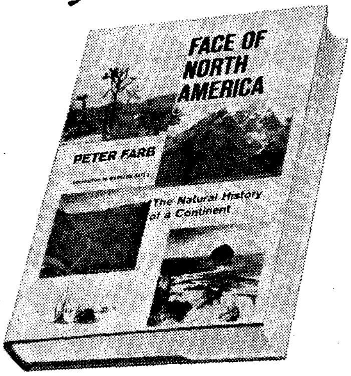

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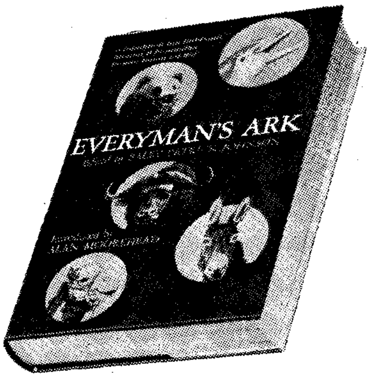

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paintings, drawings, and maps of the period, is far and away the best of the American Heritage series to be published to date. For adventures and romantic detail, for human fortitude in the face of appalling hardships, for largeness of mind mixed—as it nearly always is—with obstinate wrongheadedness, for heartbreaking failures, and for triumphs that are sometimes just as heartbreaking and that in any case the odds are all against, the exploration of Africa is the match of any of the annals of discovery. Mr. Sterling deals with all the major explorers: James Bruce; Mungo Park; Denham, Clapperton, and Lander; Caillié; Speke with Burton and then with Grant; Livingstone and Stanley. Few of them were adequately equipped or had sufficient funds, or even an accurate idea of what was in store for them. Most of them were stripped of everything before their journey was over—sick, and exhausted, and sometimes done for. Though Mr. Sterling is obliged, for reasons of space, to hit only the high spots, he does this in such a masterly way that one never thinks of possible omissions, nothing important is left unexplained, no journey is like any other, and the personalities of the explorers are done justice to. (The phrasing of Stanley's famous question was dictated not by Victorian formality but by timidity. "He knew of Livingstone's Scottish reserve," Mr. Sterling says, "and of the old explorer's undoubted contempt for publicity, so he approached with caution and with fear. As he said, he wanted to rush forward and throw his arms about the doctor, but he was afraid of being rebuffed. So he exercised some reserve of his own, and because of this made the moment of their meeting immortal.") The material of the book is well organized and selected, and the familiarity of some of it in no way detracts from its interest. The illustrations are excellent and the writing is a continual pleasure.

"IN PREHISTORIC SEAS" (seven to twelve), by Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton (Doubleday), will appeal to children who like to think about how old the earth is and how it looked before and during and after the residence of the dinosaurs. There are descriptions and drawings and photographs of modern and ancient sea animals—serpent starfish, sand dollars, sea urchins, horseshoe crabs (hardly changed in two hundred and twenty million years), lamp shells, horn corals standing upright in the mud, sea lilies, and sea buds. When the broken stalks of these delicate animals, which lived in

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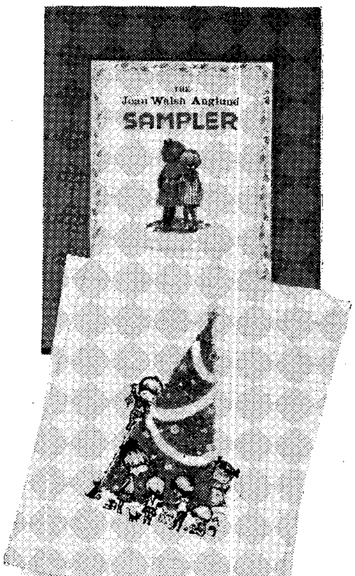

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colonies, fell to the sea's floor, they were cemented together by mud that hardened to form what is called encrinal limestone. This looks exactly like the usual household drawerful of nuts and bolts and screws and washers. There are also pictures of sea scorpions, which grew to a length of six or seven feet; of the air-breathing coelacanths; of turtles twelve feet long; of the first crocodiles, which lived in the swampy forests of Arizona. One is charmed by the inventiveness, gaiety, and elegance that many of these sea animals displayed in their adaptation to the conditions of life. Ball-and-socket hinges for pulling a door tight, the reinforcement of a wall by ridges, and locomotion by jet propulsion were all anticipated by them. And consider the glass sponges and the stony sponges, which adopted in turn the shapes of vases, mushrooms, cups, and carrots. Oysters and their relatives, which seem at last to have settled down to simple bends and wrinkles, in Late Cretaceous times experimented with coils that are like elaborate French hairpieces and with wonderful deep bowl shapes. Some lay on one side, which grew faster than the other and began to coil, while the other side became almost flat and opened and closed like a lid. In other varieties, the sides coiled off in opposite directions, but this design led nowhere and was abandoned.

As a child, I got the impression that glaciers slid downhill from the North Pole. "When the Ice Came" (ten and upward), by David O. Woodbury, with photographs, drawings, and maps (Dodd, Mead), explains their true means of locomotion and everything else relating to the ice ages, in a way that is clear, concrete, and exciting. There are, he says, eight known glacial periods, and possibly three more; where glaciers of different periods have lain across the same territory, the most recent usually obliterates all traces of the previous ones. How does an ice age start? Nobody knows, except that all that's required is that it should snow and go on snowing. And nobody knows whether the last ice age, the Wisconsin Period, is still in progress—if it is, we are simply enjoying a warm interlude—or whether it is over. The average world temperature at present is fifty-eight degrees; during the glacial periods it was only sixteen degrees colder. The best source of information about the temperature of the earth in the past is, oddly, the ocean floor. Oxygen comes in five varieties, or isotopes. In the seas, the billions of tiny shelled creatures, in building their shells out of calcium salts and carbon dioxide, tend to slightly favor one form

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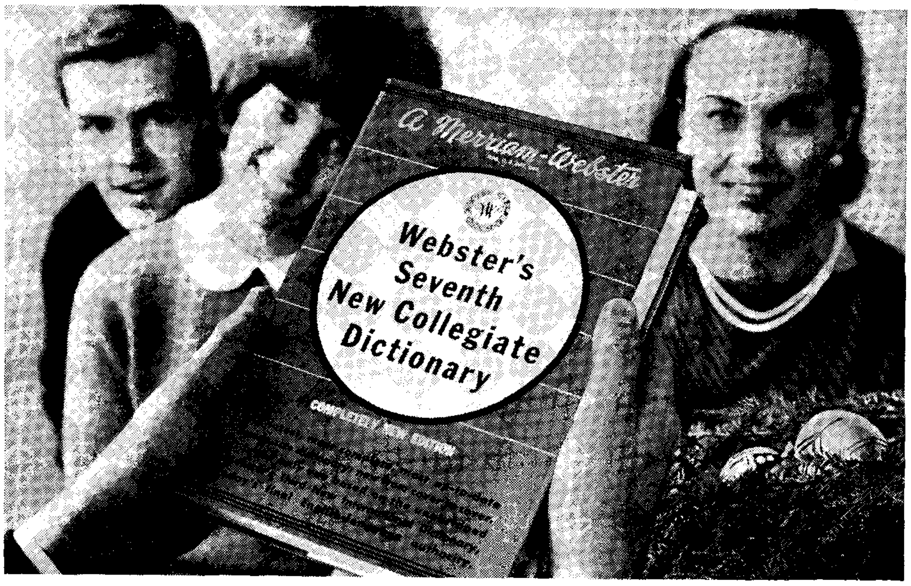
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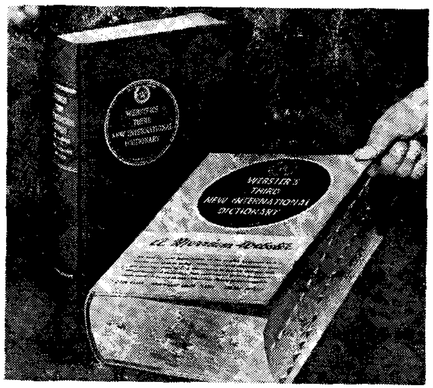

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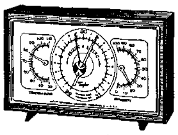

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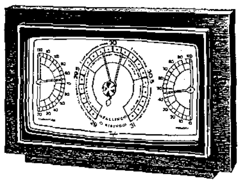

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of oxygen (O-16, the variety we breathe) or another (O-18), depending on whether their surroundings are warmer or colder. Thus one has only to bring up vast samples of shells from a particular depth and then measure the ratio of the two oxygens to determine the temperature of the sea over millions and perhaps billions of years, and the temperature of the sea at a given time has turned out to be a very accurate indication of the general climate of the land. Mr. Woodbury discusses some effects of the sun's energy on the earth, the conditions that might trigger a prolonged snowstorm, and the ways we have discovered of measuring geological age. He then tells exactly how a glacier is formed, how it moves, and what its properties are. Ice, he says, is not unlike Silly Putty, in that it looks like a solid but behaves like a fluid—an extremely sluggish one, it is true. It may spend fifteen thousand years carrying a boulder five hundred miles. It will flow in any direction under the pressure of its own weight. And it is not the slope of the ground that counts but the downward slope of the glacier itself, answering to the pull of gravity. The pressure exerted by an ice mass can be in the neighborhood of half a million pounds on each square foot of bottom surface. This crushing weight is often enough to cause a slight melting a few feet below the surface of the glacier. So you have slippery patches between ice crystals, and this makes the crystals slide over each other easily. In this way, the body of the ice can change shape, bend around, go up or down, or turn in circles.

"Discovering Scientific Method" (twelve and upward), by Hy Ruchlis (Harper & Row), is a kind of backboard to practice thinking on. The application of scientific method starts, says the author, with a problem, any problem: How far is the town of Inkling from the city of Outright, or should I study dentistry or engineering, or what is life? The book contains twenty-two photographs and pictures that pose certain questions, and the game is not only to find the answers but to find the questions. In one photograph we see, in what may be a factory yard, a sedan with a 1945 Illinois license plate; leaning out of the window by the driver's seat, and not especially concerned, is a young man. He is looking down at another young man, who, dressed in swimming trunks and gym shoes, lies on his back, his body under the car and the left front wheel resting squarely on his stomach. His mouth is open and his neck muscles

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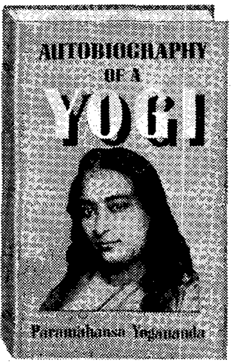

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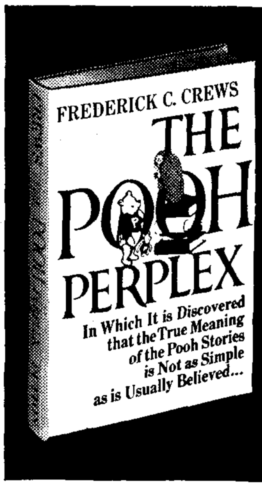
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are tensed, but he doesn't look unhappy. Or dead. Why isn't the man on the ground injured? How did the car get into that position? After the reader has had a go at a puzzle, the author provides him with some answers. Another puzzle shows a car on a flooded city street. You can see the underside of the car; is the camera's eye below the level of the car? Another photograph shows a trotting race in which the horses whose blankets are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 are coming in in that order. Is this likely (or fair to the bettors)? Another puzzle: A street corner in southern Mexico at latitude 16 degrees N. on July 1st at noon. Which direction is north? Another: A perfectly ordinary street scene; what to ask? Another: A giant radar dome, a balloonlike structure that appears to be a haphazard jumble of triangles. What were the geometrical patterns used in its construction? Another puzzle is a comic strip—a what's-wrong-with-this-picture puzzle. Another is a photograph of a cross-section of a tree trunk, another is a picture of cosmic rays passing through a series of horizontal lead plates in a cloud chamber (*the water's getting deeper*), and then we go way out over our heads, into pictures of rays of light entering and leaving the edges of a rectangular block of glass; of the back of the glass mirror for the world's largest telescope; and of a time exposure of an observatory dome at night. The streaks above the dome, the author says, are the apparent paths of stars formed as the earth rotated. For how long a time was the film exposed? How would you ascertain the relative positions of the stars from this photograph? There is a great deal here that Sherlock Holmes would have enjoyed explaining to Dr. Watson, and not all of it is elementary.

It may be that children should study insects early, before they have developed a gardener's aversion to borers and tentmakers and miners and folders and rollers and engravers and casemakers, since what else but exact and loving observation will, in the end, save the elm and the oak? "It is generally believed," Richard Headstrom says in the introduction to his illustrated "Adventures with Insects" (eight to twelve; published by Lippincott), "that somewhere between six hundred and twenty-five thousand and a million two hundred and fifty thousand different kinds of insects have been named and described. No one knows the exact number because there are so many different species it is impossible to keep count of them all. And these appear to be only a fraction of the total

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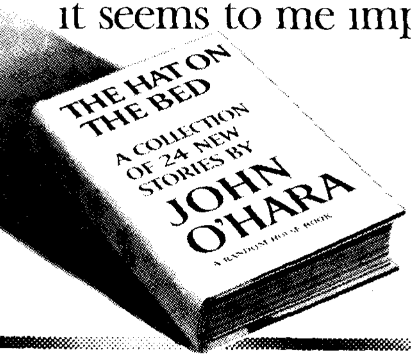
—JOHN K. HUTCHENS



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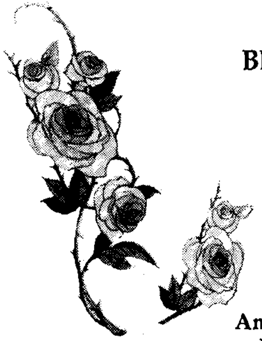

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*New York Post

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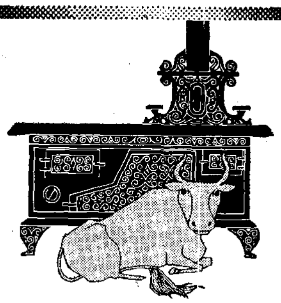
number that are presumed to exist." It's like counting stars in the galaxies beyond our own. The insect kingdom is almost the last large area of natural science to remain only partly explored. Each of the book's thirty-nine chapters describes an "adventure" ("We Look for Eggs and Are Surprised at What We Find," "We Pay a Call on the Social Insects," "We Visit Some Homes of Wax," "We Watch an Unusual Process and Make Some Observations") with insects. The chapters I like best are about the color of insects, which comes either from structural peculiarities that absorb, reflect, or separate light or from substances present in the skin that do any of these things. Insects that feed on the blood of higher animals are red because of the ingested hemoglobin. Blues, violets, and greens are most often structural colors. Dull yellows and browns frequently derive from the tannin found in leaves. A fly's wing is iridescent because it is made of two thin, transparent, slightly separated membranes, which bend and diffract the light. On the backs of certain beetles there are lines and pits that can be seen only under a magnifying glass, and when these are combined with a reflecting or refracting surface and a pigmented layer, the result is both iridescence and brilliant color. The colors of a butterfly's wings are due to the diffraction of light by fine, closely parallel grooves on the scales of the wings. The color produced depends on the distance between the grooves. All this is oversimplified, the author says apologetically, but I feel happier for being able to account even a little bit for the razzle-dazzle of a dragonfly.

Most books on insects assume an already awakened interest on the part of the reader. You don't give just anybody a book about beetles for Christmas, but you might give "Beetles," by Wilfred S. Bronson (Harcourt, Brace & World), to any boy between the ages of ten and fourteen who is interested in natural science. It is not only informative—so that you begin to feel you know exactly what it is like to be a beetle—but funny. In the first section, the best part of the book, the author analyzes the anatomy of a beetle in terms of the mechanics of an automobile—chassis, fuel pump, transmission, cooling system, and so on. Like the smaller types of car, the beetle runs longer on less fuel. Its skeleton—a complicated assembly of joined rings and tubes, all of a fingernail-like material called chitin—is on the outside. The rings forming the head and chest are welded together; the rest are overlapping and flexible. One reason a beetle is so much stronger, in proportion to its



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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

The Most of A. J. Liebling *(Simon & Schuster, $5.95)*.

These samples of the various kinds of pieces that Mr. Liebling has written over the past twenty-five years or so add up to a composite portrait of their composite author. Here on exhibition, then, are Liebling the war and postwar correspondent; Liebling the Francophile; and Liebling the Wayward Pressman, the scholar, and the pugilists' friend, with broad strokes of the hearty, though picky, feeder, and perhaps a touch of the poet.

Telephone Poles, by John Updike *(Knopf, $4)*.

Light verses of sense or sensibility, or both, by a poet whose obliging muse springs into action at his every command.

Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour an Introduction, by J. D. Salinger *(Little, Brown, $4)*.

Two further chronicles of the Glass family—the first about Seymour's wedding day, the second about Seymour during the years he grew up on 110th Street and Riverside Drive—as recalled and set down, with scrupulous attachment, by his brother and erstwhile roommate, Buddy Glass.

Sorry, Lady—This Beach Is Private!, by James Stevenson *(Macmillan, $3.95)*.

An album of cartoons that is a blend of comedy and satire in about equal proportions. Mr. Stevenson has staked out as his territory human fatuity wherever it shows, and he pins down, in pictures and captions, the bland inanities that get by the rest of us.

Our Man Stanley, by Philip Hamburger *(Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50)*.

Our Mr. Hamburger, comfortably masquerading as Stanley (with cap and bells), pauses briefly to drop off a sheaf of notes on some of the events he has covered for the Talk of the Town since 1948.

Fly and the Fly-Bottle, by Ved Mehta *(Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.95)*.

A report on the intellectual climate of England in a set of conversations with some of its leading philosophers and historians. Mr. Mehta records the sunny weather of agreement (among the linguistic philosophers at Oxford) and the storms (Bertrand Russell vs. Professor Gilbert Ryle; Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper vs. Arnold Toynbee) that erupt in tight-lipped letters to the daily press or in savage reviews in monthly magazines.

Passwords, by Alastair Reid *(Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5)*.

A volume of verse, essays, and reports, the last principally from Spain, where the citizens, still convalescent from events of a generation ago and still living under a dictatorship, manage to carry on individual lives, and even air some highly individual opinions.

The Unnatural Enemy, by Vance Bourjaily *(Dial, $5)*.

Memoirs of a bird-hunting man. The birds—pheasants, duck, geese, and crows—are game. As for the happy, contemplative hunter—up before dawn, baked in the sun, or half drowned in mud—he is pretty game himself.

Selected Writings of Truman Capote *(Random House, $5.95)*.

This anthology of Mr. Capote's stories and articles includes three reports that originally appeared in this magazine. They are a brief description of an incident aboard a train in Spain, an account of a visit to Russia with the "Porgy and Bess" company, and a Profile of Marlon Brando, much of it based on his conversations with the author in a hotel room in Kyoto.

My Dear 500 Friends, by George Price *(Simon & Schuster, $3.95)*.

Mr. Price's dynamic lowlifes on display, their fierceness unabated whether they are racketing around town or lapsing into unbuttoned ease at home or in the nearest saloon.

Cliffs of Fall, by Shirley Hazzard *(Knopf, $3.95)*.

Ten short stories, most of them considerations of the bittersweet nature of love—the hit-and-run kind and the incurable kind whose symptoms keep recurring no matter what home remedies are applied.

Letters from Vatican City, by Xavier Rynne *(Farrar, Straus, $3.95)*.

Scenes of clerical life, specifically in Rome during the meetings of the Ecumenical Council last winter. The author introduces the clergymen involved, defines their positions—hierarchic and religious—and clears up, for the benefit of all non-Councillors, the issues they discussed.

The Great Wondering Goony Bird, by Calvin Kentfield *(Random House, $3.95)*.

Ten short stories, six of them set aboard the freighter Lever's Wife, where, in apparently rambling conversation, the third mate and an old seaman named Blades gently gang up on a young seaman named Davy in the hope of taking him down a peg or two.

Eichmann in Jerusalem, by Hannah Arendt *(Viking, $5.50)*.

This philosophical inquiry into the trial of Adolf Eichmann opens and closes in the courtroom, with an appraisal of the prisoner and the men who prosecuted him, judged him, and bore witness against him. In between, Miss Arendt probes into his life and into the history of his Nazi masters and their allies, opponents, and millions of victims to expose the nerve of guilt itself, and to present, finally, a summary of the causes and effects of a decadent movement that it took a global war to crush.

Vertical and Horizontal, by Lillian Ross *(Simon & Schuster, $4)*.

Many of the vertical characters in this series of stories are physicians professionally and socially on the make (the hand on the pulse, the eye on the main chance). Chief among the horizontal ones is the book's anti-hero, Spencer Fifield, M.D., an eager but stumped beaver who pours his troubles from the couch into the tin ear of his psychoanalyst, Dr. Blauberman.

Christmas in Bethlehem, by Christopher Rand *(Oxford, $4)*.

A report from headquarters, so to speak, on the official observance of Christmas among Catholics, Protestants, and members of the Greek Orthodox and Armenian churches, with notes on the rituals of the Coptics, Syrians, and Ethiopians. Mr. Rand also includes an account of a visit to the Greek monasteries on Mount Athos during Easter week.

The Fate of the Edsel and Other Business Adventures, by John Brooks *(Harper & Row, $4.50)*.

Mr. Brooks continues to mind the business of businessmen—a venturesome lot, he submits, who occasionally go for broke. Among those presented in this set of six reports are the executives at General Electric who winked at price-fixing (until the law nabbed them) and the group in Dearborn, Michigan, who launched the Edsel and stood by to watch it go down.

The Even Temperature in the Cave, by Mary Nash *(Little, Brown, $4.50)*.

Short stories about shrewd, worldly adolescents, their naïve elders, and other citizens.

The Fire Next Time, by James Baldwin *(Dial, $3.50)*.

A letter about being a Negro here and now, written from that corner of Mr. Baldwin's mind where recollections, feelings, and observations fuse.

Here To Stay, by John Hersey *(Knopf, $5)*.

Eight reports on disasters of assorted sizes and on some of the men and women who came through them alive. Mr. Hersey has provided—by implication, at least—a handbook for survival, citing such first and permanent aids as courage and toughness of spirit, plus, of course, a little bit of luck and the wit to make use of it.

Balanchine, by Bernard Taper *(Harper & Row, $8.95)*.

Mr. Taper has greatly expanded his Profile of George Balanchine, co-founder, choreographer, and master of the New York City Ballet, and here traces his life and activities, stopping off at St. Petersburg (Imperial Ballet), Paris (Diaghilev), London (C. B. Cochran), Broadway (Rodgers and Hart), and all the other bases Mr. Balanchine touched on his way to the City Center. Illustrated with many photographs.

The Highway and the City, by Lewis Mumford *(Harcourt, Brace & World, $1.65)*.

Mr. Mumford continues to champion the rights of man—especially of that much put-upon subspecies, urban man—in these critical pieces on architecture and related topics.

The Hat on the Bed, by John O'Hara *(Random House, $5.95)*.

O'Hara's men and women go right on leading their own lives and, as often as not, making their own appointments in Samarra. This time, some of them do get the breaks and some, to be sure, do not. The twenty-four stories here gathered hit every stop on the social or professional scale.

The Enameled Wishbone, by Robert Henderson *(Macmillan, $4.95)*.

Personal, informal stories that in each instance refute Euclid by demonstrating that the shortest distance between two points can be the circuitous route that a man's thoughts take when he sets them free and lets one connect with another.

Mrs. de Peyster's Parties, by Geoffrey T. Hellman *(Macmillan, $5.95)*.

A more or less chronological arrangement of casual essays and of Profiles and other reports that, taken together, reflect Mr. Hellman's lifelong interest in artists and art collectors, museums and their curators, birds and bird-walking, editors and publishers, and the intricacies of social demeanor. In many of the reports, the reporter appears in his self-assigned role of *agent provocateur* at gatherings of the well-born and well-heeled, tasting everything and swallowing nothing.

Fact and Fiction

Sometimes the shape of things to come can be found in the past. Sir Francis Bacon anticipated airplanes and submarines in "The New Atlantis," published in 1626. Jules Verne suggested the principle of the helicopter in "Robur the Conqueror" in 1886. And every reader of science fiction knows that authors of books in that field have made many prophecies that have come true—and many more that will probably materialize in the future.

Still, fiction is a somewhat unlikely place for the investor to look for growth stocks of the future. Unless he is very far-sighted, long-lived, and speculative-minded, he might better confine his consideration to developments that are likely to come true in his lifetime and the companies that are likely to make them come true . . . and even more important, to facts and figures rather than wild surmises.

As a matter of fact, our Research Department recently took a long, hard look at the growth-stock situation and came up with a list of 101 companies whose prospects for appreciation seem good to them. We'll be glad to send you a copy of the list and the company write-ups—48 pages in all. There's no charge. Just write or ask for *"101 Growth Stocks."*

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size, than a man is that it has a hollow skeleton. A two-hundred-pound man couldn't get far with two thousand pounds on his back, but ten times the weight of even a big beetle isn't much, and so it frequently performs amazing feats of strength. A beetle's heart is an elastic tube just beneath the upper part of the shell, and running the whole length of the body. It is full of nearly transparent yellow-green blood, and is enveloped in more of the same, for there is only one artery, from the heart to the brain, and the blood is to be found everywhere, washing freely among the muscles and organs. The book is illustrated with a great many drawings, which show the internal and external working parts of a beetle and explain such things as wing motion and wing folding. There are also drawings of Good, Bad, and Indifferent beetles. Anyone who has strolled along a pond or a quiet stream has seen the gyrinid (otherwise known as whirligig, Writes-My-Name, coffee bug, and scuttle-bug). It goes in for dizzy spins and sudden changes of direction, and, like the porpoise and the bat, has a sonar signal system, sending out squeaks too high-pitched for our ears to hear. The whirligig's eye is bifocal—divided in the center at the waterline, the upper half looking for food or enemies in the air, the lower half doing the same in the water. In winter, the whirligig hibernates at the water's edge, but its sleep is light. Let a thaw melt the ice and it wakens and emerges for a midwinter frolic. Like the people who skated there the week before, it goes round and round, cutting fancy capers on the surface of the water. In the late afternoon, as the sun's rays leave the pond and there is a possibility that ice will form before dark, the whirligig hastily finds shelter in the mud and rubbish on the shore.
—EMILY MAXWELL

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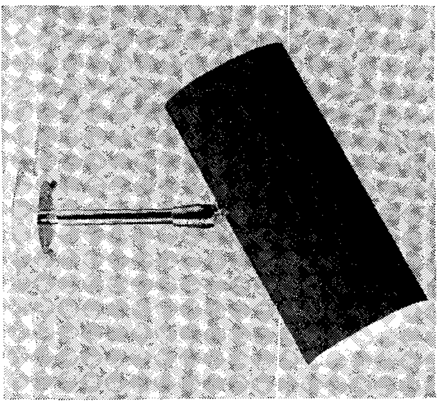
Not to be fixed like photogravure catalogue.—*Brochure from Japan, received by a New York firm.*

Oh, darn!



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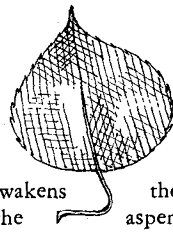

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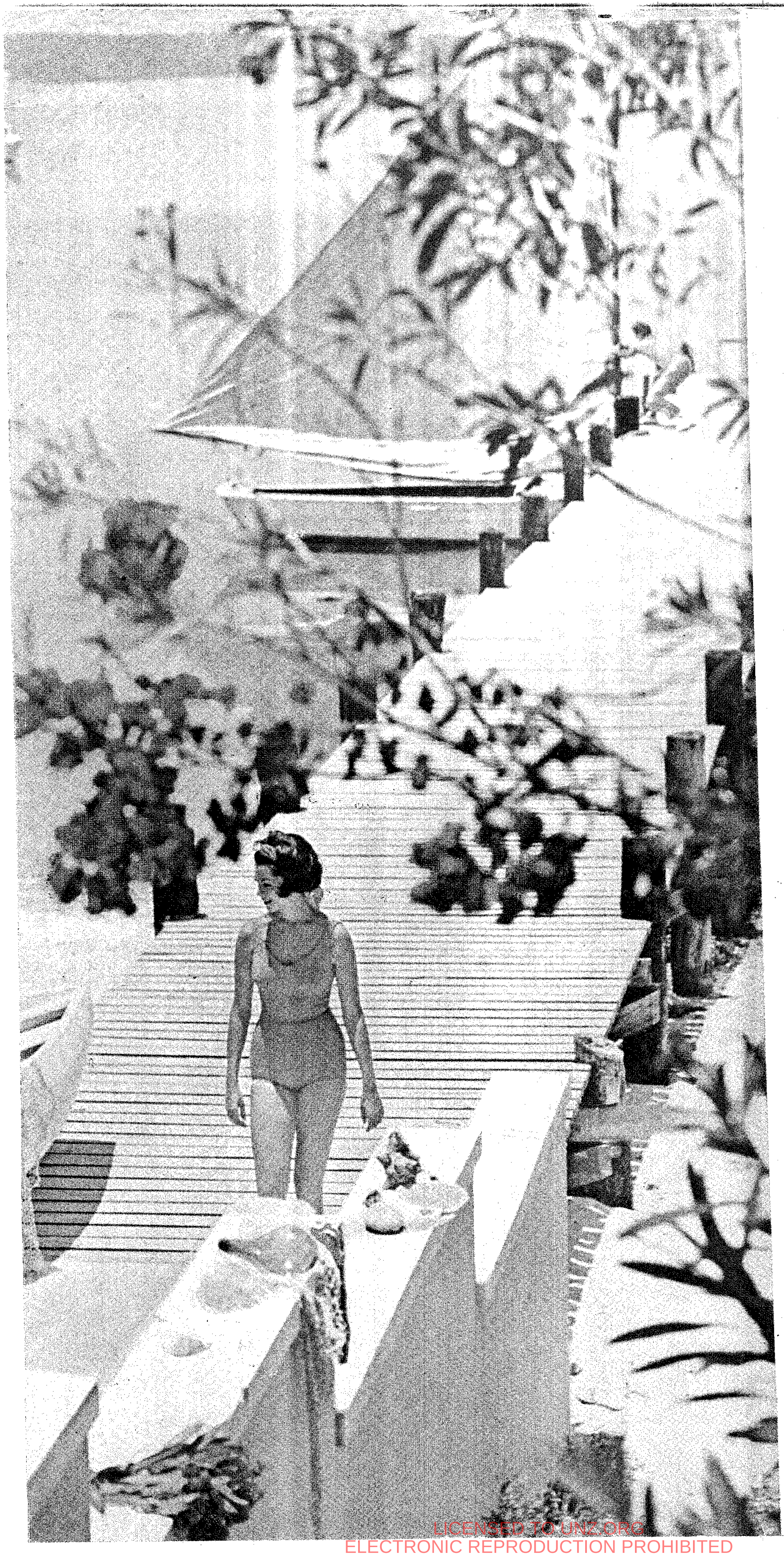

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gives girls this happy loo

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bluest waters are 700 of the m
outrageously lovely islands this si
of paradise.

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from a sail off one of these Res
Islands of the Bahamas. The s
was warm. The trade winds we
gentle yet steady. The hotel h
put up a sumptuous lunch.

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rides. And siestas before cocktails

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scent of jasmine hangs in the air
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girl who *didn't* cook. Later, dancin
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